THE ORACLE 1925

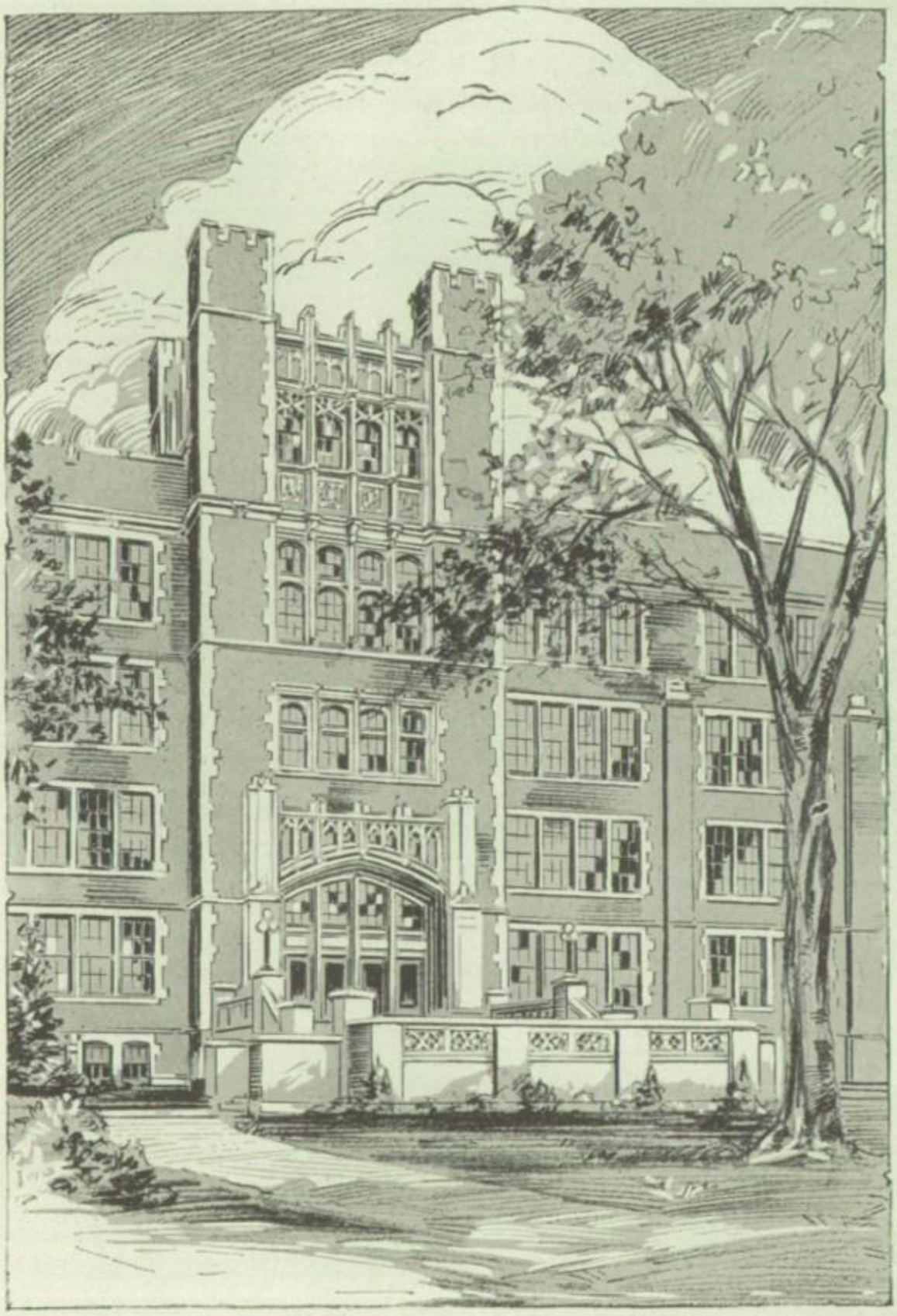
BAY VIEW HIGH SCHOOL MILWAUKEE

The
1925
ORACLE

The ORACLE ANNUAL

1925

BAY VIEW HIGH SCHOOL
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



Dedication

TO OUR MOTHERS, who first taught us, through song and story, fairytale and fable, the delights of the imagination and the beauty of the ideal, we, the students of the Bay View High School, dedicate this book, the Oracle Annual of 1925. Constantly by their teachings, they have inspired in us a love of the good, the true, the beautiful things which really make life, Life. They have fostered that yearning for the ideal, which bids us aspire to do greater and nobler things. They have cherished our ambitions, gently leading us from the land of youthful dreams to explore our own world, to realize the fullness, beauty, and happiness of real life and things worth while; and so, in grateful appreciation, we dedicate this book to them.

M. DIEFENDERFER

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Foreword

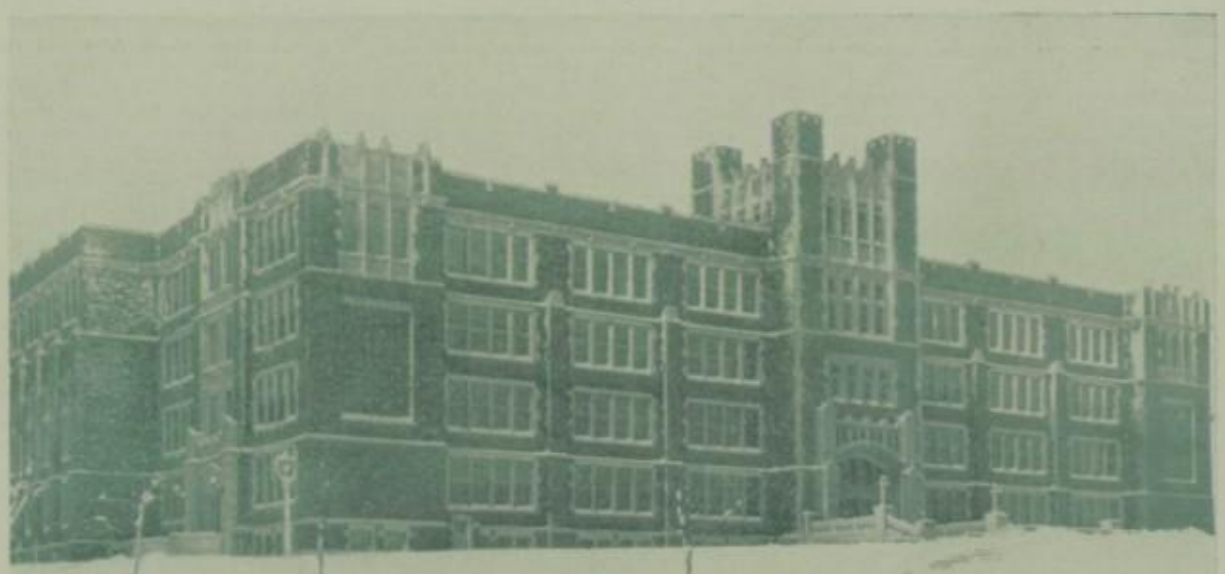
LET US WANDER through Lands of the Imagination, that yet unexplored universe, where anything may happen. In these new, unknown worlds, with their ideal sunshine and loveliness, are vistas of startling beauty. Wonderland lies before us, the wonderland of our school life. Here must we battle bravely to reach our goal, the Land of Our Heart's Desire, after years of adventure forever new. We may also rove in Dreamland, where, among fleecy clouds, we travel along defined paths of activity to the ideal, new accomplishment. Everything is new, for we have embarked upon a venture through the Lands of the Imagination, where lie hidden infinite possibilities, untold riches, like hoards of gleaming jewels which flash new colors of a dazzling beauty as each creeping ray of light discovers them.

Wonderland

THE FAIRY GATES of high school life stand before us, ready to open upon the unknown and delightful worlds within. From airy distance come merry voices and laughter, beautiful songs and music. Curious sights and adventures await the wanderer who steps over the threshold. Before him rises a palace whose rooms are stored with treasures of past ages, and all that has been found to tempt him to a new adventure, the trial of his powers; rooms for work and rooms for play, wherein he and his comrades may retire to exchange confidences, reveal ambitions, jest, laugh, be serious, study, plan—and dream. Nearby, a grassy space invites to active pleasure, and farther off a shaded pool and sheltered walks lure him with their quiet beauty. Truly, he who enters this wonderland of benefits and pleasures cannot pass out unchanged. The wand of the enchanter, Education, does its work.

F. GLOVER

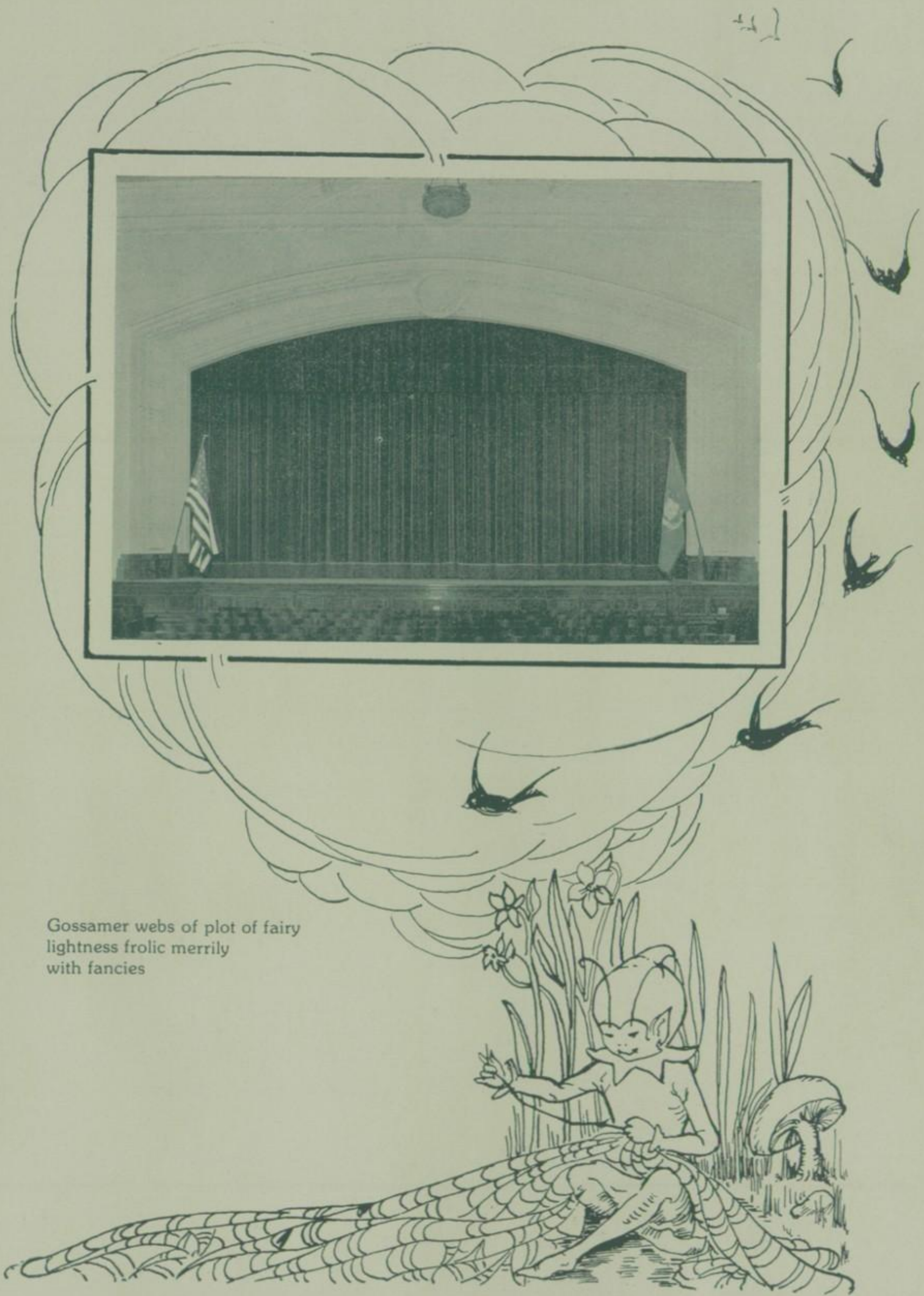
WONDER LAND



Majestic beauty and staid dignity curiously blend with right good fellowship

Bay View Spirit blossoms out
and blazons forth
its glory

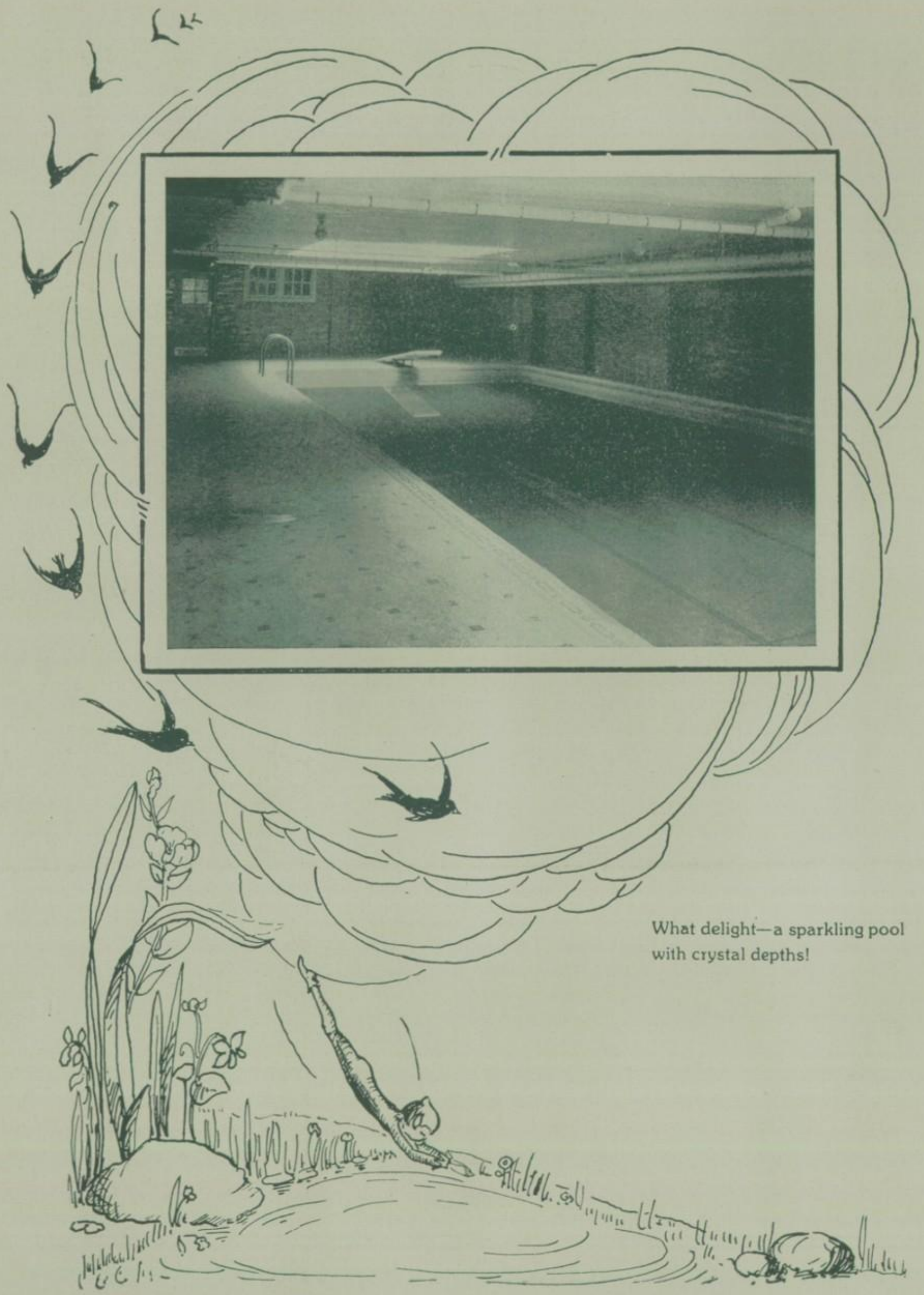
Pleasant smiles and youthful hearts bid us jest with seriousness



Gossamer webs of plot of fairy
lightness frolic merrily
with fancies

Fragrant odors, so temptingly delicious, arise as magic potions simmer

Here, words more precious
than jewels light the
way to learning



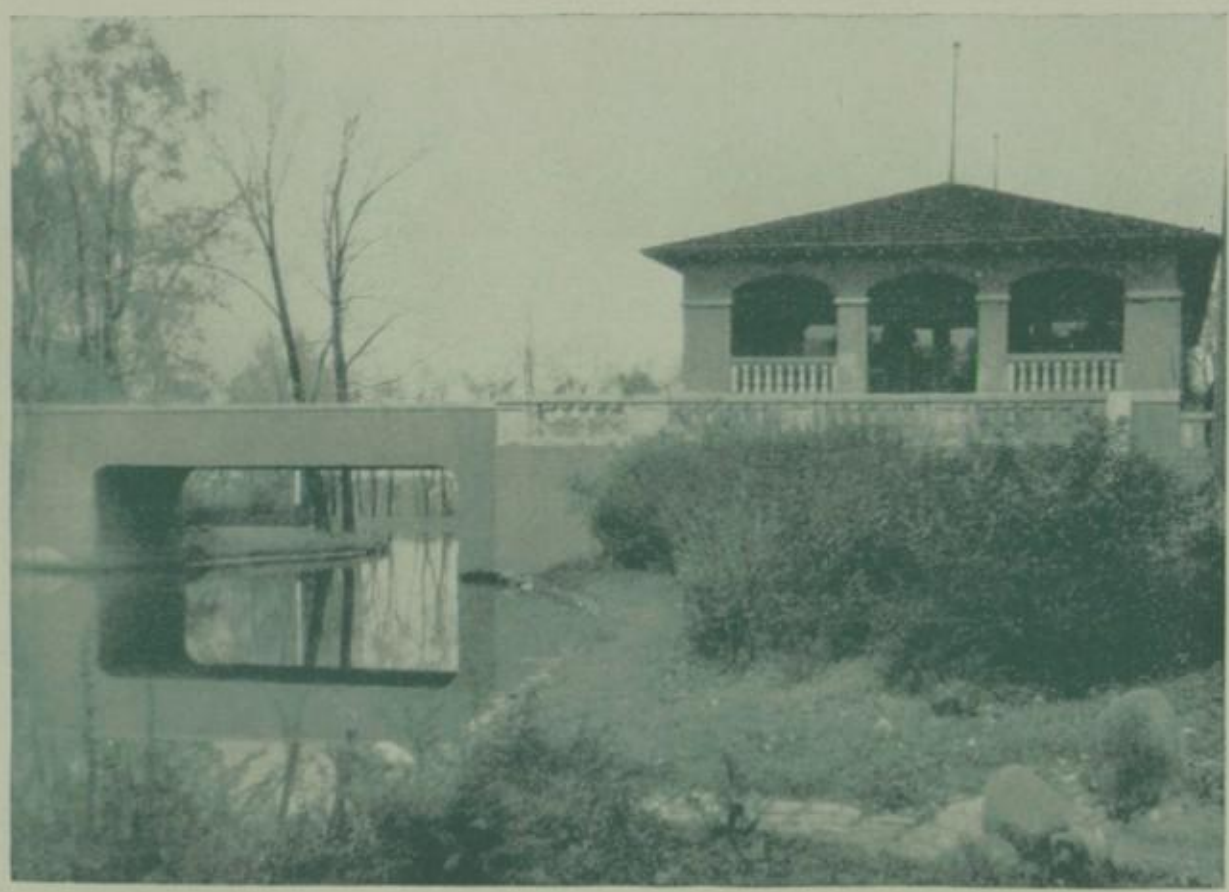
What delight—a sparkling pool with crystal depths!

Nimbly we climb, play, or try our strength

Half-rustic, half-urban highway
with its simple beauty

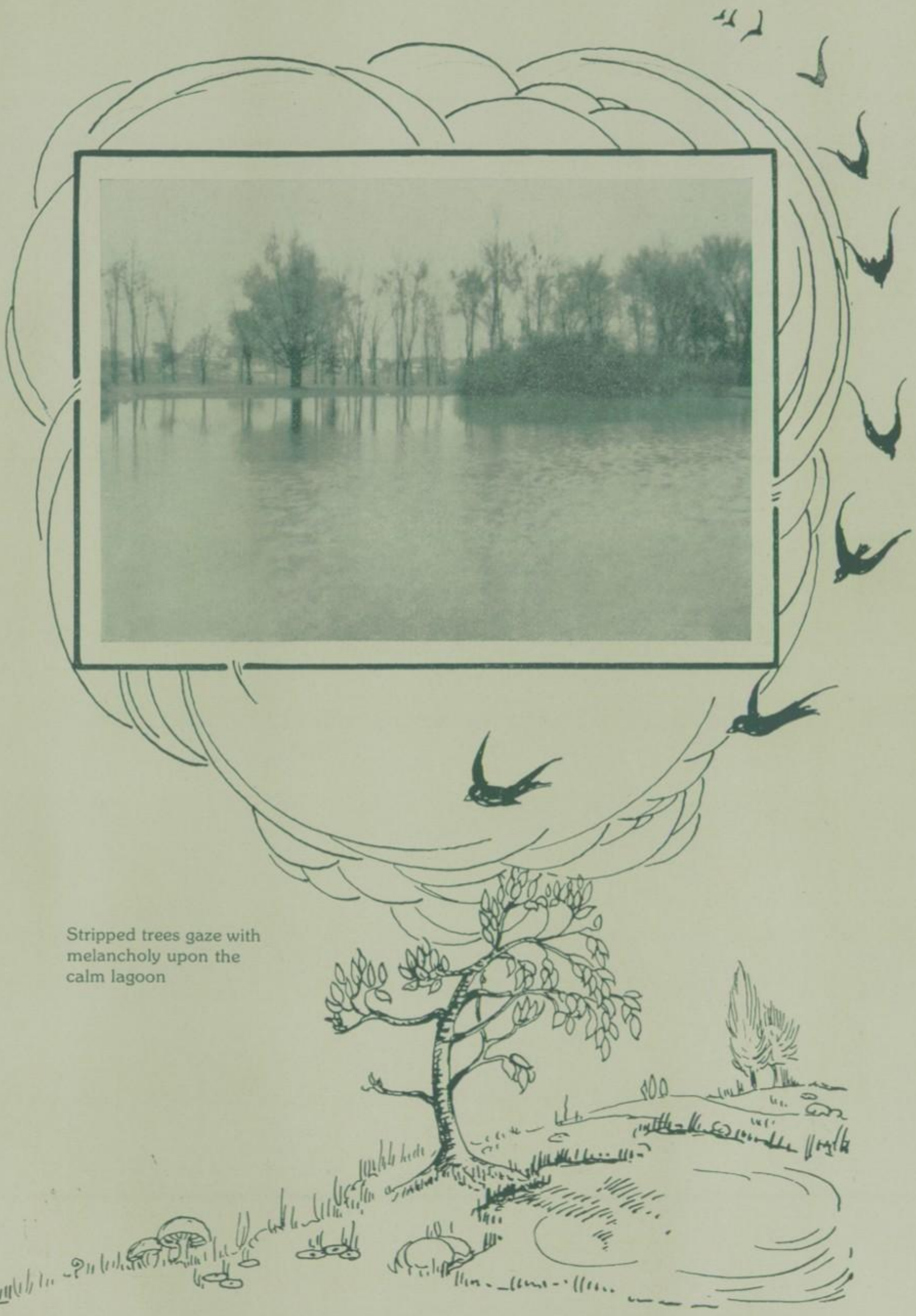
Freshening beauty thick as ivy
intertwined with cheer

In spring, fanned by balmy
breezes, fairy boats
drift dreamily

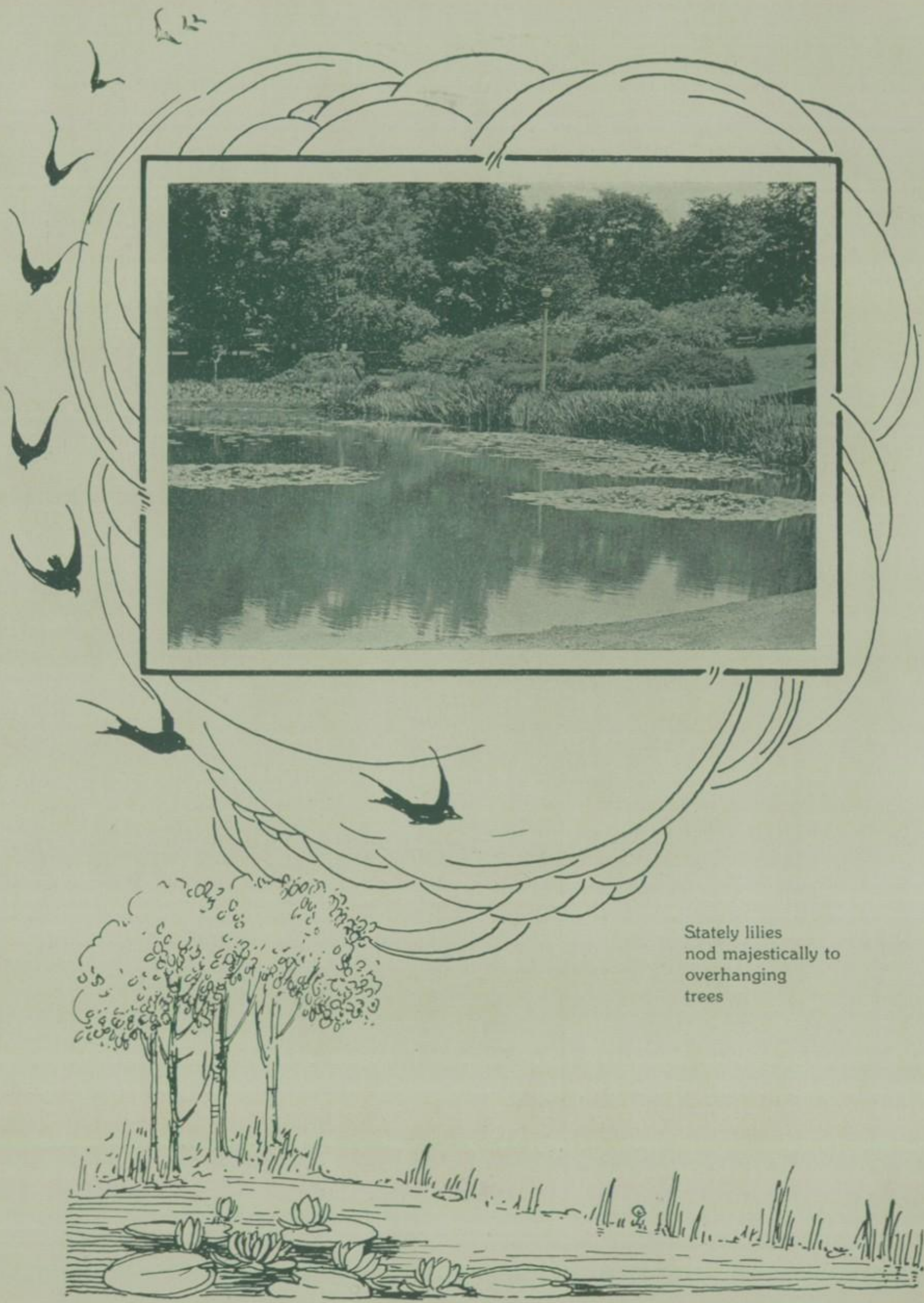


More fond memories never haunted any rustic bridge

A stroll along the winding paths
brings beauty, peace,
and happiness



Stripped trees gaze with melancholy upon the calm lagoon



Stately lilies
nod majestically to
overhanging
trees

THE-LAND-OF-LEARNING

"The paths to the house I seek to make,
But leave to those who come the house itself."

The Land of Learning

ENTER NOW the land of learning. Find it an enchanted forest; see the many trails to follow. To find the true road is your quest? Then look straight forward. Before you, leading through this fairy land of education, lies the path to knowledge. It is a trail that has been blazed by others—others who have traveled earlier along its delightful course, and now return to aid their fellow seekers. Little elves and gnomes are there to make the way easier, to make the journey more pleasant. Start then, and may your quest be rewarded with the fullest measure of success. Your school will be your path to knowledge, your teachers, your guides. It is they who will give you knowledge, who will open the way to greater learning. It is they who will teach you to choose the finer things in life, to set aside the useless, to appreciate the beautiful, to look up and live up to higher ideals, to gain inspiration from the glorious achievements of man in the past, to make the lives of others happier, and, in the end, to make your own life more worth while.

M. LYLE

The Purpose of Education

THE FUNDAMENTAL AIMS OF EDUCATION are achievement and service, that is, the preparation for life itself, the ideal of seeking to establish the right relationship between the individual and society.

Every organization or establishment must strive for the highest grade of attainment in order to become truly efficient and effective. So in our school life certain standards of accomplishment must be maintained, in order that our presence in school may become worth while. The state, which so generously supports the cause of education through the good will of the people, has every reason to expect that diligent application to work which will yield the greatest return for its investment. Then, too, the greatest benefactors, our parents, have the same right to expect that their efforts in behalf of the welfare of their children may yield satisfactory results.

However, schooling does not merely consist in the acquisition of knowledge. Truly, knowledge is power, but only in so far as education reacts upon our lives does it really become valuable both as a basic condition and as a means toward attaining success and happiness. In other words, it is the practical application of our preparation to our lives and characters that really counts. Accordingly, an adequate education becomes the best initial asset with which to start on the road to life. Thereafter, as time goes on, the maximum development of our powers must follow, built upon the foundation acquired in youth. There must be a constant movement forward; there can be no halt, otherwise decline and failure will inevitably follow. Our education then becomes our guide, furnishing us with high standards of conduct and with effective ideals of attainment. It is this harmonious development of all our God-given powers that constitutes culture.

Thus fortified with the proper kind and amount of training, we at once become the means of accomplishing good both for ourselves and for our fellow-men. That constitutes service. We are able to spread happiness among those around us. Our lives redound to the credit of those institutions which provided the education for us. Only so far as our achievements find expression in service do they really become the instruments for effective citizenship.

While dwelling in this academic commonwealth of ours, it should be our resolve to make the best possible use of our opportunities toward developing a high type of youthful citizenship, which will in turn yield an even higher quality of citizenry, consecrated to the cause of bringing joy and happiness to those with whom we live. That should be the ultimate end and aim of our education; thereby repaying, in a measure at least, the debt of gratitude we owe to the world.

G. A. Fritsche

THE ORACLE

1925

Miss Watson Miss Pierson Miss Ziegler

The English Department

TO APPRECIATE the significance of a high school course in English, it is necessary to state briefly what that course is, and to define its aims. The first two years stress the study of grammar and the fundamentals of written and spoken English. In the third year, a survey of English literature gives the student an interpretation and appreciation of life as revealed in the varied literature of the centuries. The fourth year presents a course in American literature, an intensive study of selected classics, and a course in public speaking.

In general, there are two aims in the teaching of high school English: first, to give the pupil training in the effective use of spoken and written English; second, to develop in him an appreciation of the finer things of life through the reading of the best literature.

English II. English VII.

Miss Lane Miss Zarling Miss Evans Miss Collins

To accomplish these aims the pupil is not left alone to do the work planned for him. In the classroom, where he has the opportunity to speak and write often, he develops the ability to communicate effectively and pleasingly with his fellow students, to correct his mistakes by helpful criticism, and to develop initiative by undertaking projects which lend added interest and profit to the work. The school library offers further opportunity for information and inspiration.

In addition to these formal sources of instruction and development, the pupil may join the clubs affiliated with the English department. There is a literary society for those interested in public speaking; a dramatic club for those desirous of presenting the interpretations of life; and the school publication for those ambitious to develop originality and skill in writing.

The high school course in English can give the student the vision for a broad and useful life.

Miss Hudnall Mr. Haefner Miss Roberts Miss Bodden

Mr. Korn | Miss Troeger | Miss Sennett | Mr. Johnson

The History Course

IDEAS ARE THE APPARATUS with which we work; and the ability to use facts, not the mere memorization of them, is the criterion of progress. If democracy is to justify itself, its citizens must be able to weigh political facts and use personal discrimination in choosing between policies and representatives of policies. In order to do this intelligently, it is necessary to have an understanding of the trend of events, past and present. A consistent effort is, therefore, made, first, to encourage comparative reading from the works of several historical writers, and, secondly, to emphasize current events in order to correlate the present with the past.

The course is composed of eight consecutive semesters of work covering Ancient, Medieval, Modern, and American History, and Advanced Civics. To these there has been added a new subject covering a year's work in Community Civics. Contact with historical and present problems has thus been provided for every student in the school.

Medieval History. | Civics II.

Mr. Crawford Mr. Straube Miss Duggan Miss Rossiter

Foreign Language

AS LANGUAGE IS THE KEY TO THOUGHT, foreign languages are the key, the "Open Sesame", to the treasure-house of the world's thought, its literature, its art, its music.

Foreign language as a high school subject classifies itself into Latin, the mother of the romance languages, and French, German, and Spanish, the more nearly universal of the modern foreign languages.

These courses differ slightly in their objectives, since the study of Latin emphasizes the relation of that language to English, its lineal descendant, while the particular problem of modern language study is to develop in the pupil an ability to understand and express simple French, German, or Spanish. But the ultimate aim of the teachers of all foreign language is to introduce to high school people, when they are most susceptible to influence, the greatest thoughts of the greatest masters and to acquaint them with the worlds of Cicero, Virgil, Goethe, Schiller, Victor Hugo, Daudet, and Cervantes.

German II. Latin II.

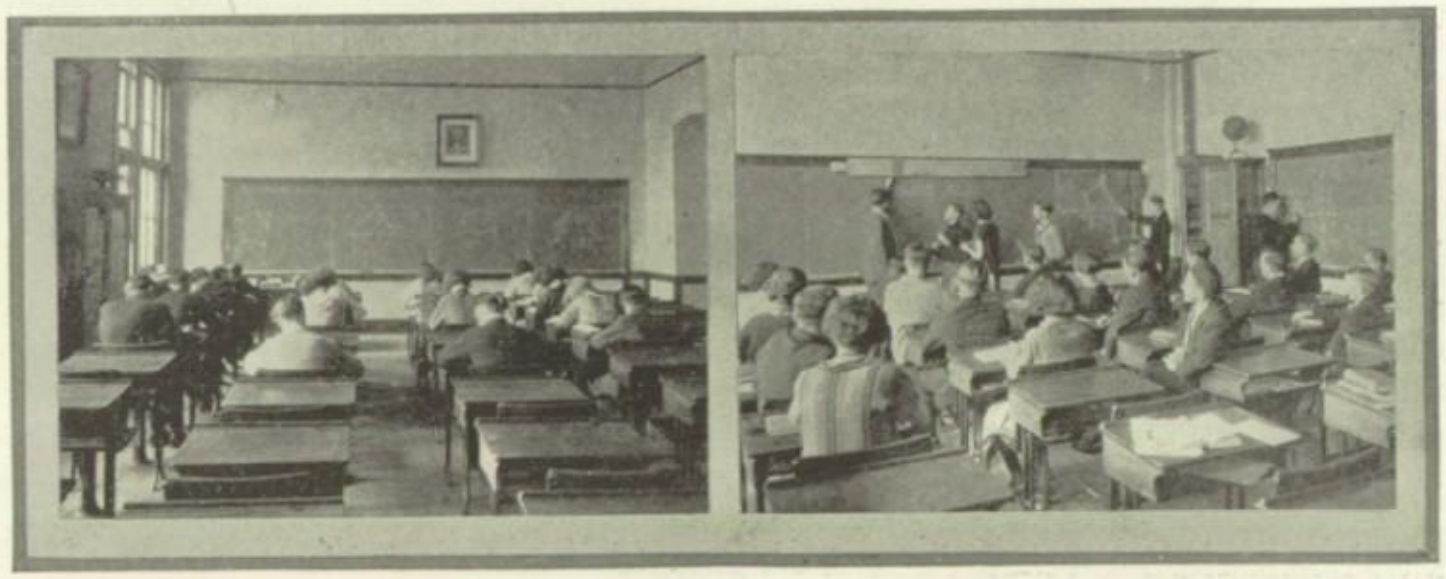
Miss Jameson Miss Welsh Miss Kieckhefer Mr. Smith

The Mathematics Department

THE PRESENT DAY HIGH SCHOOL offers four years of mathematical instruction. Two years' training in algebra develops skill in the solution of problems and the handling of formulas which is not only essential in the study of science, but also in the manual arts. The ability to interpret the graph, which now appears so frequently in the newspapers and magazines, enables the student to grasp a situation at a glance.

Plane and solid geometry are studied three semesters. Many conventional designs used in wall paper, linoleum, tiled floors, and art glass windows are constructed and drawn. One semester is devoted to trigonometry—the solution of triangles. Actual field work, such as measuring horizontal and vertical distances and the sighting of angles, is done by the students. The reading of logarithm tables and of the slide rule is taught as an aid to rapid calculation.

Thus the study of high school mathematics fits the boys and girls for business, science, and professional life, and at the same time prepares them for college entrance.



Geometry II. Geometry III.

Mr. Gillo Mr. Kästner Mr. Kyper Mr. Sawyer

The Science Department

TEACHING PUPILS TO THINK logically, to form correct conclusions from certain fundamental principles and pertinent facts, selected from data that has been gathered, is the aim of the courses in science. Through departmental clubs, visits to local manufacturing plants, projects of a scientific nature in the home or in the laboratory, students are given an opportunity for self-expression.

The laboratory work has been planned to be as practical and interesting as possible. There are water animals in the aquarium for observation; seedlings and plants are grown and and studied; chemicals are made and their purity and strength tested; cloth is dyed and bleached; ink, coal, and charcoal are produced; electric lighting circuits are wired; the candle power of lamps is tested; radio receiving sets are built and operated; the clocks and telephones in the building are kept in working order. Everything is done to make science one of the most interesting and vital subjects in the curriculum.

Chemistry II. Miss Ross Physics II.

Mr. Williams Mr. Costello Mr. Coubal Mr. Osterndorf

The Commercial Department

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT teaches courses in bookkeeping, accounting, business law, economics, salesmanship, stenography, office practice, and other allied subjects. It aims to give general business information, to develop initiative, business efficiency, and reliability, and to train the business men and women of the future to promote business economically and ethically.

The courses are divided into two groups, elementary and advanced. The elementary group aims to lay the foundation for the advanced courses, and to fit the pupils to take care of their personal business, to do the work of junior clerks, and to acquire new views of commercial possibilities. The advanced courses fit the students to fill the positions of stenographers, junior accountants, typists, secretaries,

Miss Vrana Miss Albert Miss Apel Miss O'Callaghan

Miss Schlueter Miss Bersch Miss Hansen Miss Oelhafen

bookkeepers, salespeople, and office assistants. They also prepare the student for entrance into the schools of higher learning, where he may specialize in the branches of business administration.

The department is fully equipped with the machinery necessary to train the students in these courses: the latest model typewriters, calculating, bookkeeping, and listing machines, filing outfits, check writers, and an Ediphone. It also possesses the most recent office reference books, commercial exhibits to use in the study of economic geography, and a lantern to portray on the screen industry's most modern methods and practices. Phonographs and educational records are used in instruction in typewriting and penmanship. All this commercial equipment is arranged in the most modern type of recitation rooms and commercial laboratories, in order that the atmosphere and the setting may be as nearly like that of the modern business office as possible, and the theoretical work linked with the practical.

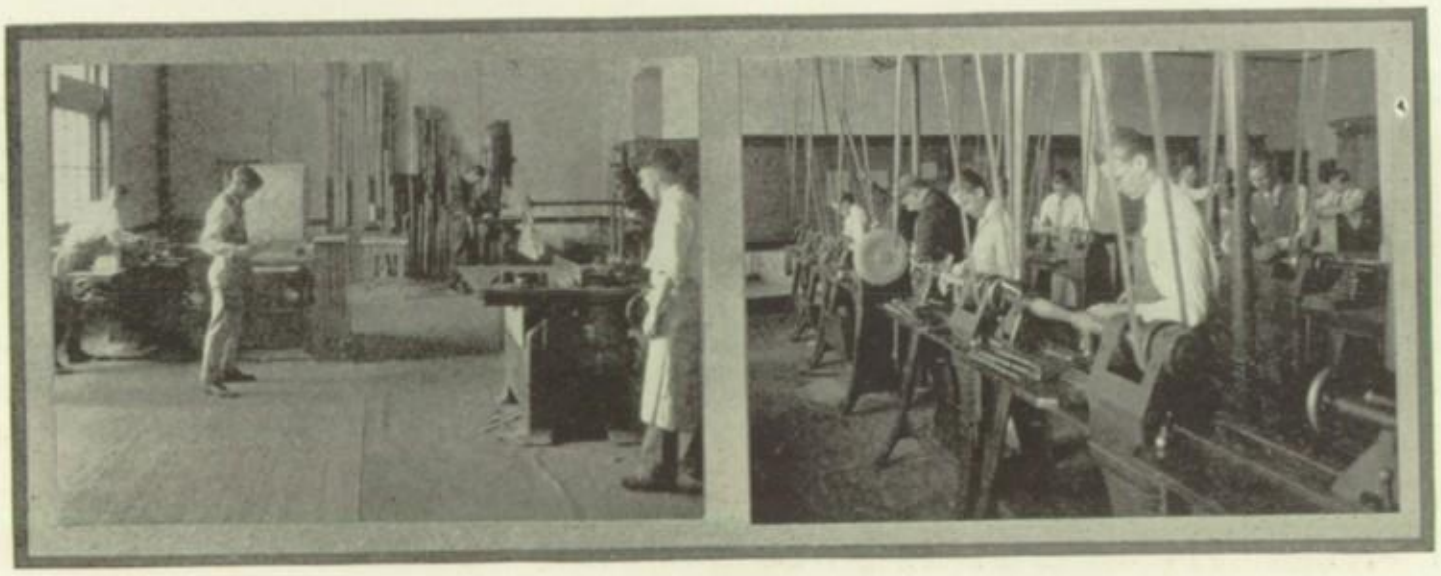
Bookkeeping II. Typewriting II.

Mr. Lorentz Mr. Berg Mr. Weller

The Manual Arts Department

THE PURPOSE of the manual arts courses is mental training through the hand and eye. The department is finely equipped with modern tools and machines, and specially built furniture for carrying on the work.

In bench woodworking and woodturning, useful projects acquaint the pupil with the greatest possible variety of experiences and operations. In metal work, he comes in contact with a new kind of material—iron and steel, materials which require new methods of forming and shaping. In cabinet-making, he designs and executes his own project, making complete use of all power-driven milling machines. The work for the fourth year is optional, the pupil selecting either pattern-making, advanced cabinet-making, or advanced metal-working. Mechanical drawing is taught in connection with all shop work. It develops the power of space thinking—the power of visualization. Such thinking is made practically applicable when put into the form of drawings.



Planing Room Lathe Room

Miss Suckow Miss Snow

Training for Homemaking

AMONG THE INTERESTING FEATURES in the training for homemaking are the calculation and preparation of suitable meals, and invalid trays, for each member of the family from baby brother to father and mother. The future home-maker must also be able to set the homemaking rooms in order for an afternoon tea, and, in case of emergency, to bind up a cut finger or administer first aid.

In clothing work, besides making garments for any member of the family who most needs them, there is the criticising of the finished products as well as a comparison with ready-made garments as to material, workmanship, and cost.

Keeping an account of one's personal expenditures and the cost of one's clothes gives some idea of the cost of bringing up a family, while changing the furnishings of the department rooms may create a desire to do likewise at home, and thus bring greater comfort to the members of the family.

Sewing Class Cooking Class

Miss Miller Mr. Niefer

The Fine Arts

THE GENERAL PURPOSE of the music and art departments of the high school is to stimulate an interest in the beauty and practicableness of the finer things of life. Music, the universal language, gives expression to the deeper human thoughts and emotions. Art has a similar appeal.

The primary aim of music instruction is the development of a lasting love for good music and an intelligent appreciation of its production. The course has been divided into four closely related lines of study: music appreciation, voice culture, sight reading, and interpretation. The pupils are aided in their study by the finest of equipment, and the exceptional opportunities offered by the various musical organizations.

The purpose of the art course is to familiarize the student with a knowledge of the art principles that give him a basis for the enjoyment, the appreciation, and the selection of the best art, design, and color as expressed in the choice of clothing and house furnishings, as well as in pictures, architecture, and sculpture. The department is well equipped so that students can apply the designs they make in crafts of many different kinds.

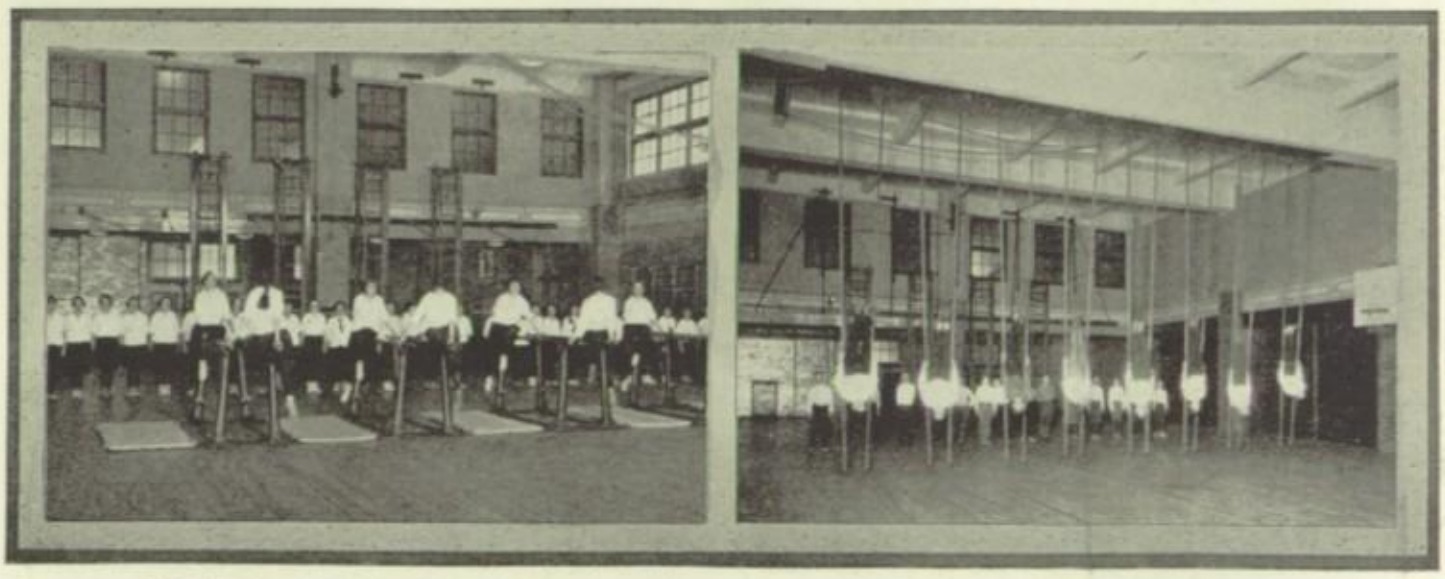
Free-Hand Drawing Class Music Class

Mr. Kevin Miss Statz

Physical Training

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT in the modern high school affords an opportunity for all to indulge in activities that are physically wholesome, mentally stimulating and satisfying, and socially sound. Heretofore, too much stress has been placed on the training of a selected few and the mass has been neglected. The emphasis has been upon the spectacle; now the emphasis is upon the participation.

Physical training strives for the development of a healthy body with an average degree of strength, skill, courage, coordination, and endurance, in accordance with the needs of ordinary life. It provides an opportunity for the students' recreation in a wholesome environment under adequate supervision. Through various exercises and play activities, it affords an opportunity for the development of initiative, leadership, fair play, obedience to authority, self-restraint, and self-control. The development of these qualities in the youth makes for finer manhood and womanhood.



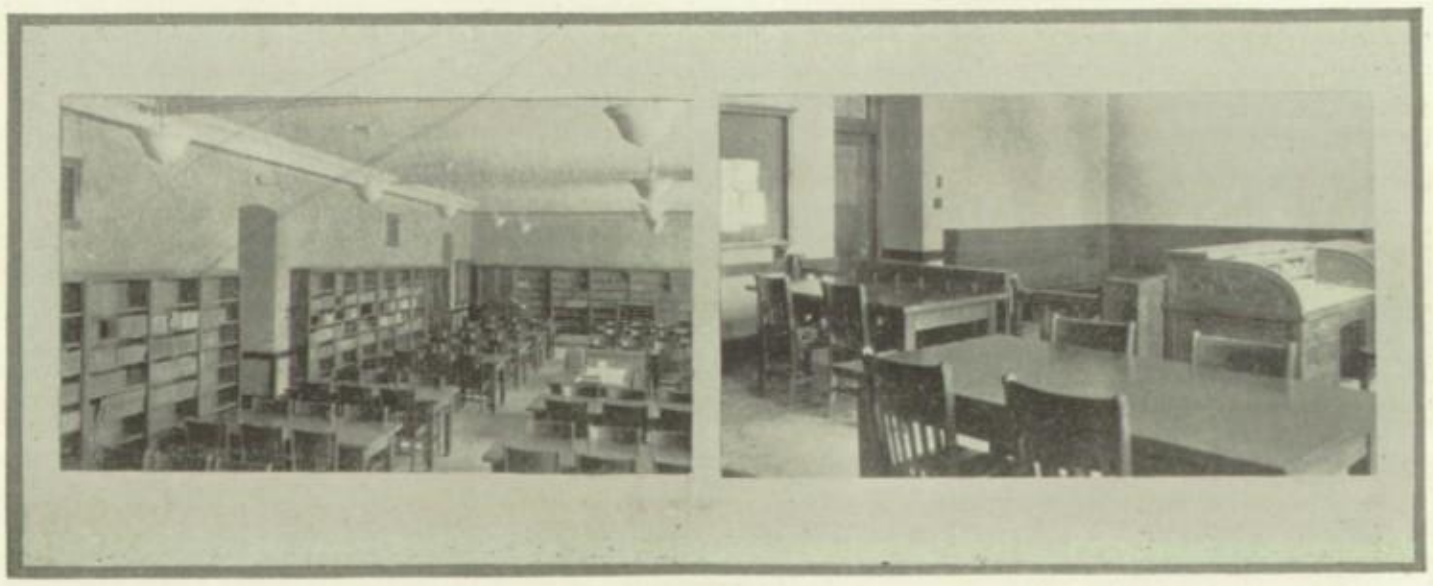
Girls' Physical Training Class Boys' Physical Training Class

Miss Grob Miss Wittig

The Library

SEVENTY-SEVEN HUNDRED VOLUMES comprise the library of the Bay View High School. Of these, the greater number are in sets suitable for classroom use, the remainder being books for reference and collateral reading. In addition to these, the students also have access to ninety-six current periodicals and to the pamphlet, picture, and map files which are being compiled. All of this material is to serve as a supplement to the textbooks.

Second in usefulness to the actual knowledge which a person has is his ability to avail himself of any type of information when the need presents itself. The library is the source of all such information, and it is of prime importance that every one know how to use it intelligently. In the high school, the student has a splendid opportunity to acquaint himself with the organization of a library, an experience which will always prove an asset to him.



The Library The Office

THE-LAND-OF-HEART'S-DESIRE

"Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song."

Land of Heart's Desire

IT IS AGAIN that dreamy month of June and the old thrill of travel and adventure, and the yearning for new scenes, for hidden stars in the sky, and strange trees swaying in the summer sun come over you.

Your dreams have carried you to the crest of the hill, and the second milestone in your education has been reached. You see before you a land where beauty and joy are endless, a land which holds the secret of success. You behold a marvelous vision of myriads of opportunities, each more wonderful than the other. The Usher of Futurity now bows before you and admits you to the Land of Deeds through which wind the many paths of opportunity. You advance eagerly and choose your path. The trees that meet overhead whisper strange stories while you stop along the way to pluck the flowers, flowers of labor and flowers of ease, those of pleasure and those of sorrow, and as you profit by each experience you fight and struggle on, following the thread of your fancy until you reach the goal which has always floated before you —the land of *your* heart's desire.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

MR. OTJEN
Member Board of School Directors.

Entrance March . . . . . Bay View High School Orchestra
Orchestra Selection—Gems From Maritana . . . . . By Wallace
Address of Welcome . . . . . Mabel I. Parker
Piano Solo . . . . . Alvin H. Morris
Essay—Education as an Investment. . . . . Kenneth F. Crane
Music—The Nile, by Leroux . . . . . Girls' Glee Club
Essay—Achievements of Modern Science . . . . . Marvin L. Tonkin
Violin Solo . . . . . Gertrude E. Maurer
Accompanist—Margaret A. Stueber
Commencement Address . . . . . Mr. Henry H. Otjen
Member of Board of School Directors.
Award of Honors and Presentation of Diplomas.
Exit March . . . . . Bay View High School Orchestra

K. Crane M. Tonkin M. Parker M. Jewell

M. Tonkin G. Maurer K. Crane M. Parker A. Morris

Honor Students

LIST! The good Queen has summoned her court in order that those who have been conspicuous in their service to the school and who have been excellent in scholarship during their high school careers may be rewarded. Scholarship itself is a coveted asset, but linked with Service it becomes the key that opens the doors to a truly successful high school career.

Kenneth Crane, the representative student of the class of 1925, has received the Bay View Advancement Association medal.

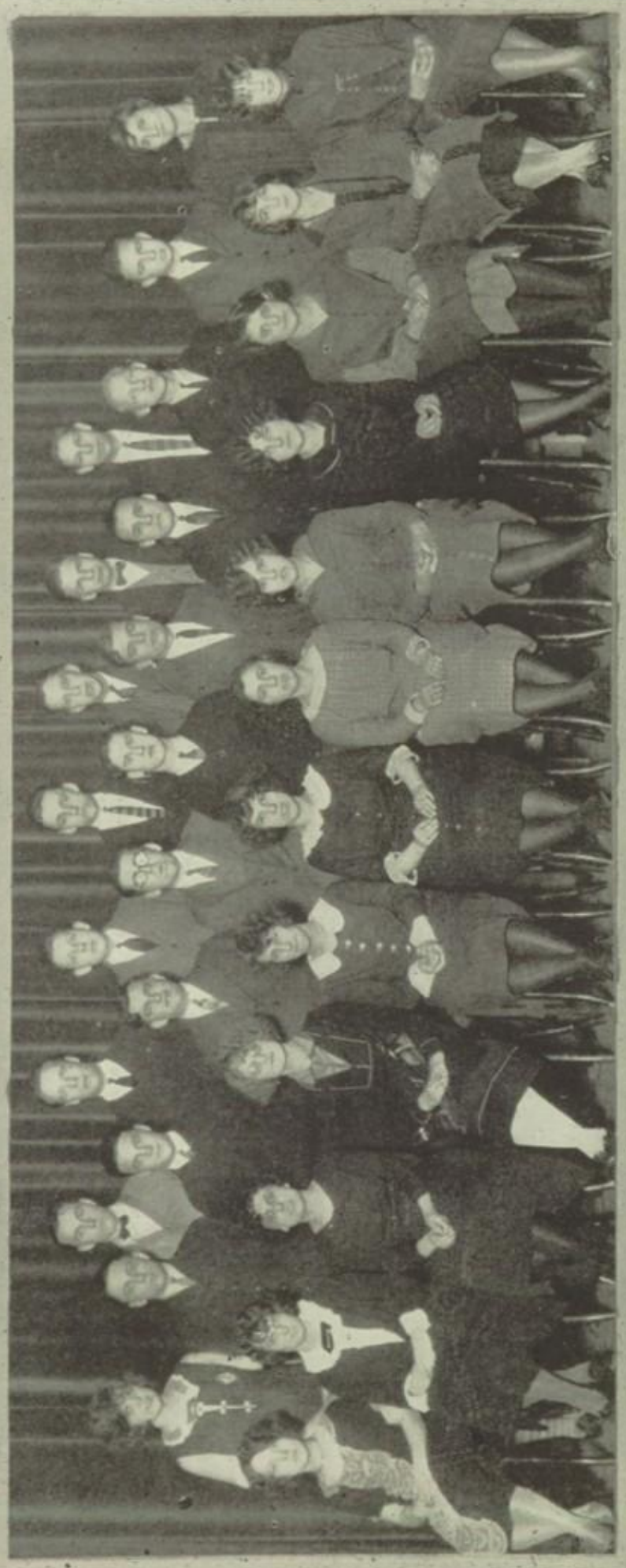
The Bay View High School presented gold medals to Gertrude Maurer, Alvin Morris, Mabel Parker, and Marvin Tonkin as rewards for their service and scholarship.

Evelyn Silvernale, Madlyn Jewell, Anna Schumell, Evelyn Kranz, Holly Milbrath, Margaret Peltier, and Eugene Arnstein received Bay View High School silver medals.

Bronze medals were received by Mildred Steel, George Reise and Orville Ferry.

Bay View congratulates you, honor students, and is grateful for your service.

E. Arnstein E. Silvernale E. Kranz M. Peltier A. Schumell H. Milbrath M. Jewell



JANUARY CLASS
1925

January Graduates

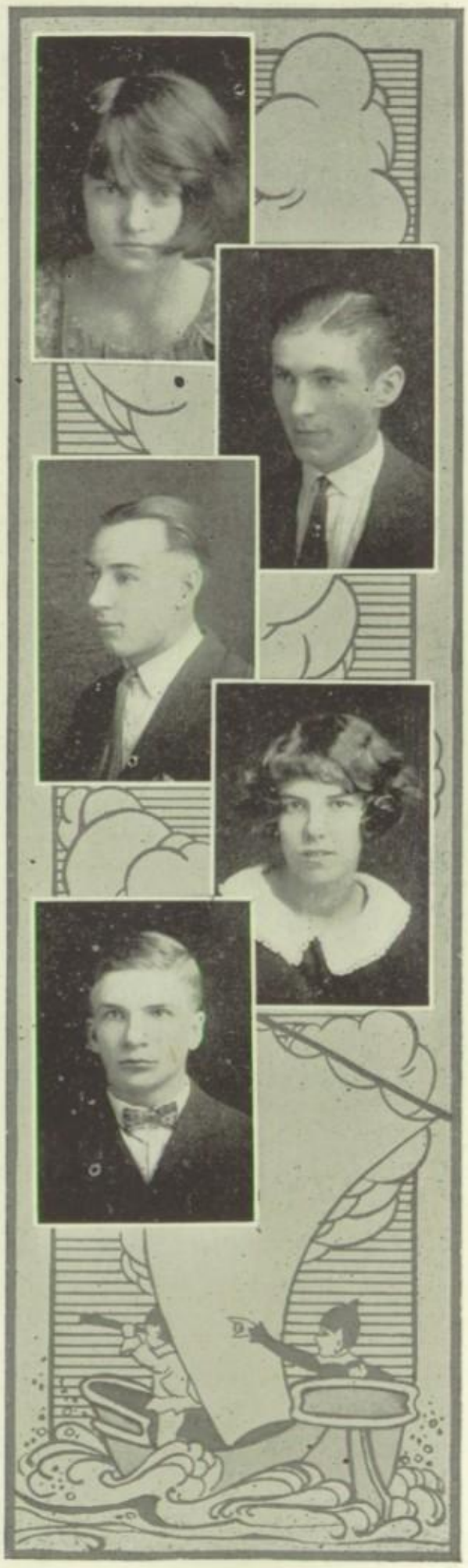
VIOLET D. ANDERSON.....“Vi”
From South Division High School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Oracle, Humor Staff; Radio.
Haunt: The Corner Sweet Shop.
Hope: To be the champion gum-chewer of the world.
Impish Delight: Raising a riot in assembly.
“Some think the world was made
For fun and frolic, and so do I.”

ANTHONY J. AUBERGER.....“Fuzzy”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Round Table.
Haunt: South Side Library.
Hope: To have his picture in every street car in the Arrow Collar ad.
“Actions speak louder than words,
That is why he was seldom heard.”

LAWRENCE AWE.....“Laurie”
From Boys’ Technical High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club; Boys’ Club; Round Table; Football, Emblem ’23-’24; Track, Emblem ’23; Radio Club.
Hope: To be somewhere where Mr. Korn can’t kid him about that dress suit!
Impish Delight: Kidding Florence.
“Anything once, I’ll always try,
And thus I’ll either do or die!”

GLADYS I. BLOOM.....“Gladie”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To master the art of chewing gum without being caught.
Impish Delight: Typing.
“Very modest and quiet was she,
Yet always smiling and full of glee.”

CHARLES W. BOEHME.....“Chas”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Boys’ Club; Radio Club; Round Table.
Haunt:: Otto Borchert’s Baseball Park.
Hope: To rival W. J. Bryan in lecturing.
“Some work hard and some work not,
With the ones between I cast my lot.”



January Graduates

MAX DAVIDSON.....“Jipper”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Football Emblems ’23-’24.
Hope: To convince everyone that an Elizabeth is a regular car!
Impish Delight: Giving automobile lectures.
“A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.”

RUTH M. DOUBLE.....“Ruthie”
From Park Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club, Vice President ’24; Round Table.
Hope: To coach a basket ball team.
Impish Delight: Kidding Mr. Costello.
Expression: “Got a mirror?”
“No matter how dainty or small,
She’s there—at basket-ball!”

NORMA DREESSEN .....“Norm”
From Washington High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club.
Hope: To be able to hear “Lohengrin” played especially for her soon.
Impish Delight: Being mysterious.
“A quaint maid with a quaint little way,
But liked by all her friends, they say.”

MARIE E. FORD.....“Jim”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To invent something that will make a wave absolutely permanent.
Impish Delight: Talking to Mr. Crawford.
“She can speak a little piece, sing a snatch of song.
And thus idle away the whole day long.”

MARGARET J. GOETSCH.....“Mugs”
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To invent a typewriter that will sound “jazzy” when used!
Impish Delight: Kidding everyone.
“If you want to hear a joke or two,
Talk to ‘Mugs’ she’ll tell a few.”

January Graduates

WESLEY GRAHAM.....“Sheik”
From Mound Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club; Oracle, Advertising Solicitor '22-'23; Radio Club, Vice President '24.
Hope: To convince all teachers that recitations are superfluous!
Impish Delight: Studying (???).
“It's not for me to work when others play;
I'll be more diligent some other day.”

ROMEYN J. HEALY.....“Jim”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Class Play '24; Football Emblems '22-'23-'24.
Hope: To act the part of cruel husband in a tragic play.
Impish Delight: Trying to pass notes without being caught.
“You may not be aware of his presence
But he's there with the goods!”

MARVIN JOHNSON.....“Cowboy”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Class Commission; Football, Emblem '22-'23-'24.
Hope: To be able to dance without turning lobster red.
Impish Delight: Trying to bluff in an unassuming way.
“When lessons get a little tough,
Why, just make a little bluff.”

GLADYS M. KAESHAMER.....“Gladie”
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club, Emblem '24; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To open up a beauty parlor.
Impish Delight: Arranging her hair.
“As long as there's a sun and sky,
For work and toil, what care I?”

JOSEPH F. KEMPA.....“Joe”
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club.
Hope: To give the world a snappy jazz-band.
Impish Delight: Kidding the ladies.
“Hear the sound of dancing feet?
Joe's there with band complete!”

January Graduates

ANTOINETTE MARIE KIENZLE....."Tony"
From South Division High School.
Science Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Oracle, Humor Staff; Round Table.
Hope: To be a lecturer so that she can turn her greatest gift into money.
Impish Delight: Telling the latest news!
"Do I hear talk and laughter in the air?
Yes, there is 'Tony' standing over there!"

MYRON C. KREMSKI....."Kremski"
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be the American Prince of Wales.
Impish Delight: Being angelic.
"And oft' have I heard defended,
'Little said is soonest mended!'"

EDWARD H. KRUEGER....."Ed"
From Mound Street School.
Manual Arts Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be able to please everyone some time.
Impish Delight: Keeping his hair "a la Stacombe".
"You see him carrying lots of books,
But you can't always go by looks."

MARCELLE C. KRUEGER....."Marce"
From St. Augustine's School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Latin Club, Publicity Manager; Round Table.
Haunt: Typewriting room.
Hope: To be the American designer of exclusive Paris fashions!
Impish Delight: Giving talks on styles of the past, present, and future!
"Would life be really worth the while,
If I were ever out of style?"

LUCILLE K. LAU....."Lou"
From Mound Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club Emblem; Dramatic Club; Girls' Athletics; Girls' Club; Round Table, Vice President.
Hope: To be able to cook and sew as well as she plays basket ball.
Impish Delight: Selling tickets.
"She's a regular rascal and demon as well,
What she is up to, you never can tell.

January Graduates

ALWILDA G. LAUER.....“Willie”
From South Division High School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To create a real laugh.
Impish Delight: Finding something to giggle about.
“What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while!”

MORRIS J. LEVIN.....“Morry”
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Oracle, Advertising Staff '24; Round Table; Track, Emblem '24.
Hope: To be a marathon dancer!
Impish Delight: Telling about the girls he danced with the night before.
“Talk of dancing—
Morry comes prancing!”

CHESTER V. LICKING.....“Ches”
From Milwaukee County Agricultural School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Round Table; School Play '24; Class Play '25.
Hope: To know more girls like Mildred.
Impish Delight: Escorting “her” to classes.
“My dream—a fireside, a chair,
With Mildred sitting there!”

MARGUERITE K. MAYFORD.....“Mugs”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Girls' Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To have her picture on the Pepsodent tooth paste ad.
Impish Delight: Smiling.
“To cheer a gloomy, dismal day,
Her smile would go a long, long way.”

RAYMOND MERTES.....“Ray”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Dramatic Club, Vice President '24-'25; Sergeant-at-arms '24; Round Table, Vice President '24-'25.
Hope: To be a dancing teacher.
Impish Delight: Explaining his original, intricate dance steps.
“What's the use of arguing?
You can't beat him at it anyway.”

January Graduates

ALVIN MORRIS.....“Al”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, President '24-'25; Class Commission '25; Dramatic Club; Glee Club, Accompanist; Orchestra '21; Round Table; Gold Medal.
Hope: To study music in Europe.
Impish Delight: Tickling the ivories to entertain others.
"It seems that to Al,
A piano was a pal!"

HOWARD G. MUNDT.....“Howie”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Football second team, Emblem '23-'24; Orchestra; Round Table.
Haunt: Tippecanoe.
Hope: To be a gym teacher.
"If ability were measured by size,
He would certainly have first prize."

MARGARET I. PELTIER.....“Muggs”
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table; Silver Medal.
Haunt: Miss Bersch's room.
Hope: To be an expert steno!
Impish Delight: Talking to “Georgy”!
"She had no time to sport away the idle hours,
All must be in earnest in a world like ours."

GEORGE REISE.....“Georgie”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Boys' Club; Booster Club, Emblem '23; Dramatic Club, President '24; Round Table, Sergeant-at-arms '24, President '24; Oracle, Bookkeeper '23, Humor '24; Bronze Medal.
Hope: To be a regular lady-killer.
Impish Delight: Water-waving his hair and entertaining the ladies with the story of it.
"Serene and unruffled as a summer's day,
He's always the same, in work or play!"

FRANCIS REUTER.....“Frannie”
From Immaculate Conception School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Radio Club.
Hope: To be able to show others how to behave.
Impish Delight: Solving cross-word puzzles.
"I follow the rule olden,
Silence is truly golden."

January Graduates

BLANCHE E. SCHMIDT.....“Mitzi”

From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Oracle, Local Staff '24-'25; Round Table.
Hope: To convince people that one who looks angelic IS angelic.
Impish Delight: Making that tantalizing curl stay in the middle of her forehead.

“She looks like an angel, and acts like one too,
But you never can tell what an angel will do.”

MARY E. VALLIER.....“Mac”

From Tippecanoe School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Club; Class Commission, January, 1925; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To annex “Tippe” to Bay View.
Expression: “Well, Gee!”
Impish Delight: Making her hair stay in place.

“Blessing and blest where e'er she goes,
Graceful and useful all she does!”

DORIS G. WENDT.....“Dodo”

From Lutheran High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To get what she wants, when she wants it.
Expression: “Well?”
Impish Delight: Looking wise.

“We grant although she had much wit,
She was very shy in using it!”

It is to you, oh graduates,
Our hearts are turned this day;
We bid you all a last farewell,
And joy be with you on your way.

JUNE GRADUATES

June Graduates

MARGARET C. AHRENS.....“Peggy”

From South Milwaukee High School.
Elective Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To let people know she is present.
Impish Delight: Saying nothing.

“For she was just the quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary!”

MILDRED J. ALDRIDGE.....“Mick”

From Girls’ Trade School.
Elective Course.
Girls’ Glee Club.
Hope: To give a ten-day speech at a suffragette convention.
Impish Delight: Vamping the freshies.

“‘Speak the speech, I pray you,
Trippingly on the tongue’—she did!”

HENRY ALT.....“Hank”

From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys’ Club.
Hope: To be a banker.
Impish Delight: Saying nothing.

“He works o’er this, and frets o’er that,
But finishes his tasks for all o’ that!”

MENTON C. ANDERSON.....“Andy”

From Blair High School.
Elective Course.
Boys’ Club; Cross Country ’24; Round Table.
Hope: To rival Babe Ruth.
Impish Delight: Telling snappy stories.

“Fun just twinkles in both of his eyes,
E’en though his speech is serious and wise!”

EUGENE M. ARNSTEIN.....“Blivitz”

From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Boys’ Club; Class Commission; Oracle, ad Solicitor, Advertising Manager, Business Manager; Round Table; Silver Medal.
Hope: To get into the comic sheet of the Journal.
Impish Delight: Having “South Shore Specials” at the “Glow”.

“A good salesman is worth his weight in gold,
That is the saying to which he doth hold.”

June Graduates

VICTOR J. BEHLENDORF.....“Vic”

From Mound Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys’ Club; Orchestra, Librarian ’22; Radio Club; Round Table.
Hope: To bat .424.
Impish Delight: To organize a baseball team in “Tippy”.

“A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays,
And of confident tomorrows.”

ROYAL BEHLING.....“Roy”

From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To create doorways to fit his stature.
Impish Delight: Totin’ ’round, collecting excuses.

“He stoops to nothing,
Except a door!”

ALBERT H. BEIDATSCH.....“Al”

From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Hope: To become a man of fortune.
Impish Delight: Dodging the ticket sellers.

“Speech is a mirror of the soul;
As a man speaks, so is he!”

FLORENCE H. BETHKE.....“Flo”

From St. Augustine’s School.
Stenographic Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To find the ONE man some day.
Impish Delight: Trying all the new shades of rouge.

“Full of fun and mischief too,
Doing things she shouldn’t do!”

NORMA D. BLOCK.....“Norm”

From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Oracle Literary Staff; Round Table.
Hope: To settle down and be happy.
Impish Delight: Being seen without being heard.

“I love tranquil solitude,
And such society,
As is quiet, wise, and good.”

June Graduates

ARTHUR BUETTNER ..... "General"
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Football '24; Radio Club, Vice President '24-'25; Round Table; Track '24.
Hope: To be a missionary (Oh yes).
Impish Delight: To tour Tippecanoe.
"My only books were women's looks—
And folly's all they've taught me!"

ALEXANDER A. BUKOLT ..... "Al"
From South Division High School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Football second Team '23; Radio Club, President, '23-24, Sergeant-at-arms '22; Round Table.
Hope: To invent a "radiograph".
Impish Delight: Getting "insomnia" by radio.
"Calmness is a great advantage,
'Tis a joy that lengthens life."

CATHERINE E. CASEY ..... "Cath"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be admitted to the "bar" some day (Lawyeress).
Impish Delight: Talking about the Irish.
"A rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

EVELYN C. CORZILIUS ..... "Ev"
From St. Augustine's School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Latin Club; Oracle, Clerk '24-'25, Solicitor '24-'25; Round Table.
Haunt: Miss Schlueter's room.
"She enters into things with vim and zest,
And ranks among those that are jolliest!"

KENNETH F. CRANE ..... "Kenney"
From Dover Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club '24; Boys' Club; Honorable mention in South Division Civic Ass'n Essay Contest '22; Fourth place story contest '23; First place story contest '24; Harvard Prize Book for excellence in English; Oracle Assistant Editor '24, Associate Editor '24-'25, Literary Staff '23-'24-'25; Radio Club; Round Table, Sergeant-at-arms '25; Bay View Advancement Ass'n Gold Medal; Commencement Program.
Impish Delight: Being witty.
"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

June Graduates

RUTH M. DAVELAAR.....“Davie”
From Campbellsport High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To add the other ring to the left third finger soon.
Impish Delight: Making the best of circumstances.
“Ever calm and collected was she,
No trouble could disturb her tranquillity.”

KATHRYN E. DELICEK.....“Kiki”
From Mound Street School.
Elective Course.
Advertising Staff '22-'23-'24-'25; Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Humor Staff '21-'22-'23; Latin Club; Round Table.
Impish Delight: Telling about the last thrilling rescue by her “latest”!
“A good imagination had this girl 'Kate',
Her life seemed to be destined by thrilling fate!”

ALICE L. DERRIS.....“Alley”
From Lincoln High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Oracle Humor Staff '25; Round Table.
Hope: To patent her swagger glide.
Impish Delight: Rolling her eyes.
“Big, blue eyes are dangerous things,
And sometimes keep us from getting wings!”

MILDRED R. DIEFENDERFER.....“Tilly”
From Dover Street School.
Household Arts Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be the governor of Wisconsin some day.
Impish Delight: Lecturing. . . .then some!
“She hath a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires!”

JOE L. DRUEKE.....“Duke”
From Little Rock College.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Humor Staff '24-'25.
Hope: To—well, you know—“kinda settle down”.
Impish Delight: Talking as if he were at least eighty years old!
“He's quite a joker, he's always full of fun;
A smile is always on his face to beam on everyone!”

June Graduates

ORVILLE K. FERRY.....“OK”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Vice President Boys’ Club ’24-’25; Radio Club, Treasurer ’24-’25; Round Table; Oracle Humor ’25, Organizations ’24-’25; Bronze Medal.
Hope: To be a model husband.
Impish Delight: Trying to stump Miss Jameson.
“You can tell the wheels in his head
By the ‘spokes’ that come out of his mouth!”

VERA FINGER.....“Vera”
From Sacramento High School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To get even with those who tease her.
Impish Delight: Blushing for people when asked to do it.
“She will make a charming angel,
If she will be very good!”

EUGENIA D. FOWLE.....“Eugenia”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To do the vamp role in “big-time stuff”.
Impish Delight: Directing plays.
“She gets her beauty sleep in class,
And yet does not fail to pass!”

HELEN E. FRANK.....“Helen”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To say everything in as few words as possible.
Impish Delight: Studying.
“To be efficient in a quiet way.
That is my aim throughout each day!”

ARTHUR E. FRICKER.....“Slidy”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Band; Band, Librarian ’25; Boys’ Club; Newsboys’ Club; Orchestra; Orchestra, Secretary ’21-’22; Radio Club; Round Table.
Hope: To become a man of “notes”.
Impish Delight: Taking a slide on the trombone.
“’Tis true he taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry.”

June Graduates

ROSE FRY.....“Scottie”

From Mound Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Girls’ Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be heard without being seen.
Impish Delight: Looking demure.

“This girl hasn’t much to say,
But oh, she’s pleasant every day!”

ERNEST G. GARDNER.....“Ernie”

From Humboldt Park School.
Manual Arts Course.
Boys’ Club; Radio Club.
Hope: To become an umpire.
Impish Delight: Being quiet.

“A right good volume,
If you know how to read him.”

ALICE J. GATZ.....“Al”

From St. Augustine’s School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To train her bangs to stick to her forehead.
Impish Delight: Tagging after “Junie”.

“Fun and frolic and glee was there,
The will to do and the soul to dare!”

HELEN A. GERLING.....“Helen”

From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Girls’ Club; Oracle Advertising Staff ’24-’25; Round Table.
Hope: To become a famous critic of public speakers.
Impish Delight: Starting a class laughing.

“Silence is a good policy, but the power
Of speech and oratory do not lack!”

HELEN GIESE.....“Hucks”

From South Division High School.
Latin Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Hope: To convince people that long hair is “the” thing.
Impish Delight: Trying to make people think she is prim.

“Merit is worthier than fame.
Yet pleasure is always in the game.”

June Graduates

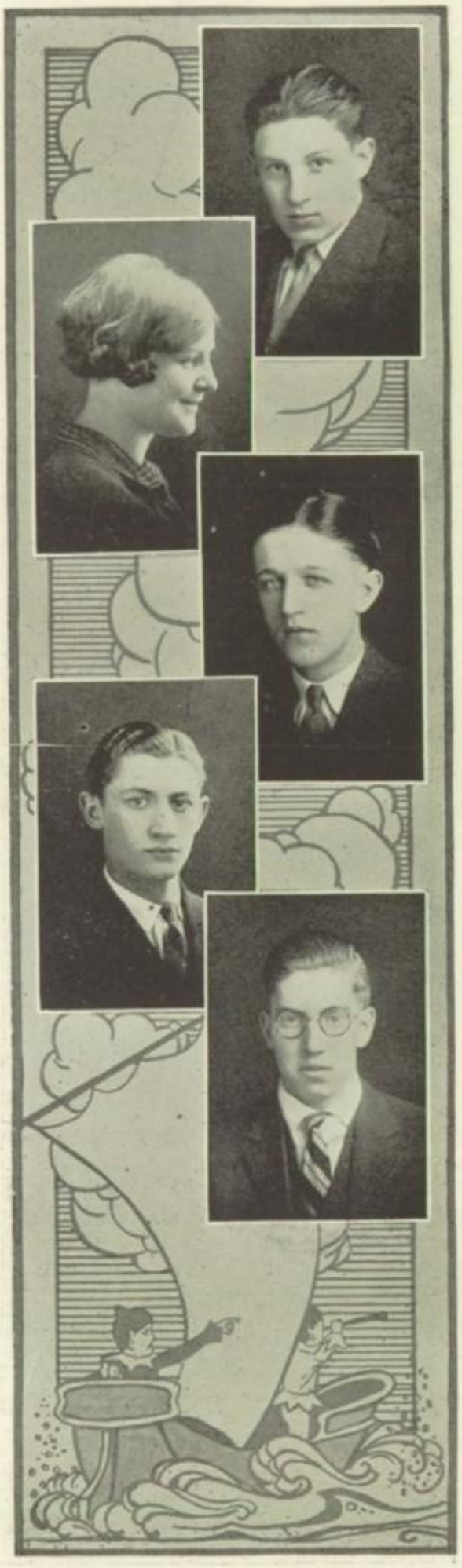
FRANCES V. GLOVER.....“Fran”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To get people to spell Frances with an “e”.
Impish Delight: Preparing speeches for Public Speaking Class.
“By diligence she wends her way,
A time for work and a time for play!”

JUNE B. GRASS.....“Junie”
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To grow taller.
Impish Delight: Looking for work.
“Tall as a daughter of the gods is she,
Brim full of laughter and vivacity!”

LENORE J. GUNN.....“Firpo”
From Hanover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Glee Club; Girls' Club; Oracle Assistant Stenographer '24-'25; Round Table.
Hope: To be able to have a new laugh every day.
Impish Delight: Telling a “new” one.
“Life's no better if we worry,
Life's no longer if we hurry!”

HARLAN G. HACKBARTH.....“Hocky”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club: Boys' Glee Club; “Dulcy”; Round Table.
Impish Delight: Strutting 'round the corridors.
“When there's a lady in the case,
With him all other things take place!”

ARTHUR W. HANKWITZ.....“Iodine”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Booster Club '24; Boys' Club; Boys' Glee Club; Dramatic Club; “Dulcy”; Football Manager; Humor Staff '22; Radio Club; Round Table.
Hope: To put the ham in “Hamlet”.
“There's han'somer men than me,
I ain't of the han'some kind,
But a more ambitious man than I am
I guess you won't soon find!”



June Graduates

FREDERICK V. HEIN.....“Fritz”
From South Milwaukee High School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Football, emblems ’23-’24; Track emblems ’23-’24, captain ’25.
Hope: To heave the discus clear to California.
Impish Delight: Blushing, when Mr. Korn kids him.
“He’s a man from head to toes;
He’ll make friends where’er he goes!”

EUNICE A. HORN.....“June”
From South Division High School.
Mathematics Course.
Athletic Association; “Daddy Long Legs”; Dramatic Club, President ’24; Girls’ Club; Local Staff ’23-’24; Round Table; “Seventeen”.
Impish Delight: Washing dishes, assisted by a gentleman from “Ioway”!
“‘Ioway’, a home, some cows, a farm;
That will keep me safe from harm!”

EARL W. HORNEMAN.....“Demon”
From Center Street School.
Accounting Course.
Advertising; Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Boys’ Glee Club; Boys’ Club, Secretary, ’23-’24; Local; Round Table.
Hope: To have more rainbow sweaters to make the students gasp, and grope for smoked glasses.
“Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he has a wherefore!”

MEYER M. HOUSFELD.....“Meyer”
From Mound Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Boys’ Club, Treasurer ’23; Football ’23-’24; Glee Club; Round Table; Track ’23-’24; Band ’24-’25; Golf Club.
Haunt: Plitzner’s.
Hope: To rival any movie sheik.
“I am the very slave of circumstance,
And impulse,—borne away with every breath!”

ARCHIE E. IMIG.....“Archie”
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Advertising ’23-’24; Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To get people to take him seriously.
Impish Delight: Trying to get ads for The Oracle.
“I never with important air,
In conversation overbear!”

June Graduates

VIOLA JANKE.....“Vi”
From Forest Home Avenue School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Girls' Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To get into the movies.
“Smooth runs the water,
Where the brook is deep!”

WILLIAM A. JAHNKE.....“Bill”
From St. Lucas' School.
Elective Course.
Football '22-'23.
Hope: To become a champion bowler.
Impish Delight: Roamin' 'round Lucas.
“Plug right along, you'll make it yet,
Patience wins out, that's a sure bet!”

MADLYN A. JEWELL.....“Mibbs”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Class Commission; “Daddy Long Legs”; Dramatic Club, Treasurer '23-'24, President '25; Girls' Club; Girls' Glee Club; Oracle Humor Staff '22-'23, Humor Editor '23-'24-'25; Radio Club; Round Table; Silver Medal; Commencement Program.
Hope: To be editor of “Judge”.
Impish Delight: Crackin' clever remarks.
“She's not very tall, in fact, she's quite small,
She's bright and jolly, and well liked by all.”

EVELYN A. KRANZ.....“Evie”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association: Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Girls' Club; Round Table; Silver Medal.
Hope: To know everything that books can teach her.
Impish Delight: Doing homework.
“Study is her second name,
Why can't we all have one the same?”

ALPHONSE J. KRUEGER.....“Al”
From St. Augustine's School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Oracle Mailing Clerk '25; Round Table.
Hope: To beat Tilden.
Impish Delight: Camping on the tennis court.
“He did, with cheerful will
What others talked of,
While their hands were still!”

June Graduates

EUGENE J. KUBAL.....“Kubs”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club, Sergeant-at-arms '24-'25; Newsboys' Club; Oracle Humor Staff '25; Radio Club; Round Table.
Hope: To imitate Ferry.
Impish Delight: Tickling the ivories (on the piano).
“A man of might we know full well;
He's fair and square we all can tell!”

MURIEL M. LAURSEN.....“Mim”
From West Division High School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club, Secretary; Girls' Club; Oracle Art Staff '25; Round Table.
Hope: To do vampin' roles in the cinema world.
Impish Delight: Making “goo-goo” eyes.
“I count that day lost, whose low, descending sun,
Sees on my part no lad's affection won!”

WILLIAM M. LUECK.....“Bill”
From St. Augustine's School.
Manual Arts Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Newsboys' Club.
Haunt: The Center.
Impish Delight: Telling his troubles.
“It's little for glory I care,
Sure, ambition is only a fable.”

WILLARD F. MASSY.....“Bill”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Oracle Business Staff '21-'22; Radio Club.
Hope: To become an “artist”.
Impish Delight: Being a good fellow.
“Never elated when one man's oppressed,
Never dejected while another's blessed.”

GERTRUDE E. MAURER.....“Gem”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Girls' Club Secretary '24-'25; Class Commission; Orchestra; Organization Staff '23-'24-'25; Round Table; Gold Medal.
Hope: To collect enough gum wrappers to fill her memory book.
Impish Delight: Asking people for pennies, that is, friendship pennies.
“To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!”

June Graduates

MORTIMER C. MAUTHE.....“Morty”
From Dover Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club, President ’25; Football emblem ’24; Round Table; Track emblem ’24.
Hope: To write a book on “How to Get 90’s in English”.
Impish Delight: Finding out how much he was cheated of on report card day.
“As a football man, he’s quite a star,
For a better scout, you’ll look very far.”

IRENE E. MELMS.....“Mutzie”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Bill Clerk ’24-’25; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To get choker beads large enough to hide the entire neck.
Impish Delight: Suddenly acquiring a terrible hoarseness when a recitation is due.
“Why be tearful; why be sad?
It’s easier to smile and be glad!”

HOLLY C. MILBRATH.....“Holly”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Dramatic Club; Class Commission; “Daddy Long-Legs”; Girls’ Club, President ’24; Silver Medal.
Hope: Glaring electric lights saying “To-night—Holly—America’s Premiere Danseuse”!
Impish Delight: Teasing “Joe”.
“My! how this maid could dance;
And all men followed after one glance!”

CHRISTINE R. MILLER.....“Babe”
From Tippecanoe School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Oracle, Bill Clerk; Round Table.
Hope: To lay hands on the person who gave her the name of “Clementine”.
Impish Delight: Telling people how much she has grown in the past year.
“She’s little, but from tip to toe,
She’s full of life and go!”

MYRTLE L. MUELLER.....“Mert”
From Scott Street School.
Household Arts Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Oracle Art Staff; Round Table.
Hope: To be an exclusive dressmaker.
Impish Delight: Drawing for pastime.
“Quietly she wends her way,
Doing kindnesses every day.”

June Graduates

ALFRED NELSON.....“Al”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Round Table; Football Emblem ’24; Track Emblems ’23, ’25.
Hope: To do away with the nickname “Alibi Al”.
Impish Delight: Trying to make the teachers believe he knows his lessons.
“He often hath burned the midnight oil,
But never, never with his daily toil!”

ALYCE P. NELSON.....“Bebe”
From Girls’ Trade School.
Elective Course.
Hope: To settle the question with “George” very soon.
Impish Delight: Leading “Ev” on.
“I have no other than a woman’s reason,
I think him so, because I think him so!”

RUTH A. NELSON.....“Ruthie”
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To quiet that brother of hers.
Impish Delight: Saying the right thing at the right time.
“A maiden never bold,
Of spirit still and quiet!”

EUNICE E. NEWSTROM.....“Euny”
From Jefferson High School.
English Course.
Art Staff ’24-’25; Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Humor Staff ’23-’24; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Hope: To become a cross-word puzzle artist.
Impish Delight: Getting 90’s in English.
“Some people will never learn anything,
Because they understand everything too soon.”

ELIZABETH D. O’KELLY.....“Betty”
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Booster Club Emblem ’24; Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Oracle Solicitor; Round Table.
Hope: To make people believe she isn’t Irish.
Impish Delight: Laughing.
“Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let’s be merry!”

June Graduates

FRANCIS J. PACKEE.....“Poke”
From St. Augustine’s School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Radio Club; Round Table.
Hope: To win—some day.
Impish Delight: Luring weird “noises” from his sax.

“If silence were golden,
He would be a millionaire.”

ARTHUR C. PAPENFUS.....“Art”
From Mound Street School.
Manual Arts Course.
Athletic Association; Football Emblem ’24; Round Table.
Hope: To rival Izaak Walton.
Impish Delight: Telling about the one that got away.

“Oh, the gallant fisher’s life!
It’s the best of any;
’Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And it is beloved by many!’’

MABEL I. PARKER.....“Mubbel”
From Woodward, St. George, Utah.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club, President; Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Oracle Art Editor ’25; Oracle Junior Cartoonist ’24, ’25; Round Table, Secretary ’23, ’24, President ’24, ’25; Class Commission; “Dulcy”; Gold Medal; Commencement Program.
Impish Delight: Trying to convince one that black is white.

“What’s the use of arguing,
You can’t beat her at it anyway!”

EVELYN M. PIASECKI.....“Ev”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Orchestra; Round Table.
Hope: To rival Paderewski.
Impish Delight: Telling about the latest one.

“I cannot say what the truth may be;
I say the tale as ’twas said to me.”

EVELYN M. POSSELL.....“Evy”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Haunt: The Oracle office.
Impish Delight: Raising a rough-house with “Lena”.

“Evy seems a quiet lass,
Until we see her out of class!”

June Graduates

THEODORE A. POTTER.....“Ted”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Booster Club Emblem ’24, ’25; Boys’ Club; Latin Club; Radio Club: Round Table.
Hope: To publish a book on “How to Study”.
Impish Delight: Delving in history books!
“Enjoy life ere it’s fled,
When you die, you’re a long time dead!’ ’

KATHRYN F. QUINLAN.....“Kate”
From Immaculate Conception School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To create a sensation wherever she goes.
Impish Delight: Making you believe a good ’un—rather fishy at that!
“Fun did you say? She’ll be right there,
For she’s a real live wire for fair!”

RUTH B. RADTKE.....“Rufus”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table; Tennis Cup ’23.
Hope: To show some tennis champs’ class.
Impish Delight: Walking off with the cups.
“She put aside labor with a cheerful grin,
And welcomed pleasure to enter in!”

HERBERT H. RASCHE.....“Major”
From Fernwood School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Dramatic Club; Oracle Literary Staff; Radio Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be the general of an army of tin soldiers.
Impish Delight: Acting very solemn.
“Executive ability in him we find,
With good cheer and happiness combined!”

LUELLA L. ROHM.....“Lue”
From Humboldt Park School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Glee Club, Secretary ’25; Oracle Solicitor; Round Table.
Hope: To put all her time on athletics.
Impish Delight: Giggling.
“Never put off until tomorrow,
What you can do day after tomorrow!”

June Graduates

JENNIE J. SALSA.....“Jen”
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To coach a “big-six” basketball team.
Impish Delight: Taking convocation notes.
“A basket-ball expert, a shorthand shark,
And many things more, but keep them dark!”

FRED W. SANDERSON.....“Sandy”
From Dover Street School.
Manual Arts Course.
Boys' Club; Round Table; “Seventeen” '24.
Hope: To be the “conquering hero”.
Impish Delight: Kidding the girls along.
“Now this boy, Fred, sure has class,
But when it come to work—alas!”

ANNA E. SCHUMELL.....“Ann”
From Grant Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Girls' Club; Round Table; Dramatic Club; Athletic Association; Girls' Glee Club; “Daddy Long-Legs”; Oracle, Literary Staff '21, '22; Local Editor '23, '24, '25; Junior Editor '23, '24; Senior Editor '25; Silver Medal.
Hope: To move to Shorewood (It's closer to him).
Impish Delight: Checking over senior pictures.

ADELE J. SCHUSTER.....“Adi”
From Dover Street School.
Accounting Course.
Assistant Stenographer '24-'25; Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be able to keep “it” dark!
Impish Delight: Being pleasant.
“Ambition is her middle name,
Through it she will win much fame.”

EVELYN A. SILVERNALE.....“Ev”
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Oracle Assistant Stenographer '24; Chief Stenographer '24, '25; Advertising Solicitor; Round Table; Silver Medal.
Hope: To eliminate all unnecessary kidding.
Impish Delight: Having “unavoidable” accidents!
“Serene, and calm, and very sweet;
But then, you know, still waters run deep!”

June Graduates

FLORENCE E. SMITH.....“Flossie”
From Dover Street School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club, President '24, '25; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To patent her giggles.
Impish Delight: Giggling and trying not to show it.
“A friendly heart with many friends;
Her many smiles to all she lends.”

MILDRED STEEL.....“Mil”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Dramatic Club, Secretary '25; Glee Club; Girls' Club; Oracle, Solicitor '22, '23, '24, '25, Locals '22, '23, '24, '25; Round Table; Bronze Medal.
Impish Delight: Writing a letter to “Ches” each day.
“Her aims may reach the sky,
But she'll get there by and by!”

JOHN F. STEINER.....“Jon”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Oracle, Humor Staff '24, '25, Local Staff '25; Round Table.
Hope: To have his picture on the Stacomb tubes.
Impish Delight: Flattering the ladies.
“Here comes our well-known sheik, Jon.
Laughter and ladies will be here anon!”

STEPHEN J. STEMPER.....“Jack”
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; “Dulcy”; Round Table; “Seventeen”.
Impish Delight: Removing his presence from East—by request.
“His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors,
Trip about him at command!”

MYRTLE G. TAYLOR.....“Myrt”
From Fernwood School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Booster Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To attend to people who call her “Red”.
Impish Delight: Amusing people.
“Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!”

June Graduates

OLIVE THORBJORNSEN.....“Ollie”
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Hope: To keep her curly locks in trim.
Impish Delight: Trying to appear tall.
“Better be little and shine,
Than big and cast a shadow!”

BLANCHE M. TOBIN.....“Blanche”
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Glee Club; Girls' Club, Treasurer '24-'25; Oracle, Solicitor '23-'24-'25, Clerk '24-'25.
Hope: To make a marcel last forever.
Impish Delight: Pestering people who have work to do.
“Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it!”

MARVIN L. TONKIN.....“Tincan”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Oracle Assistant Editor '24; Associate Editor '25; Literary '24, '25; Athletic Association; Boys' Club, President '24; Cheerleader '22, '23, '24; June Class Commission; Round Table; Gold Service Medal; Commencement Program.
Hope: To get that modish curl out of his hair.
“To do his best, and do that well,
With such ideal he must excel!”

MARGARET A. TOURIGNY.....“Mugs”
From Calumet High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Girls' Glee Club; Round Table; Oracle Solicitor.
Hope: To chew gum and type without being caught.
“She takes the world as it is,
And not as it ought to be!”

VIVIAN WAGNER.....“Viv”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To come back to those sylph-like lines.
“For dependent clauses, phrases, and nouns in apposition—
The only punctuation I know of seems a giggle.”

June Graduates

KATHRYN A. WEIDEMANN.....“Katy”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls’ Club; Glee Club, Librarian ’25, Secretary ’25; Round Table.
Hope: To reduce some day.
Impish Delight: Making herself heard all about her.
“A maiden fair, a maiden jolly,
Opposed to all that’s melancholy!”

CHARLES L. WESTHOFEN.....“Charlie”
From Milwaukee Agricultural School.
Science Course.
Boys’ Club; Boys’ Club, Sergeant-at-arms; Class Play ’24; Round Table, Vice President; Football Emblems ’23, ’24, Captain ’24; Track Emblems ’23, ’24, ’25.
Hope: To master the banjo.
Impish Delight: Inventing snappy nicknames.
“Earnest in every endeavor,
A hard worker, and a good fellow!”

RALPH A. WEYER.....“Ralph”
From Technical High, Washington, D. C.
Mathematics Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Football Emblem ’23, ’24; Round Table; Track Emblem ’24-’25.
Hope: Hasn’t any.
“Not too serious, not too gay,
But a very good fellow in every way!”

GERTRUDE T. WILLHIDE.....“Gert”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Hope: To have her patients sing “I Don’t Want to Get Well”!
Impish Delight: Fussing about the H. A. department.
“To sew, to cook, to bake,
That’s the life I’ll take!”

EDNA A. WOLFF.....“Fuzzy”
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; “Dulcy”; Girls’ Club; Girls’ Glee Club; Round Table.
Hope: To be able to keep that “affair” quiet until after graduation.
Impish Delight: Being pleasant.
“A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food!”

M. Vallier A. Morris M. Johnson

Senior Class Commission

"We were called together to serve you,
To make each desire come true."

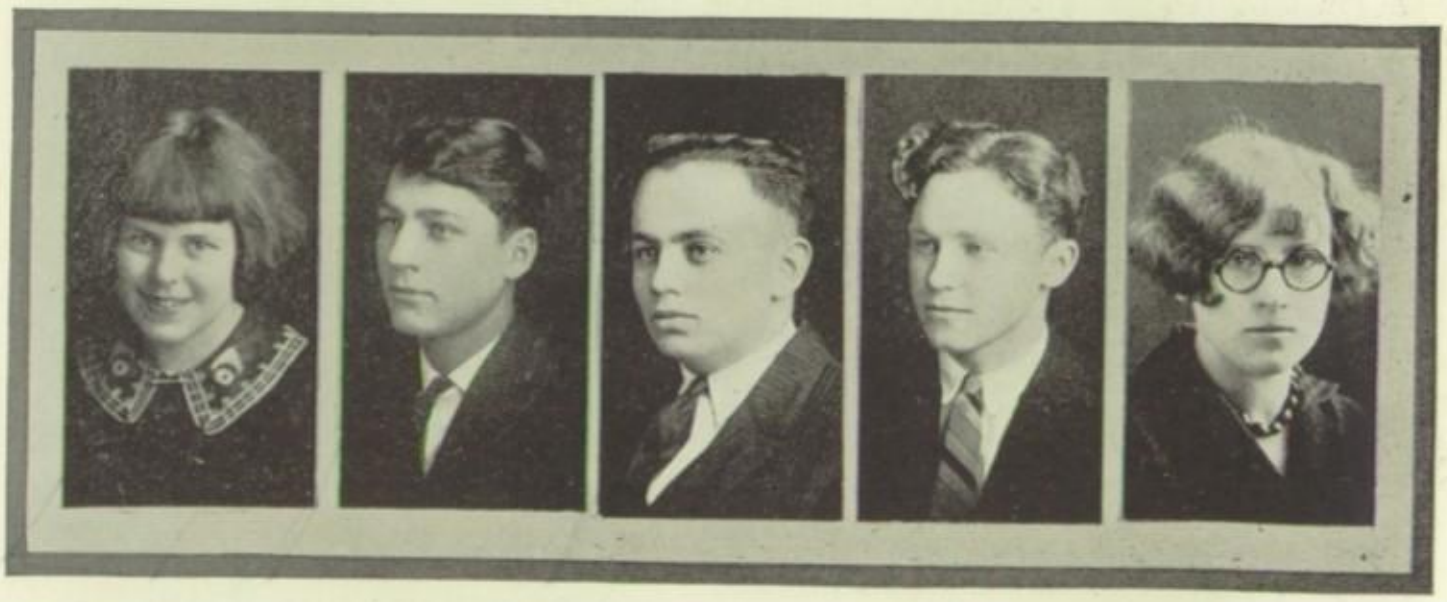
WHEN THE GRAVE BUSINESS of selecting a Senior Class Commission is presented, our seniors assume a manner of sobriety that is most unfairylike.

Sobriety in the Land of Heart's Desire is an essential. How could our seniors safely embark in their "cobwebby" ship if they did not have leaders? Our seniors, being wise fairy folk, after all, proceed to elect some clever spirits to lead them. The Class Commission is the result.

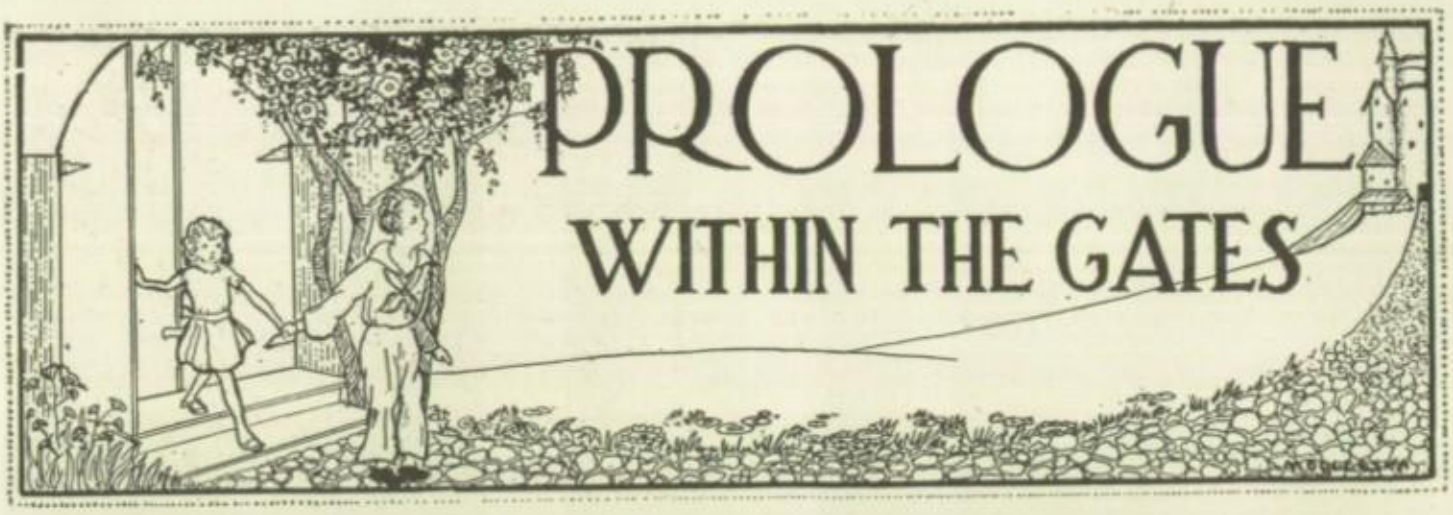
The graduating class this year is the last class to have any fond attachments to the good old barracks. They are led forth with these memories of barracks and castle by worthy classmates.

The January class safely embarked under the leadership of Mary Vallier, Alvin Morris, and Marvin Johnson.

The June class was well launched by Madlyn Jewell, Gertrude Maurer, Marvin Tonkin, Eugene Arnstein, and Charles Westhofen.



G. Maurer C. Westhofen E. Arnstein M. Tonkin M. Jewell



AIRIES? Fairies everywhere! They had come o'er fields and meadows, through the air and from the wood. The whir and hum of their tiny wings ceased as the royal train advanced. The Queen of the Land of Heart's Desire was well attended. She came forward and seated herself on a throne of moss, recently vacated by Puck.

Once a year this kind and generous queen held court for mortals. She was about to summon the Class of 1925, but before doing this she consulted her magic record book and this is what she found:

"In the year of nineteen hundred and twenty-one a great many grass green freshies adorned the crooks and crannies of the nursery in the old hollow pine tree, the barracks. They enjoyed "Bungalow Life," carving fairy pictures in nature's landscapes, throwing their tiny pens up into the pine boughs, drinking at the fountain of youth, stumbling over splinters in the lanes, listening to the tinkling cow-bell, and standing in the dim wee hours of the morning at a gathering before Oberon (Mr. Fritsche). They were the last clan to reside in the aforesaid glade, and they did their share while there in amusing their elders. Meek and humble they withstood the pestering sophomores. By the end of the year they became so wise and grown-up (they had given up kiddy-cars and forgot-ten about Santa Claus), that they were rewarded with a new castle, the Castle on the Hill, our new school building.

"As wise and foolish sophomores, they made quite a record. They enjoyed and appreciated the new castle — becoming very ac-complished in sliding along ter-razza and tile floors. They wore out the ninth hour seats in Mr. Korn's room, and always had their science homework done on time, do-ing it in the English class daily. They aided the "King Tut" styles and pushed the bobbed hair rage.

Heat and Heater in the Barracks.

They even mastered the art of playing hookey. Indeed, they were quite an asset to the school, and to the freshmen.

"As jolly juniors they certainly appreciated the school calendar, especially the week of Teachers' Convention and Christmas vacation. They became expert sportsmen, cutting circles and figures of eight on the ice. One of their numbers, Ruth Radtke won the tennis tournament and Kenneth Crane received the Harvard award for literary achievement.

Only a Memory

"Fullfledged seniors! Charlie Westhofen, our star football captain, has led the team on to victory. Alvin Morris, by winning a scholarship, has brought honor upon the class with his music. The mid-year is past and they are ready to trip lightly across the stage."

The queen, pleased with their record, proceeded to lay the plans for holding court.

She solemnly arose and bethought her
Of all that she here had read—
Then decided the best that she had to offer
Was to be showered on each senior's head;
And therewith a will was constructed
By this Queen of the Land of Fond Sages—
So if you'd be further instructed,
Read the will on the following pages.

The Good Old Days

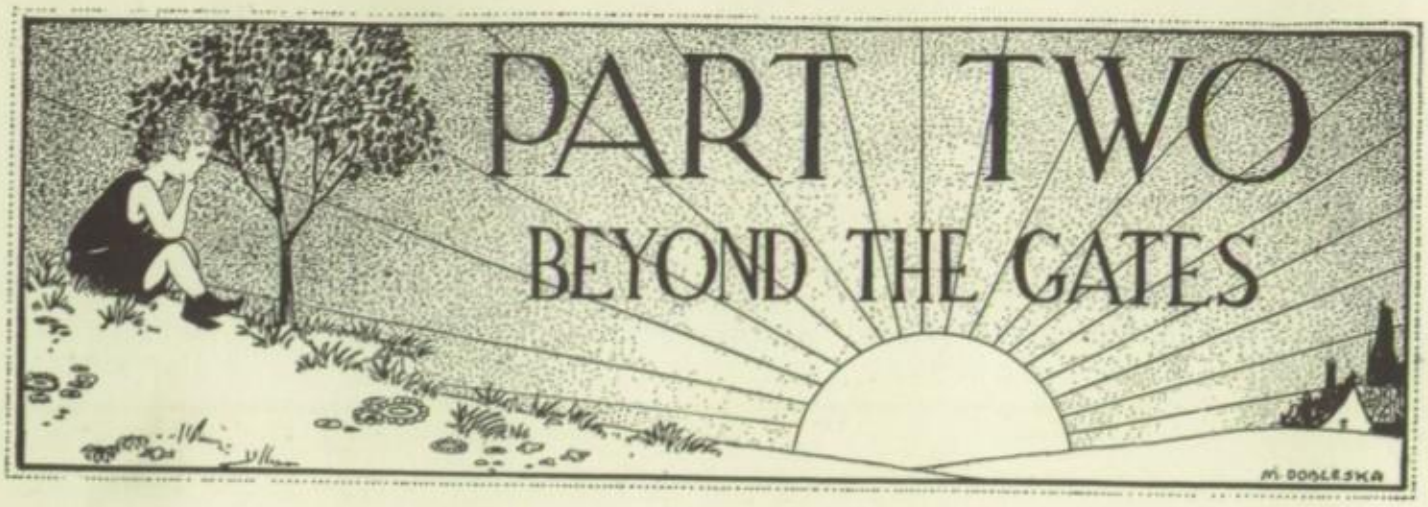
"And behold, their wishes were granted,
And each did receive a gift."

ONE DAY, after consulting her magic record book, the Queen of the Land of Heart's Desire suddenly decided to hold court for the Bay View High School's graduating class of 1925. She wanted to have something novel for their entertainment so she sent abroad the word: "Whosoever bringeth me the rarest gift, him shall I reward bountifully."

This caused much excitement in fairy-land and all wondered who the lucky person would be. Within a day people began to arrive, bringing their gifts with them. There were merchants, wizards, witches, and many other types hurrying along and staining their necks for a sight of the far-famed Queen. The Queen viewed them with an odd smile on her lips. Suddenly, she espied an old man among them, clad in flowing garments of white, and carrying nothing but an old wand in his hand.

Then the fun began. With one sweep of the wand he brought a moving stairway for Lenore Gunn and Adele Schuster because he noticed that they were losing weight climbing the stairs to the Oracle Office. To Herbert Rasche a box of tin soldiers was given—he always wanted to be a general anyway. Gertrude Maurer received a carload of gum so that she would be well supplied. A new shade of rouge was presented to Florence Bethke because the old one didn't seem to blend very well. The old philosopher gave Wenst Gardner a victrola because he never had much to say himself. Earl Horneman received a mirror so that he could continue admiring himself. By the way, Marvin Tonkin received a book entitled "How to Control Your Temper", also known as "Accept Work with a Smile". A package of henna dye was given to Myrtle Taylor to keep her haid red. Kathryn Delicek received a tin medal for telling the best known story (?). An address book was received by Wesley Graham so that he could keep an account of his numerous lady "friends". Chester Licking was presented with a box of stationery because, having sweethearts in other cities, he was forced to use a great deal of paper. Joseph Kempa acknowledged his thanks for a carload of sheet music for his now famous orchestra. A bright, shining milk pail was given to our farmerette, Eunice Horn. Alfred Nelson received a pair of wings, so that he could fasten them to his ankles and imagine that he was Mercury himself. Because Olive Thorbjornsen's hair is always very straight, she received a curling iron to keep it in trim. The old fellow gave Joe Drueke a black-face so that he wouldn't have to get his own face dirty the next time he "does his stuff" for Dramatic Club.

Thus the first part of the entertainment for mortals was finished.



"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
Tints tomorrow with prophetic ray."

INTO THE FAIRY QUEEN'S COURT came a dreamer. He bore nothing but a rustic, uninteresting picture frame which he had slung across his lanky arm.

"Great Queen," he began majestically, "I come before you to tell the futures of these promising young people who will enter the great, wide world shortly. I shall tell them what lies Beyond The Gates!"

"Make haste, man!" commanded the Queen. "We are waiting for information!"

"Watch the frame." Suddenly a change came upon it, for lo! where once was empty space, a picture gradually formed. A great interior of a church was seen, and behold, a bridal party comes up the aisle. Aha! there are two brides! (Two grooms are also there.) The great day has come for Edna Wolff and Eugene Kubal, as well as for Orville Ferry and another girl who appears to be a first semester senior at this time.

The scene slowly changes to a pastoral. Of course, the sun is shining and the cows are wandering in the fields of "Ioway". The young husband and buxom wife, Eunice Horn, advance.

The scene changes to distant China, where Kathryn Quinlan and Catherine Casey have gone as missionaries.

Now we are back to the bright lights on Broadway, New York. The new musical comedy "La La Paloosa", written by Alvin Morris, is having its opening night. Holly Milbrath plays the lead, supported by Harlan Hackbarth. Kathryn Delicek is the star comedienne. By the way, the theatre in which this is appearing is the "Glow", and is owned by Victor Behlendorf. Vivian Wagner is the ticket-seller and William Jahnke collects the tickets at the door. When we passed the "Make-believe Theatre", did you notice the electrics flashing—"First tonight—The famous Arthur Hankwitz appearing in his stellar role—Hamlet"?

Another home scene: We see Marvin Tonkin editing a large and new "First By Merit" Journal. Eugene Arnstein, of course, is his business manager. "What's our streamer for this evening's paper?" cries the distraught but famous editor, for he still loses his temper frequently. "Ah," cried the business manager, "one that will surprise you. Here it is—'Head Steno of Marshall Field Company Elopes!'" "What do I care about her?" roared the bachelor "ed". "Why, that's Evelyn Silvernale, our Oracle stenographer. After being engaged to 'Al' for years she finally elopes! How romantic!" The two are talking over old times as the scene changes.

Why! here we are in Buenos Aires, South America. Do I see Blanche Schmidt as an unhappy wife? Her husband, we see, seems to be called Emil (or is it Clarency?), and he is an employee of the Standard Oil Company operating in South America. But as the picture moves upward, we see that she is peeling the usual Bermudas for the regular evening meal, hence the tears!

We hear the whirring of aeroplanes. Aha! the American world fliers are back from another exploration trip! Out come the drivers and they are none but Fred Sanderson and Ralph Weyer.

As the picture changes, we see that Charlie Westhofen and Fritz Hein have joined the circus so that they can have ringside seats without paying for them.

Lawrence Awe has gone into the umbrella manufacturing business to prepare others for a rainy day, since "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More". His rather competent stenographer is Evelyn Possell.

Aha! here we have a studious young teacher, Eunice Newstrom, who is compiling the new 1938 simplified dictionary.

Now we are in a lavishly furnished room; the dark-haired vamp, Eugenia Fowle, is draped on the usual leopard skin. She is turning down her one-hundredth marriage proposal. That's the time we were fooled; she is merely appearing in the title role of "Sadie—The Village Vamp".

Now for the politicians: Antoinette Kienzle, the famous suffragette who "suffers" for the Mabel I. Parker for Mayor of Wolf Hole, Arizona" campaign, is making her final speech before the public goes to the polls. She is gesticulating wildly, just as she used to do, and has knocked over the water pitcher, thus cooling the ardor of Mildred Diefenderfer, who is sitting in the front row.

Earl Horneman is head of a great manufacturing firm that is famous for its weird and many-colored slip-over sweaters, that guarantee "a shock with every look"!

We now travel down to those picturesque Hawaiian Islands. Here we find Lou Lau, Violet Anderson, and Ruthie Double teaching the natives of Honolulu to play upon their favorite instrument, the ukulele.

We find that Kenneth Crane has turned "scribbler" and is touring the "orient" of San Francisco for material for his new novel, which is to be released by the Arthur Papenfus, Inc., Printing Association in the spring of 1939.

Myron Kremski has opened an exclusive ladies' and men's wearing apparel shop on the Avenue. The chief model and saleslady of the women's department is the "Madame De Marcelle Kruegaire", just over from France. Before her tour of Europe she was known as Marcella Krueger of Bay View.

Albert Beidatsch is the owner of a bakery that makes the holes in the doughnuts so large that all the people have to do is to imagine the doughnut, and so his business is gradually flitting.

We now are upon the sea. We see Margaret Peltier and George Reise crossing the Atlantic on the "Honeymoon Special".

Home again. Mortimer Mauthe has opened a new radio broadcasting station known as "De B-U-N-K of Milwaukee". Morty, himself, is chief announcer.

"I have tried to make the court as entertaining as possible. By your faces I seem to have been successful. You've received gifts; you've heard of the future. That good luck, happiness, and prosperity may ever follow the class of 1925 is the wish of the Queen of Heart's Desire, and her host of followers!"

THE-LAND-OF-FAERY

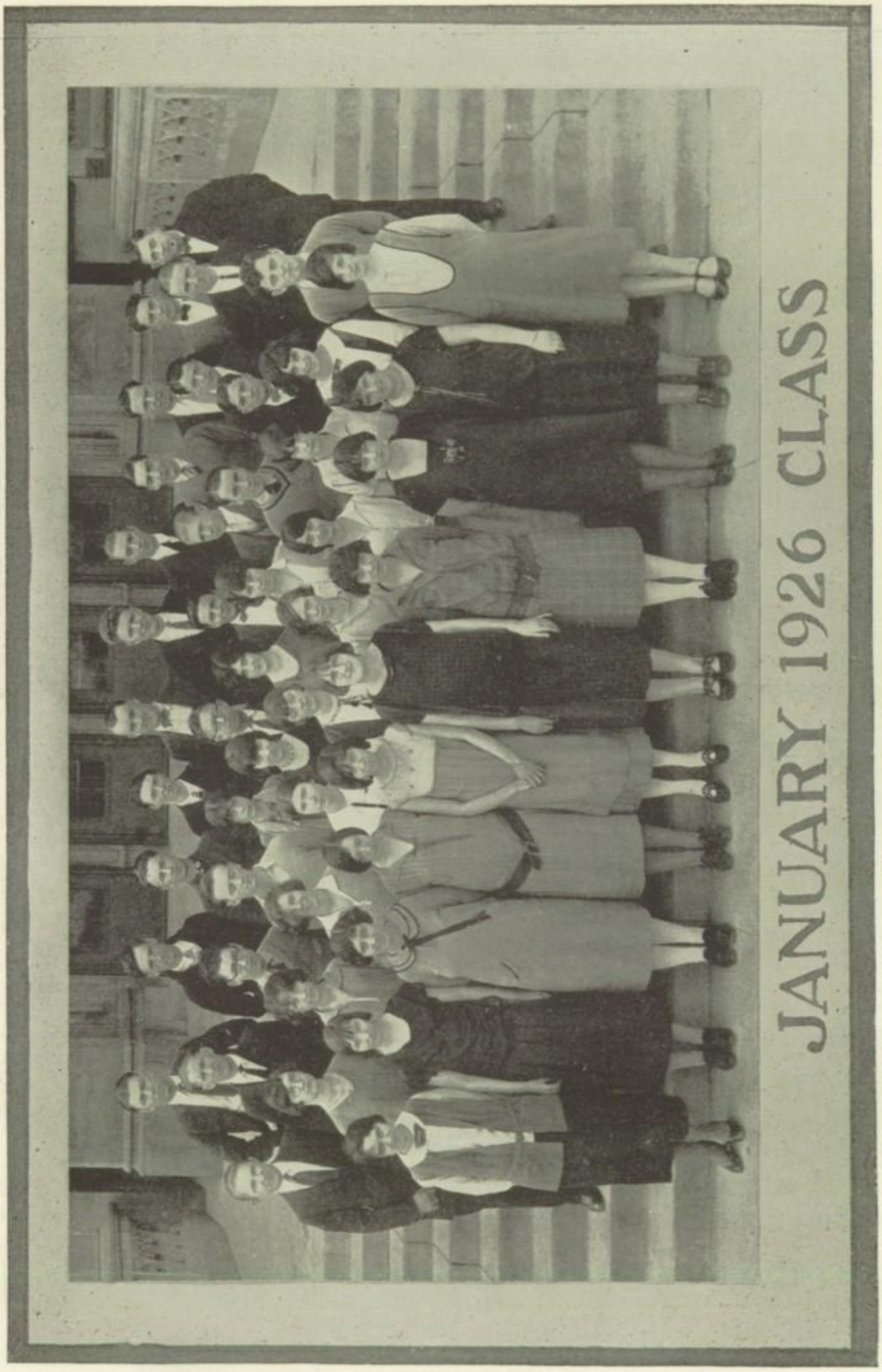
"Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue."

The Land of Faery

HIDDEN COSILY away in that peaceful, happy valley of Wonderland, through which flows the golden river of Happiness, lies the realm of Queen Mab, all oblivious to time and eternity. Graceful, grotesque, mischievous, toiling, tiny, powerful—all are found in this Fairyland, for do not all go to make up a world? No worldly cares or mortal fears are here entertained. Piping songs, gliding lightly in the fairy ring, the carefree inhabitants of this Utopia see time pass—and know it not. What care they if Time beckons or Sobriety frowns, if Classes call or Lessons murmur to be done? This great and glorious Fairyland is to be enjoyed—on with the dance!

Dusty, dusky cobalds, powerful Arabian genii, cherubic, mischievous elves, happy, toiling brownies, graceful, wafting sylphs, grotesque, misshapen gnomes join with wrinkled banshee and German erkling in weaving a gossamer web of wondrous beauty—our happy school life. May the gates never close upon this Fairyland of ours, but may they always be open to welcome all who wish to enter a new world of joy and beauty.

R. DAVELAAR


JANUARY 1926 CLASS

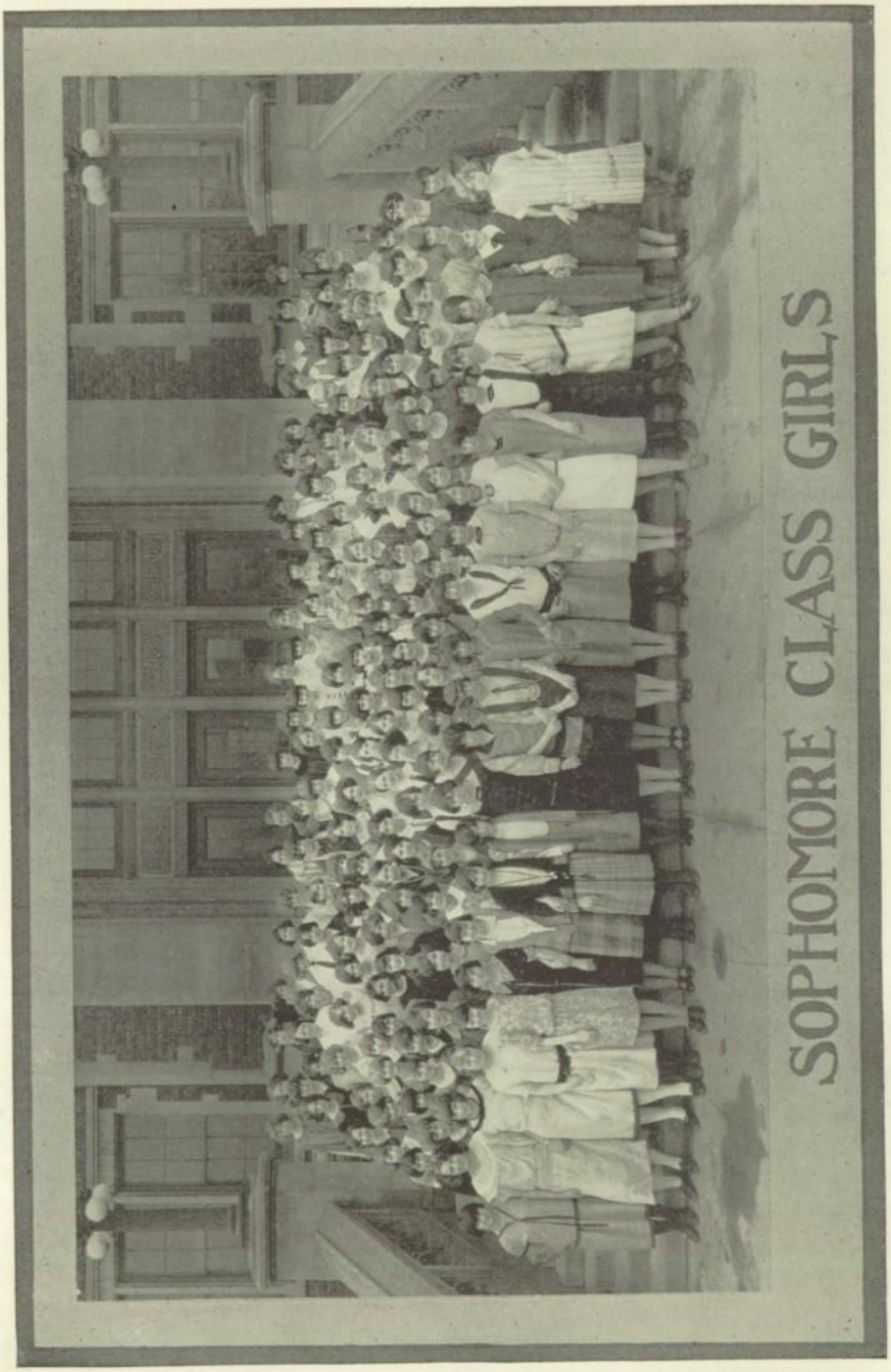
Class of January, 1926

Florence E. Airoldi
Mildred M. Batten
Erwin C. Bauer
Walter P. Behlendorf
Frederick W. Behling
David J. Bessey
Gertrude G. Brockel
Helen E. Flicek
Walter Frankwicz
Elmer H. Gatz
Harvey C. Glasford
Ted A. Heller
Walter H. Hintz
Ruth M. Hyde
Willard A. Klaerig
Leona E. Kutz
Earl A. Lieber
Isabel S. Markland
June B. Matthias
Irwin A. Mattison
Ruth L. McCall
Ruth T. Meredith
Loretta E. Nieman
Olof P. Nordstrom
Mildred A. Olson
Ruth P. Pillar
Edward C. Plath
La June G. Plennes
Louis F. Polczynski
Myrtle L. Possell
Edward N. Potter
Iva Price
John J. Puffer
Edward A. Schneidewind
Irma Schroeter
Henrietta E. Shannon
Ralph Smith
Reginald O. Smith
Gerald R. Stange
Florence B. Stintl
Lillian M. Stintl
Margaret C. Tetzlaff
Anna Uldrian
Edward Vollmer
Ray C. Wasserman
Eugene W. Wheeler
Robert D. Williamson
Grace E. Wraatz

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

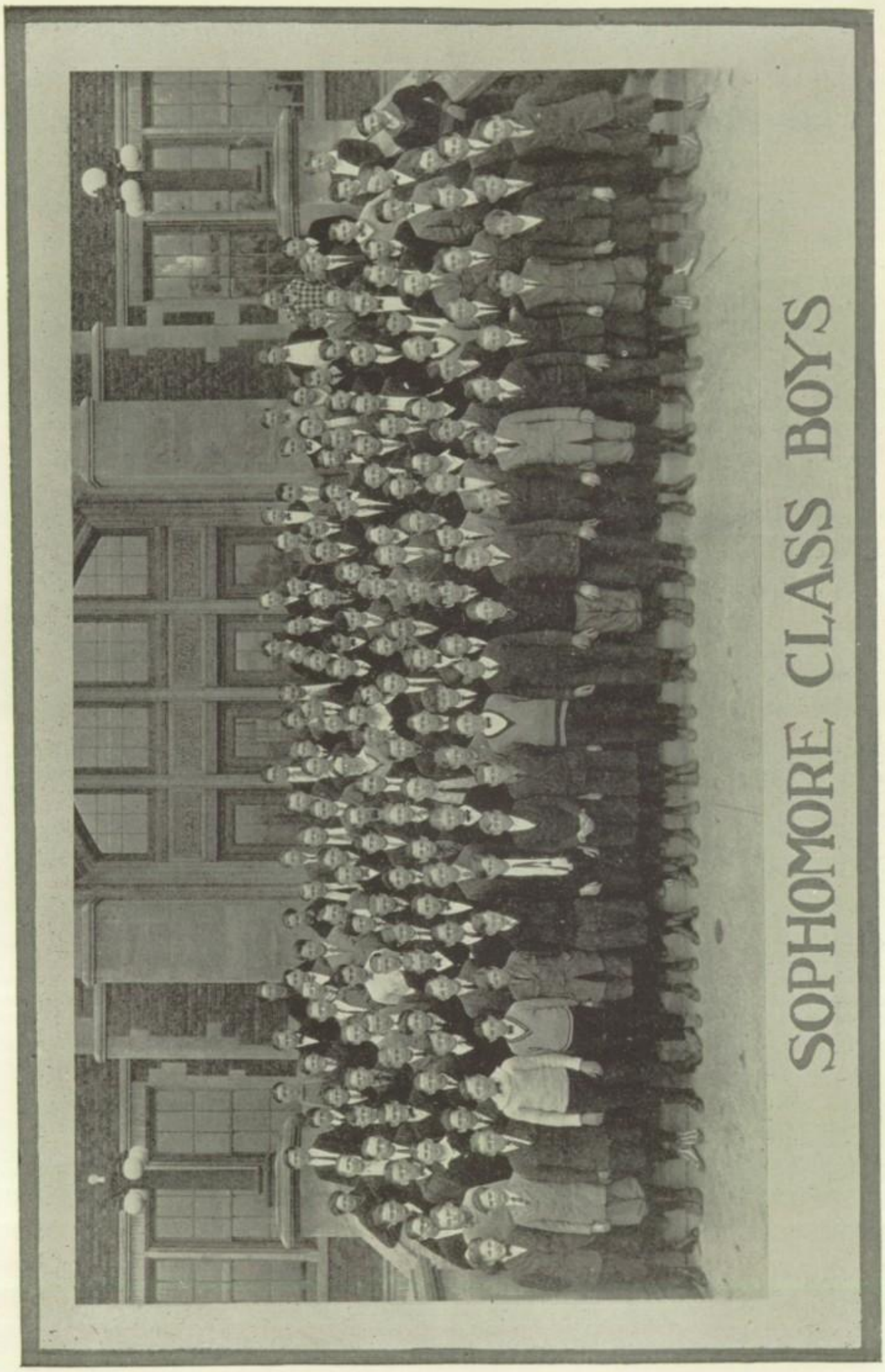
Theresa M. Adamek
Hudson J. Alofs
Arnold E. Andrews
Ralph Andrzejewski
Sally Armbruster
Le Roy M. Ackerman
Mildred M. Bauling
Camilla M. Baxter
Eunice E. Becker
George R. Becker
Lucy B. Becker
Geraldine H. Bergmann
Eugenia A. Bielawski
Margaret M. Blantz
Mary M. Blantz
Isabelle E. Boinski
Wallace J. Bowersock
Alfred E. Brandt
Sirena S. Brassington
Frances E. Brown
Homer R. Brown
Irene M. Brzostek
Betty M. Burd
Clyde C. Burnquist
Walter W. Burrill
Evelyn H. Buss
Benjamin C. Butler
Ione Campbell
Robert K. Caswell
Rose M. Chertweznik
Mabel E. Christoffersen
Arthur C. Cizon
Charles J. Clark
Corrinne G. Collins
Dorothy F. Cullen
Arthur G. Czapiewski
Cylvia C. Daehn
Reuben Davidson
Sylvia C. Dersinski
Leona A. Dixon
Joseph I. Edelstein
Ruth E. Egle
Gustave F. Eimerman
Ruth K. Eimerman
Donna Elsby
Albert W. Estes
Helen F. Evenson
Ruth E. Fast
Loraine A. Favel
Frieda E. Felber
Victor H. Fields
Ellwood Findlay
Milton E. Flint
Ruth L. Flint
Rose M. Frangesh
Aaron M. Franklin
Revelda Frederick
Samuel Galanter
Donald E. Gatke
Chester F. Gelhar
Joseph Godosz
Virginia A. Grabowski
Lorraine A. Green
Roy Grigg
Louis J. Guiot
Katherine M. Hamilton
Louise M. Hamilton
Eric L. Hanold
Peary F. Hansen
Gladys H. Harrington
Irma L. Haushalter
Lawrence Hautz
Violet R. Havey
Klemnce J. Haydock
Gilbert F. Heiderich
Louise E. Heimerl
Libby D. Herro
Donald B. Hickman
Donald D. Hickman
George Horaitis
James F. House
Joseph Housfeld
Ruth A. Howard
Esther V. Hummel
William J. Hurley
Joseph H. Ignowski
Kenneth M. Jacobson
Methyslaus A. Jagmin
Gordon O. Jatzek
Gordon F. Jess
Frayne A. Joers
Elmer M. Johnson
Harry A. Karl
Herbert D. Keeler
Gladys M. Kellogg
Claude A. Kelnhofer
Hazel M. Kerner
Leroy J. Kerner
Marjorie G. Kiefer
Edmund C. Kitke
Adele H. Klatt
Luella A. Klevenow
Helen C. Knaak
Jane E. Knocke
Freda F. Knutson
Alice E. Koeling
Marguerite A. Koenig
Richard C. Kolda
Joseph F. Kolp
Peter M. Kownacki
Le Roy J. Kramer
Herbert L. Krause
Gilbert C. Krueger
Fern V. Kruse
Alice J. Kryzinski
Augusta Kutnyak
Clemens R. Kwapiszewski
Charles J. Labracke
Charles R. LaFevre
Belle C. Lake
Howard W. Lambert
Virginia B. Layton
Robert H. Leary
Annette A. Levin
Jacob Levin
Walter W. Lindeman
Agnes F. MacInnis
Stanley L. Maciolek
Dorothy G. Mangold
Harvey A. Manske
Mildred L. Martin
Herbert S. McGeahy
Samule M. McGinnis
Hazel G. Meddaugh
Arthur A. Meilcarek
Admund C. Mierzwa
Clarence C. Miller
Lenore F. Miller
Walter L. Miller
Charles E. Miotke
John C. Mokelke
Gertrude A. Moritz
Harry H. Muehl
Lucille E. Narlock
Edwin H. Nelson
Richard H. Nelson
Mae A. Noll
Esther J. Nordby
Theo P. Otjen
Eugene A. Paradowski
Frank C. Perko
Dorothy E. Petrowsky
Howard D. Pihl
Alice A. Pleva
Chester L. Polus
Irene H. Ponto
May E. Possing
Evelyn I. Preston
Clarence A. Puhek
Roy W. Radtke
Harley W. Redlin
Edith M. Reichhardt
Norwood E. Retzlaff
John R. Reuter
Blanche A. Roney
Ralph F. Roensch
Nan A. Rowan
Denton C. Rowell
May H. Rowell
Henry G. Ryan
Maybell E. Schiebel
Armin A. Schild
Ruby F. Schmidt
Margaret A. Schmoeker
Isidore M. Schneider
Edward H. Schulz
Alice L. Schumacher
Elmer F. Schweig
Olaf E. Seefeld
Eugene L. Semrad
Evelyn L. Senn
Mildred V. Serles
C. Chester Sexton
Esther J. Siebert
Elinore F. Smallish
Ethel H. Smith
Jerome J. Sorensen
Arthur Spiegel
Jacob A. Stadler
Catherine M. Stapleton
Marguerite M. Steffen
Viola L. Stephens
Joseph G. Stetter
Mardell R. Strand
Arthur J. Strassman
Pearl H. Strube
Evelyn M. Stuart
Margaret A. Stueber
Arthur M. Stukel
James H. Swanson
Joseph B. Swiderski
Thaddeus Szczesny
Ray J. Szlachetka
Ray E. Szopieray
Catherine B. Szymanski
Tannisse L. Taylor
Lucille V. Tesch
Eugene H. Thate
Oscar J. Thiel
Lysle W. Thompson
Adeline C. Thorpe
Aletta H. Thorpe
Julia K. Tourigny
Norman L. Trebilcock
Amanda A. Tyre
John A. Ulatowski
Louis B. Uszler
Gertrude E. Volkman
Viola V. Voight
Margaret E. Vogelgesang
Christina M. Wanek
Mary Wangard
Margaret Warschauer
Adeline Washechek
Alice C. Wasserman
Anita M. Westenberg
John Wieczorek
Sylvester S. Wieczorek
Robert Wilke
Tulla A. Wiken
Donald M. Willson
Eugene J. Wisniewski
Francis J. Wissing
John F. Wohlgemuth
Dorothy C. Wolfe
Joseph J. Wyskochil
Gladys E. Yokum
Leona M. Yost



SOPHOMORE CLASS GIRLS

Sophomore Girls

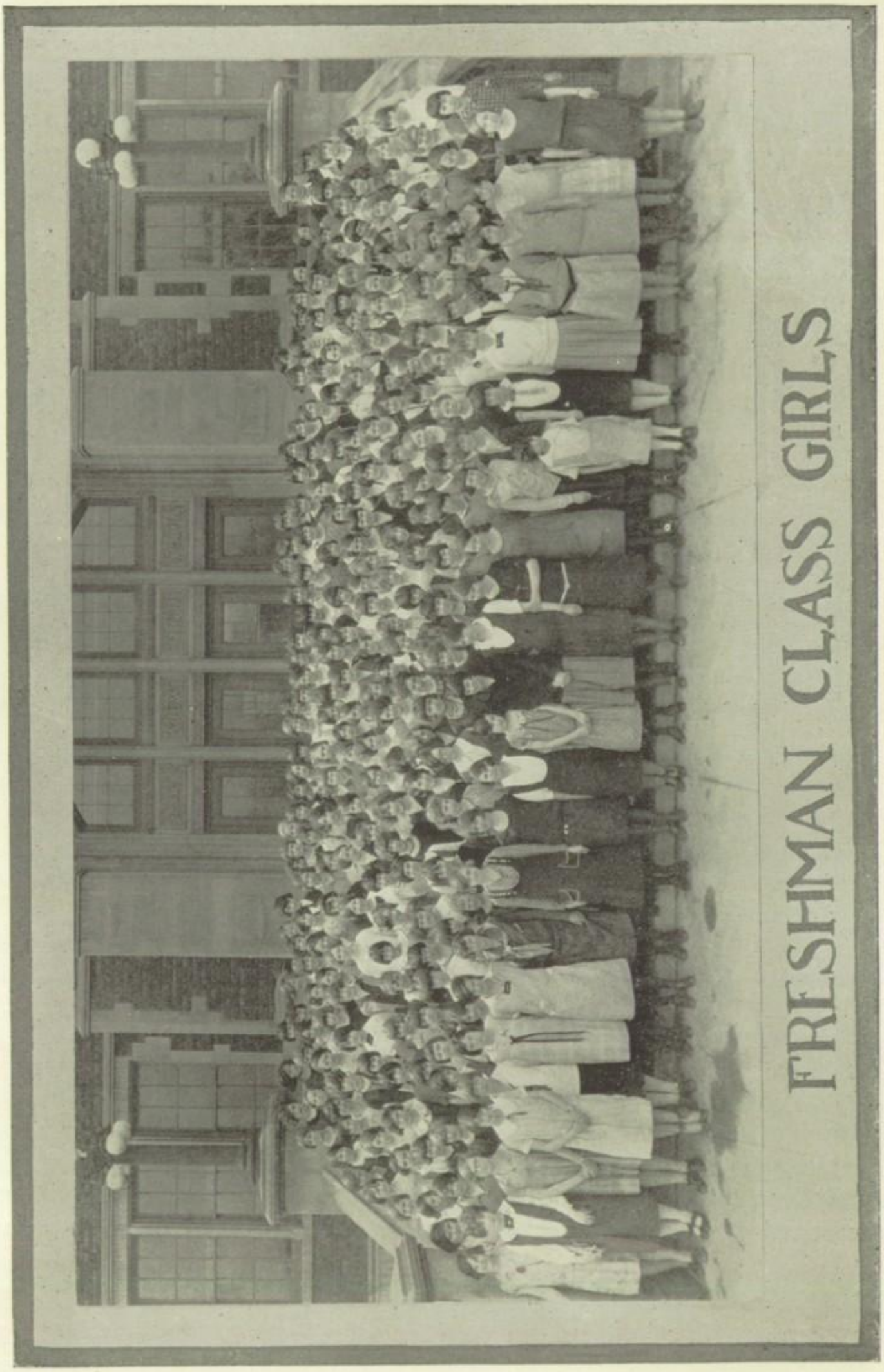
Ruth C. Andrews
Myra E. Bahrke
Florence D. Bakke
Leona M. Barbian
Betty Bauschek
Norma Beckemeier
Sarah Becker
Mary A. Beecher
Hazel A. Behlendorf
Beatrice Beidatsch
Marie C. Beisenstein
Loraine E. Bell
Janet R. Benson
Phyllis E. Berendt
Charlotte C. Berenson
Meta E. Binger
Elspeth M. Blackwood
Selma A. Blaesing
Donna H. Blaine
Hazel A. Blauert
Beulah A. Boldt
Lucille H. Boll
Esther F. Boyce
Evelyn C. Brehmer
Dorothy G. Brown
Esther N. Casey
Louise A. Casselman
Ruth L. Christophel
Irene M. Cichocke
Ethel H. Cludius
Mildred E. Cludius
Helen G. Conn
Mildred E. Coupal
Genevieve A. Czerniejewski
Mildred M. Dickinson
Viola M. DeGroot
Nettie D. Derdziak
Caroline A. Dieterle
Pearl J. Disch
Maryanna B. Dobleska
Myrtle R. Dostal
Dorothy E. Eidsmoe
Martha C. Erenz
Leona M. Finkler
Hilda Fisher
Dorothy E. Flicek
Margaret A. Foljahn
Anna V. Forecki
Mary E. Fountain
Erna Frank
Annette B. Franke
Marjorie V. Frederick
Evelyn R. Frenz
Vallory M. Fricker
Gertrude M. Ganske
La Verne B. Gehle
Lenore G. Gerdes
Eleanor M. Goertz
Martha Gorecki
Sophie Gorska
Aldana A. Grabowski
Bernice I. Graham
Edna C. Hach
Alice C. Hammernik
Ena M. Harrison
Mary F. Hartlieb
Margaret C. Hawkins
Anna M. Hegy
Florence H. Heilemann
Gladys L. Hellrung
Loretta M. Hertel
Laura E. Hickman
Sylvia E. Hirschboeck
Gladys E. Hoppe
Josephine A. House
Alice R. Huffman
Helen F. Hyde
Bernadine M. Janiszewski
Beatrice M. Jaworski
Agnes C. Jessen
Marie Jodat
Gwendolyn C. Jones
Henrietta M. Kaczmarek
Jennie R. Kawczynski
Olive A. Kaye
Margaret E. Kiner
Eugenia G. Klapa
Evelyn F. Klenke
Claudine M. Klopf
Clara L. Koch
Lucille L. Koch
Ludmilla C. Kodritsch
Inez E. Koegel
Sylvia K. Konwinski
Elizabeth E. Korbuly
Lucille E. Krause
Lucille I. Krzewinski
Hedwig Kuehn
Camille L. Kwiatkowski
Eleanor V. Leverenz
Marion Levin
Evelyn Libowitz
Ruth E. Lindgren
Alice E. Loppnow
Frances M. Lovretich
Eunice M. Machell
Anita A. Marone
Louise A. Maslowski
Mary L. Mayford
Electa M. Miller
Gwendolyn C. Miller
Etha M. Mitchell
Mary Emily Mott
Hermina C. Neu
Hattie M. Niedzialkowski
Alice E. Nimmer
Phyllis D. Nowak
Jeanette L. Nowicki
Gertrude I. Ostrander
Beatrice Otto
Sophie S. Pankowski
Eleanor D. Paradowski
Ann B. Parzych
Dorothy P. Pergande
Ida M. Pinske
Helen M. Platzer
Adeline H. Podolske
Sophie Posner
Sylvia A. Radtke
Ruth L. Regner
Elaine H. Rehwinkel
Fannie M. Rop
Mildred Sackrisen
Irene D. Salow
Ella E. Schandelmeier
Ethelyn L. Schilling
Marie L. Schloemilch
Esther C. Schmidt
Gertrude J. Schmitz
Sylvia A. Schmidt
Jane F. Setina
Mildred E. Sexton
Doloris G. Shults
Alice L. Sinda
Mary R. Skibinski
Dorothy M. Sorenson
Rose C. Stachowiak
Virginia L. Starkey
Carolyn L. Stevenson
Adeline S. Switsky
Cecilia A. Szczesny
Isabelle Taylor
Gladys B. Terwilliger
Dorothy G. Thomas
Ruth I. Tonkin
Genevieve Trotnik
Evelyn M. Trotter
Opal H. Vickrey
Marie J. Walczak
Hortense L. Wallschlaeger
Ellen E. Ward
Lorraine M. Westwood
Evelyn G. Williams
Marian E. Wilson
Mary L. Wilson
Esther M. Winger
Elizabeth C. Wood
Mildred E. Wright
Mary T. Ziotkowski



SOPHOMORE CLASS BOYS

Sophomore Boys

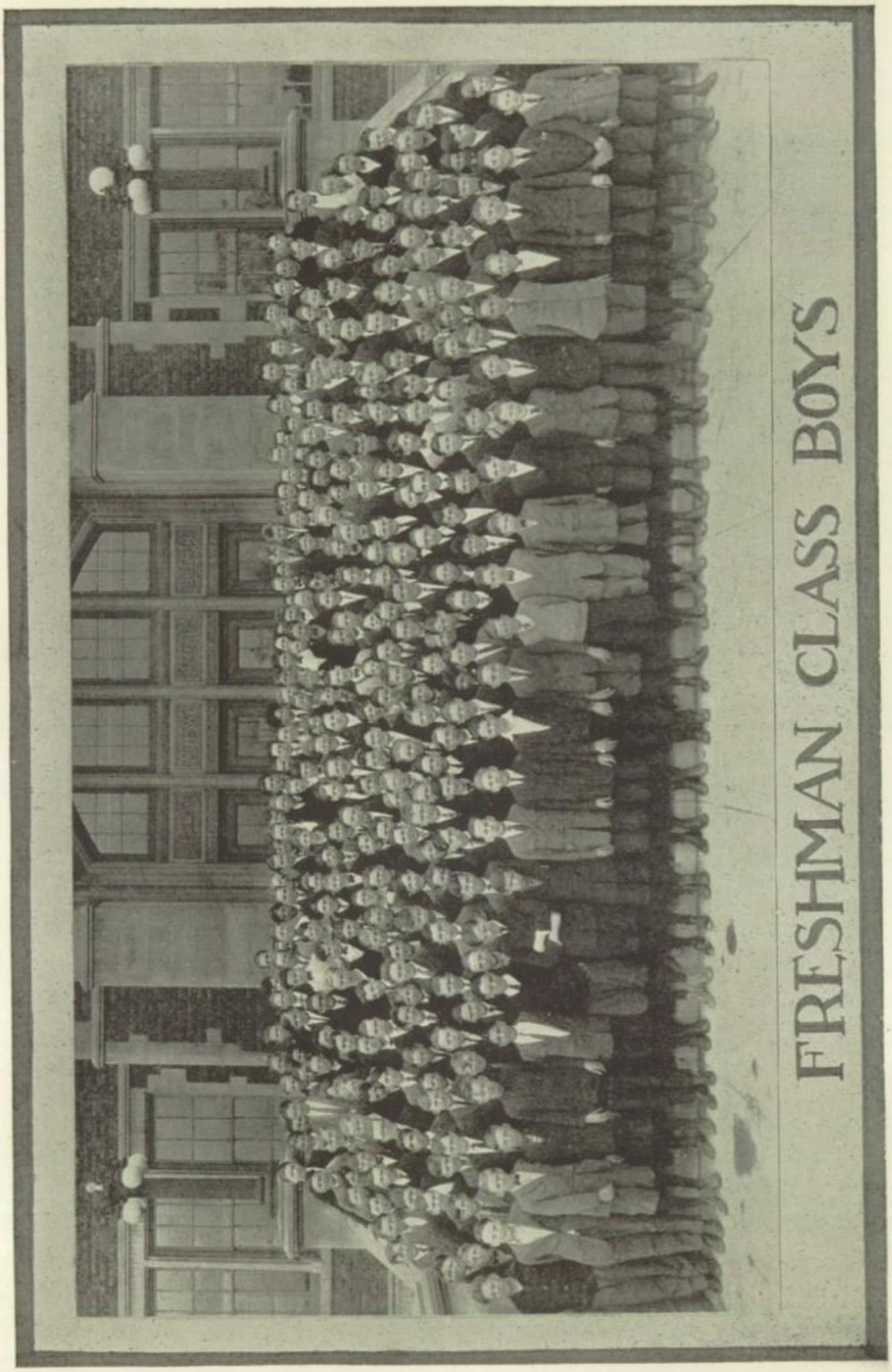
Aurellio A. Airoldi
Herbert R. Albrecht
Henry A. Antkowiak
Rudolf J. Augustine
Edmund P. Badura
Herbert F. Bahr
Herbert J. Banachowicz
Dudley O. Barnes
Frank Barth
Ambrose A. Barutha
Harry F. Barwick
Glenn W. Batten
John D. Bechtel
Harold E. Beck
Frank Bell
Vernon Bennett
William N. Bergstrom
Elmer C. Berndt
Lester E. Beyersdorf
John E. Billo
Elmer H. Blank
Everett J. Boerner
Edgar M. Brackett
James F. Brazell
Harold B. Buerosse
Dillon F. Burroughs
Elmer R. Busse
Charles W. Causier
Jack G. Clark
Earl J. Colby
George W. Cyrog
Archie B. Czerwinski
Leonard J. Czerwinski
Edward R. Dallmann
Allton O. Dannenberg
Harold R. Dickinson
Louis G. DeGrace
Peter R. Depke
Clarence I. Disch
Fred E. Doelger
Bill F. Double
Anthony L. Duszynski
Sidney J. Ellingsen
George R. Felber
Leo J. Finkler
Eldon L. Finn
Isadore Fishelson
Matthew J. Fitzharris
Lloyd A. Forrest
Harold A. Franke
Frank E. Fredrick
Harold L. Fry
Edward F. Gedlinski
Lawrence T. Gentzen
Harry G. Geske
Arthur F. Getzin
August J. Giaudrone
Bernard F. Gigowski
Terrance A. Gilbert
Casimir I. Grabowski
Ray G. Gulczynski
Kenneth R. Hansen
Paul C. Hartwig
Otto F. Hintz
Marlin H. Hoppe
Robert E. Horn
Robert A. Hunn
Alois W. Imramovsky
LeRoy E. Jacho
Gordon B. Jackson
Chester O. Jahns
Walter F. Jasinski
John W. Jessen
Henry H. Jocewicz
Ronald O. Jones
John J. Kaczmarowski
John E. Kaiser
Edward S. Kalupa
Richard P. Kania
Max H. Karl
Wesley H. Kaye
Howard S. Keeling
LeRoy Kelkin
William H. Koch
Norman E. Koenke
Casper J. Koeper
Frank Komlinovich
Henry R. Konkel
Ferdinand Korbuly
Joseph F. Kovacic
Alphonse E. Kraszewski
Raymond J. Krauska
Edward D. Kryszewski
Edward C. Kuczynski
Herman Kuehne
Casimer F. Kujawa
Emil Kumershek
Wallace L. Kutella
Edward C. Kwasniewski
Howard E. Lasanske
Milton R. Leichtfuss
Peter C. Lemanske
Thomas H. Lewis
Alfred W. Longley
Carl Lugar
Malcolm H. Lyle
Leo A. Mailloux
Joe D. Mandel
Ray A. Manning
Raymond R. McMullen
Alphonse A. Medved
Daniel R. Meurer
Ralph A. Michalski
Clarence W. Michels
Frank L. Mierzwa
Howard A. Milhaupt
Arthur H. Millies
George G. Mitchell
Raymond J. Mitten
Alex G. Mochalski
Bernard Model
Robert G. Morris
James F. Muehl
Theo. V. Mueller
Stanley C. Multra
Charles A. Naujock
Walter C. Nawrocki
Raymond J. Nelson
Ralph K. Newton
Alfred F. Oelke
Walter Olejniczak
Michael C. Parajecki
Mathew J. Pierucki
Florian F. Pilarski
Eugene J. Pinkalla
Roger C. Possell
George A. Pucel
William F. Quick
Edward E. Robinson
Alexander A. Rohrwasser
Henry Roth, Jr.
Anthony W. Roza
Edward B. Salamonski
Walter H. Salapa
Henry G. Sanderson
Harry F. Schaetzke
Ray J. Schauer
Clarence F. Schroeder
Albert G. Schulz
Arthur A. Schuster
Earl F. Schwartz
John A. Sczutowski
Arthur A. Searing
Harold F. Semmens
George K. Simonson
Norman G. Singer
James A. Schwartz
William O. Smyth
Elmer A. Stadtler
Ralph Tanger
Clemens N. Tarkowski
Earl W. Tews
Glenn O. Thompson
Raymond A. Tutaj
Andrew F. Vogl
John E. Voight
Steven Vukasenovich
Edgar E. Weeks
Martin S. Weiss
Hugo Weisse
Frank S. Werling
Fred H. Windau
John M. Wojtowicz
Dean J. Wolff
John J. Woods
Elmer A. Zahn
Theodore S. Zakrzewski
Laurence G. Zella
Louis J. Zimmermann
George H. Zirkel



FRESHMAN CLASS GIRLS

Freshmen Girls

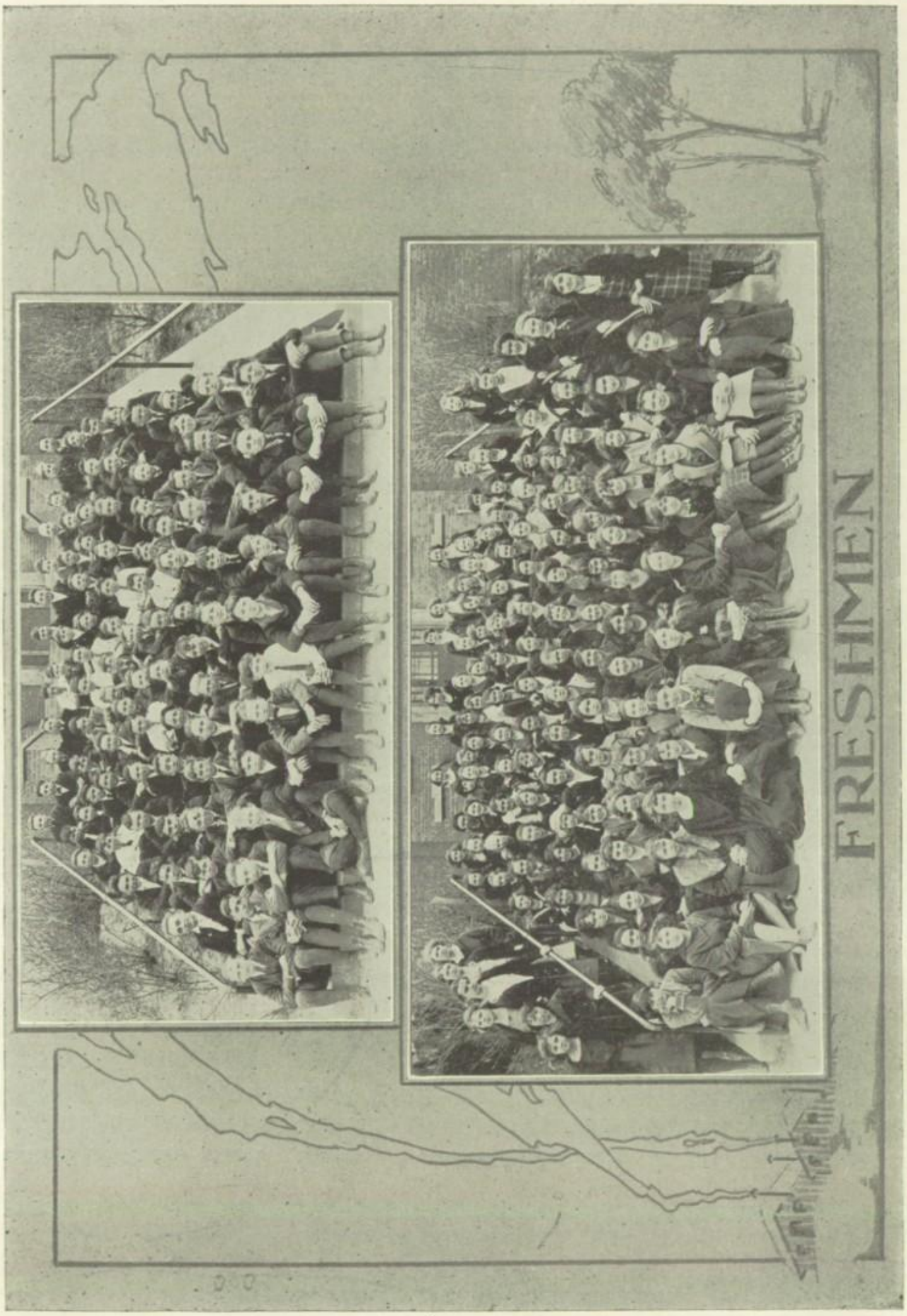
Jane A. Adamczewski
Margaret A. Ahrens
Ruth P. Allison
Irene J. Anderson
Mae G. Baker
Margaret A. Baker
Gladys S. Barg
Frances W. Baxter
Lola M. Beals
Esther E. Becker
Olga L. Becker
Rebecca Becker
Ruth H. Becker
Agnes J. Bethke
Alfhild J. Bing
Anna M. Blake
Sophie S. Blevitzky
Helen M. Boeshaar
Ethel M. Bohn
Grace R. Branta
Sophie M. Brantanic
Bernadine P. Brown
Beatrice G. Buschatz
Rosaline J. Busse
Lucille M. Calkins
Fanny A. Camer
Verna V. Carter
Kathryn E. Chessman
Betty C. Churchill
Leona G. Cordes
Elsie S. Czarapata
Genevieve D. Demski
Gena T. Dighera
Ardys D. Digman
Martha R. Doberstein
Eugenia M. Dombrowska
Violet M. Dwyer
Frances E. Edelstein
Lucile M. Eilers
Violet G. Engfer
Elsie H. Engnath
Marion A. Ericksen
Millie Evenson
Enid C. Favel
Helen M. Fiedler
Bertha D. Fields
Ruth A. Forrest
Anna E. Frangesch
Mable L. Fritz
Selma M. Gabriel
Phyllis A. Galasinski
Margaret B. Garbrecht
Dorothy M. Gauthier
Nellie M. Gazvoda
Marcella C. Gervais
Eleanore R. Gittins
Edith R. Goelz
Florence H. Goetzke
Florence D. Goodman
Ardine Gould
Eugenia A. Gradecki
Dorothy E. Greulich
Emily H. Gruenwald
Jean M. Guiot
Mildred A. Gunther
Della A. Gutknecht
Mary Habec
Marjorie E. Healy
Gladys M. Hermann
Alma M. Herro
Emma M. Hess
Eunice E. Hess
Dorothy V. Hickman
Betty J. Hipsch
Alice M. Hoffman
Celia J. Hojnacka
Grace Hollebeck
Ruth M. Honore
Lenore O. House
Lillian E. Hren
Bernice E. Huehns
Davida Huulgaard
Martha Jasinski
Ethelyn C. Jochem
Eleanore D. Jung
Emily C. Kaczmarek
Evelyn E. Kammer
Elmira M. Kebbekus
Anna L. Kempa
Ruth M. Kettner
Hedig Kielbratowski
Marion O. Kienzle
Elizabeth G. Kies
Rega E. Kienzle
Irene D. Klima
Evelyn E. Klingbeil
Georgiana H. Knurr
Alice L. Knutsen
Ida E. Kobs
Leopoldine E. Kodritsch
Clara E. Koehler
Edna E. Koehn
Florence E. Koenen
Esther D. Koenig
Dorothea O. Koenke
Eleanor H. Kolda
Anna E. Kolp
Hedwig M. Kolp
Wanda J. Kordys
Evelyn I. Koszewski
Marie K. Kozlowska
Alice N. Krajewski
Blanche E. Krajewski
Alice R. Kress
Esther A. Kriefall
Evelyn O. Krueger
Florence L. Krueger
Rose H. Krueger
Mary H. Krusick
Arline D. Kuczynski
Olga C. Kumershek
Lorraine A. Kutz
Adele M. Kwasniewski
Beatrice A. Lankow
Alice G. Latosinski
Emma M. Laven
Mary F. Lawler
Eleanor F. Lehmann
Sophie T. Maciolek
Julia M. Madej
Cecil T. Major
Marie C. Mangan
Genevieve H. Mangold
Anna E. Maytak
Eileen M. McFarland
Helen A. Meczkowski
Angeline M. Melms
Lorraine M. Mickel
Ethel E. Miller
Isabell J. Miller
Anna Mintkiewicz
Elizabeth E. Model
Adeline A. Mueller
Edna T. Mueller
Frances M. Mueller
Genevieve J. Niedzialkowski
Karen J. Nilsen
Nena N. Nowich
Ethel M. Nylund
Ethel R. O'Brien
Eleanore A. Okray
Evelyn L. Olander
Eleanore C. Oleniczak
Helen A. Opat
Edna D. Owen
Sylvia B. Paul
Jane D. Perko
Eleanore H. Petersen
Ona May Pierce
Irene B. Piotrowski
Roby E. Piper
Virginia E. Platzer
Myrtle E. Ponko
Elsie K. Primon
Adeline D. Pufahl
Eleanor B. Pufahl
Florence L. Puls
Sylvia E. Pyzynski
Clementine L. Rathke
Frieda Redieck
Irene G. Redzinski
Margaret E. Reigel
Martha A. Reno
Rose R. Reszynski
Lillian M. Roddy
Mildred A. Rohm
Cecelia A. Salamonski
Martha E. Sargewitz
Violet R. Saskowski
Margaret M. Schaefer
Mabel M. Scharles
Florence L. Scherbarth
Phillipine C. Schlamp
Betty D. Schmidt
Ruth A. Schmidt
Gladys Schroeder
Elsa B. Schroeter
Alice C. Schuett
Ruth A. Schulze
Lydia A. Schuster
Marion M. Schuster
Margaret E. Schuster
Dorothy A. Schwan
Regina T. Serdynski
Bernice M. Serles
Edythe D. Shaw
Dorothy L. Sherman
Esther M. Simonson
Anna M. Sinur
Isabelle E. Smith
Alice M. Smukowski
Angeline C. Smukowski
Julia M. Sobczak
Martha E. Stankiewicz
Frances M. Stewart
Mabel B. Strutz
Viola Stuart
Florence N. Stuessi
Florence A. Tanger
Frema M. Taxey
Evelyn A. Techel
Ruth L. Templin
Elizabeth H. Thirion
Gertrude I. Thomas
Virginia Thompson
Elizabeth S. Tremain
Olive J. Trimborn
June A. Troyer
Cecelia S. Ulrich
Olive E. Vallier
Ethel J. Van Ells
Pauline E. Van Beeck
Dorothy C. Vierheilig
Florence J. Voight
Margaret E. Walsh
Elsie M. Warner
Emma J. Werderitsch
Fern L. Westcot
Leila White
Ruth L. Wiken
Jessie L. Williams
Anna M. Wilting
Virginia G. Winkler
Harriet S. Winzen
Elenor R. Wisniewski
Irene A. Wojciechowski
Marion E. Wolfe
Margarete C. Wolf
Marion F. Yung
Lucille B. Zawekowski
Lorraine C. Zella
Elizabeth I. Zeich
Stefania V. Zientkiewicz



FRESHMAN CLASS BOYS

Freshmen Boys

Royal F. Abitz
Robert C. Adams
Thomas W. Albrecht
Leon C. Alexander
Charles A. Anderson
Harry A. Anderson
Elmer Anderson
Ever F. Anderson
Albert F. Asinger
Glenn A. Awe
Kurt R. Baars
Rowland H. Barloga
Earl M. Batten
Orville D. Baxter
Lester H. Becker
Edward J. Behling
John F. Bender
Thomas B. Blade
Ray G. Blank
Arthur S. Bleckacz
Egbert C. Block
Frank J. Blockowitz
Gerald L. Bodine
Clarence E. Boettcher
Jermone E. Bolanowski
Albert A. Borck
Joseph L. Borg
Erwin J. Borkowski
Joseph J. Borlik
George A. Borowicz
Norman A. Brandt
Frank J. Bregant
John A. Brodaczynski
Joseph A. Brownell
Arthur S. Brzostek
Herbert A. Bunchkowski
Edward A. Bureta
Ralph Bureta
Walter J. Burns
Harold L. Burrell
John A. Butcher
Charles P. Chiconas
Peter Chiroff
Ray T. Christenson
Edwin P. Chrobot
Walter H. Cieslak
Joseph V. Cognonatte
Edward Crangle
Harry J. Cyzapiewski
Harvey H. Dahlke
Charles E. Davis
Malcolm H. Dawson
Lawrence F. DeGrace
Henry H. Dereszynski
Orville N. Doerr
Frank W. Dolenar
Alex Domino
Howard F. Draws
Anthony F. Devorzak
Vincent F. Dyksinski
Erwin F. Dziomba
Leo H. Eberhardy
Donald W. Eichler
Alfred F. Eickstaedt
Elmer H. Elser
Frank A. Ernst
Arthur Falkiewicz
Earl A. Fellows
Earl W. Fischer
Gordon H. Fischer
Wilbert A. Fischer
John W. Fritsche
Edward J. Fryjoff
Albert A. Gaide, Jr.
Clarence M. Ganske
Caswell A. Garber
Robert J. Gatz
John Gawrylik
Norman C. Geske
Ralph E. Gintz
Albin A. Gorski
Harry R. Gorski
Anton F. Grafenauer
James J. Grivas
George A. Groninger
Henry E. Groth, Jr.
Paul E. Grunau
Charles A. Guenther
Edmund S. Gutsch
John Guzikowski
Max S. Guzniczak
Truman G. Hall
Albert J. Handle
Bernard A. Hansen
Robert E. Harrington
Elwood R. Heckendorf
Spencer E. Heiderich
Richard J. Hein
George P. Herbst
Ray C. Herrenbruck
Kenneth F. Herrmann
Charles F. Hinrichs
Raymond M. Hoehnke
James T. Horaitis
Kenneth L. Howard
Martin V. Hudaj
Thomas C. Huebschen
Lloyd C. Huehns
Arbin H. Huff
Norman J. Hundt
Clarence E. Ihling
Arthur Jaeck
Lee Jaeger
Robert H. Jaffke
Thomas A. Janz
Raymond W. Jastroch
Jerome W. Jerde
Gerald R. Jelinek
Alois Jerzakowski
Gustav H. Jodat
Teddy M. Johnson
Michael E. Jukich
Gregory S. Kabat
John C. Kaczmarek
George P. Kallas
Clarence W. Kamentz
Anton J. Kamniker
Mack C. Karnopp
Gerhardt W. Keller
James G. Kelm
Milton E. Kesting
Herbert C. Kiehl
Norman J. Kimber
Ralph B. Kimber
Clement G. King
Frank S. Klawitter
Harry J. Kleczka
Harold E. Klitzke
Francis C. Knock
Eugene F. Kobs
Marcelious P. Kobs
Charles E. Koeper
Heliodor H. Kolancheik
Herman R. Koss
Julius M. Kowalski
Clemence S. Kozminski
Albert R. Kramer
George F. Krauske
Adam Kraut
Louis H. Kroening
Felix Kujawski
August Kumershek
Clare K. Kummers
Vincent S. Kwasiborski
Vernon L. Larimore
Carl H. Lemanski
William P. Lemke
John J. Lenko
Gilbert C. Levendoske
Leo L. Lezala
Lloyd A. Lindgren
Arthur W. Lippmann
Henry T. Loomis
Kenneth O. Loose
Emil F. Ludwig
Norman F. Lueke
Chester Z. Lukaszewicz
Edmund F. Lukszys
Arthur T. Lyewski
William N. Lyle
Frank J. Maciejewski
Kermit G. Malisch
John A. Manos
Herbert J. Manske
George G. Marinopoulos
Nick L. Marinopoulos
Howard J. Martin
Jerome P. Marzin
Casimir S. Miklaszewicz
Orrol R. Miller
Frank R. Money
Alois L. Mucha
Orville A. Munkwitz
Kasmira D. Murawski
Gilbert O. Nehring
Eugene R. Nelson
Ray R. Nelson
Gilbert F. Nitz
Harold A. Nitz
Arthur P. Noyes
Adam Obermayr
Leonard H. Odee
Joe S. Olewinski
Vincent E. Osowski
John I. Ottman
Robert J. Owen
Raymond E. Packee
Ray E. Palakiewicz
Athur Pahn
Milan F. Papkovich
Harry C. Paszkowski
Frank F. Pauc
David Payne
Emory G. Pellaut
Earl J. Peters
Donald T. Peterson
Conrad J. Pierner
Edward J. Pikl
Raymond A. Plath
Robert L. Plecash
Emmett A. Path
Adolph R. Pscion
James E. Quick
Norman . Raddatz
Eugene J. Rademacher
Raymond J. Radigan
Howard H. Raetter
Stephen J. Rajer
Henry A. Richlicz
William O. Redlin
William C. Reichhardt
George C. Revolinski
Howard W. Schwab
Charles M. Shannon
Walter J. Sierpinski
Henry J. Slojkowski
Felix J. Smigielski
Oliver J. Smith
Edmund J. Sabocinski
Harvey A. Soli
Herbert T. Spankowski
Frank L. Sroczynski
Louis M. Steren
William A. Stevenson
Edward N. Stollenwerk
John M. Rodzvila
Edwin J. Ross
Clarence Rudolf
Max E. Ruess
Henry J. Ruszkiewicz
James A. Ryan
Raymond L. Ryback
Ervin G. Sadowski
Louis J. Schneider
Raymond A. Schroeder
Carl E. Schuenemann
Edward B. Schultz
Robert C. Strassman
Gilbert Summer
Clement F. Sulkowski
Edgar K. Sundby
Raymond I. Swartout
Anton E. Swinko
Archie C. Szulakicwicz
Edward F. Szymanski
Edward L. Szymanski
Eugene E. Szymanski
Cornelius O. Tamms
Roy A. Taubenheim
LeRoy W. Taylor
Erwin O. Thate
Henry E. Thiele
Edward J. Thomas
Bradford C. Thompson
Frank W. Thomsen
Arndt S. Thorbjornse..
William M. Thorstensen
David J. Tomaszewski
Sam Topolovich
Anthony J. Travis
Joe B. Truel
Edwin G. Tuchel
Thaddeus J. Ullenberg
Edmund J. Vallier
Louis J. Vogl
Harold E. Voss
Harvey W. Wahl
Alfred H. Warth
Harry A. Wawrzyniak
John R. Wechselberg
Bert J. Wedemeyer
Charles K. Werling
Harry P. Wienserski
Harry F. Willms
Clarence S. Winkler
Leonard Wotczak
Thaddeus J. Wozniak
Frank J. Wyskochil
Herbert H. Yahnke
Theodore J. Zagar
Harry N. Zarek
Edward H. Zepeski
Alonsous B. Zielinski
Robert C. Zimmerman



A Study in Evolution—(Our Graduates as Freshmen)

THE-NEVER-NEVER-NEVER-LAND

"Once upon a time there was a way,
a way we used to know, for stealing
off at twilight from the weary ways of men."

The Never-Never-Never-Land

IN THE MYSTIC REALM of the Never-Never-Never-Land, where wondrous things that never have, nor never will happen, take place, we often find our imaginations wandering, when we draw up our easy chair before the blazing fire to rest. Before our eyes, as though upon a stage of mist, many fairy actors dressed in extravagant gowns of gold and silver dance in fantastic ways to enchanting music, or enact for our various pleasures marvelous stories. Or we stray to distant lands where adventurous men spin curious yarns of soft, pearly meadows dripping with dew, of slow, enchanting rivers canopied over with gorgeous trees and bushes, of azure lakes, and hazy, snow-capped mountains. Or we dream of grim castles where feasting and merrymaking abound and mystic, invisible knights battle for our pleasure and favor. We drift farther and farther into this limitless, delightful Land of the Imagination; we lose all recollection of reality; we spin threads of many colors which when woven form a dim and fascinating tapestry of life.

Oracle Story Contest Winners

K. Crane I. Ponto F. Taxey A. Czapiewski

SENIORS

1st place—Tie .....Kenneth Crane
Ruth Pillar
3rd place .....Madlyn Jewell

JUNIORS

1st place .....Irene Ponto
2nd place .....Walter Burrill
3rd place .....Margaret Stueber

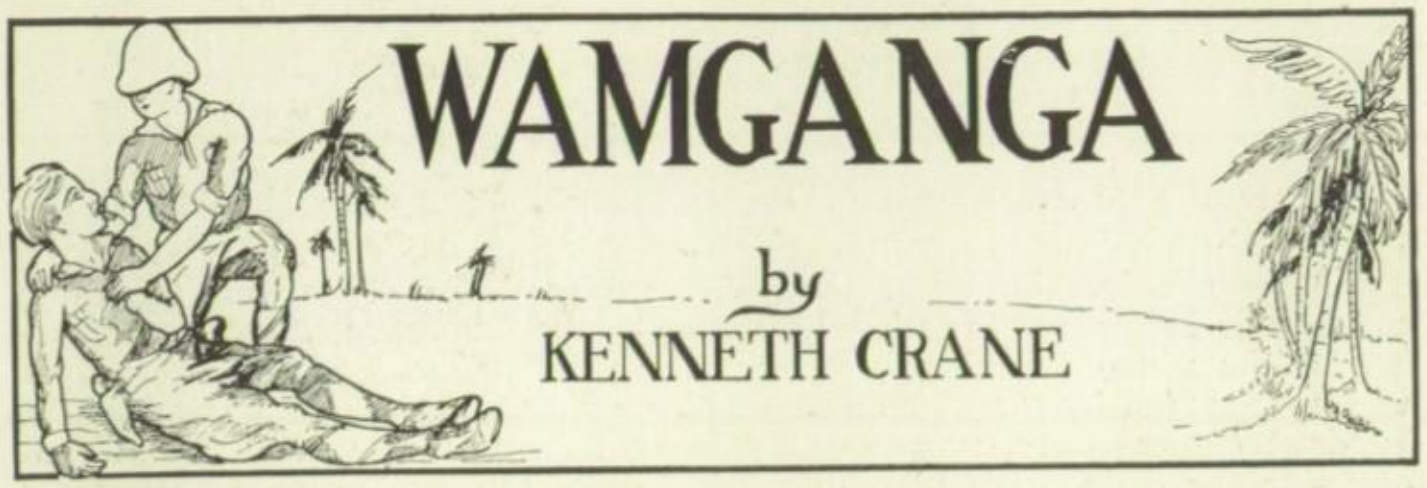
SOPHOMORES

1st place .....Arthur Czapiewski
2nd place .....George G. Mitchell
3rd place .....Ena Harrison

FRESHMEN

1st place .....Frema Taxey
2nd place ..... Ardys Digman
3rd place .....Georgiana Knurr

W. Burrill R. Pillar A. Digman G. Mitchell



ROBERT HARRISON, soldier-engineer, had just completed a letter. Anyone looking over his shoulder might have read:

Dear Bert:

I'm about to leave. The Munson Development Company, in co-operation with thh government, is considering the establishment of a power plant on the Sanga. They've heard of a wonderful fall there —Wamganga—seems to fill the bill. The pioneer work will be devilish hard—but think of the future. Yours truly has been delegated to do some of the preliminaries. Captain Conway with a hnudred men is to accompany me. He is a fine fellow.

I had an experience yesterday. Was roaming around the poorer district, when I came upon the most wretched specimen of white humanity I ever saw. The fellow, dressed in ragged blue jersey and breeches, lay groaning in the narrow street. Soon found out he was soaked with rum—must have been kicked about, too. Well, Bert, you know I've one weakness, so I soon had the fellow up, and got some blacks to cart him to my room. A bath, good night's rest, a decent suit—you wouldn't know him now. Told me his name is Farnum. It's the old story—back from a trip, bad company, liquor, stranded, down and out, and getting worse. He was grateful, too; wants to go with me. As he knows a lot of native lingo, we've made him interpreter.

This may be the last time I'll write you for a long while; who knows? Give my best regards to Doc.

As ever,
Bob.

His letter carefully sealed in an envelope, Harrison leaned back and enjoyed a pipe of tobacco.

* *

A group of white men silently watched the little steamer as it swung down the Miango River. Before them lay the native village of Batundu. Here all steam navigation stopped, the river allowing only small portable boats and native canoes to penetrate farther into the forest. A crowd of

dusky natives surveyed the white arrivals with humble respect; their lighter colored brothers were not strangers in Batundu.

Harrison, leader of the force, smiled. "Well, boys, we're here. Let's see if we can get someone to help us with this truck."

Farnum spoke to some of the swarthy blacks, who shouldered the equipment.

After a refreshing meal the party explored the settlement that was to be their habitation for the next several days. A reasonably large clearing had been made on firm ground at the river's edge. The village proper was surrounded by large, luxuriant fields of manioc. There were about a hundred conical huts, separated by lanes twenty feet wide. On all but one side the little settlement was hemmed in by dark green forest, from which occasional cries of ibis or parrots could be heard. The river at this point flowed sluggisly and was of a silvery gray.

That afternoon Harrison was visited by the chief, Babali. A sumptuous head-dress and numerous amulets of brass adorned the tall, clean-limbed native. Through the interpreter, Harrison soon made his wants known. It would be necessary to have several dozen native carriers and ten large sized canoes. After terms were stated, Babali readily agreed to have the men and boats ready in two or three days.

On Monday the expedition arose with the sun. After a hasty breakfast the canoes were launched. Harrison, Conway, Farnum, three assistants, and two soldiers, besides natives, were in the first one. The country was not new to Harrison. A dense mass of foliage reached almost to the river's edge. Tall trees of many kinds towered above the thick shrubs and underbrush. There was little or no movement; the water itself remained calm and listless. Once a monkey chattered impudently from an overhanging limb. Above the village, the river broadened out slightly. Twelve miles were covered before the order for stopping was given. Tents were quickly set up, and meals prepared. Later the men not on duty smoked, played cards, read, or just talked. The natives were hunting game, or were otherwise engaged.

Harrison had just unfolded a map when a loud hullabaloo sounded through the camp. Seizing his revolver he rushed from the tent. An excited Tommy was trying to explain to an equally excited crowd. "An' I just looked up an' me gun was gone—an' me ammunition, too," he exclamed. "Then I looks an' a durn black was runnin' to beat Moses. An' I ups and chases 'im. Then 'e trips an' I grabs 'im, an' 'ere 'e is."

There were several angry growls from surrounding troops. Yambuya, leader of the natives from Batundu, was gesticulating and talking wildly.

Farnum sided up to Harrison, who had rescued the native from probable rough handling. "Yambuya says the fellow's from a different tribe, Mr. Harrison." The engineer looked surprised.

"All right; bring him along Conway—maybe we'll get some valuable information."

The quivering native followed meekly to the tent.

"Farnum, ask him who he is, and why he tried to steal our guns."

For some moments the stillness was broken only by crude, native accents. Farnum turned to Harrison. "Says his name is Wakunga, from a tribe on the lower Ituri. Was captured by some Iyugu—escaped about a week ago. Found it a hard and dangerous job to get food—was making his way back to people. Begs that the great white lord be merciful."

Harrison, though a seasoned soldier, was not devoid of pity. He saw the terrified native was wounded in several places; his body told of hardship and privation. After a half hour had been spent in trying to extract information, the engineer said, "All right, Conway, give him a meal; if he wants to work, let him." Conway rather surprised at this generous procedure led Wakunga from the tent, followed by Farnum.

When Farnum returned, Harrison was dozing. Idly taking a little, black book which lay open on the table, he sank into a chair and read. Farnum's eyes softened; he read the words again:

"Though I be robbed of every pleasure
That soul and body can make glad,
Bereft of every earthly treasure,
Forlorn, forsaken, lone, and sad,
However, far His help may be,
His mercy yet is left to me."

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in ceaseless travel. By Wednesday noon the current had visibly quickened; later, evidences of rapids hove in sight. Yambuya declared it was necessary to strike through the forest. Next morning found them progressing slowly. Brush and creepers had to be severed with machete or bill-hook in order to form a path wide enough for carrying the canoes. Sturdy English shoulders mixed with sturdy native shoulders in bearing the burdens. In spots the ground was treacherous and swampy; now and then a forest stream must be waded. Travel was difficult and uncomfortable. With the approach of night the storm stopped. Roaring fires were built and then men found their drooping spirits revive with the welcome heat. By ten quiet reigned; a dripping but determined moon looked down smilingly on the sleeping camp.

"Navaba," Harrison exclaimed as a cluster of thatched huts came into view the next day. Not a native was to be seen; the village was deserted. No wonder. The sound and sight of about a hundred and fifty men, most white, hacking and crashing through the lonely forest was most unusual to the black inhabitants. In vain the carriers called long and loud that the party came in peace.

Friday was spent at Navaba; it was thought advisable to gather a supply of food while possible. One soldier wandered from the lines and received an arrow through his arm. A detail of fifty men immediately scoured the surrounding forest as

Brush and Creepers Had to Be Severed With Machete and Bill-Hook in Order to Form a Path.

far as possible, but captured no one. It was concluded that a lone venturesome native had remained behind to watch the whites.

Nothing more of importance happened during the entire stay, nor on the following day's march. An account of the succeeding week is briefly given in Harrison's diary.

"On the fourth we were once more in motion. As the water is now normal, the canoes made rapid progress; we expect to reach Wamganga within a week. Our men are grumbling some; the weather is very hot. Two natives disappeared today, taking with them a rifle and ammunition. Nothing could be learned by questioning Yambuya. He protested ignorance of the entire happening. We have been very fortunate thus far.

"The ninth. We are within a day's journey of Aruwimi, and two day's journey (supposedly) of Wamganga. The country is wild, and the tribes are hostile. Several skirmishes have taken place with groups of natives, fifty or so, who persist in following the rear guard and annoying the column. Wounds were sustained by ten men, but luckily none serious. Up till this time there has been no fever, but two men were ill today—Brice and Wannley. The recent demonstrations of hostility seem to indicate that our further march will be hotly contested."

"Well, Harrison this is the last stop." Conway and Harrison had forged to the front of the column, now at rest near the banks of a small forest stream. On the other side a group of stalwart black warriors had gathered with bows and spears waving threateningly—the Aruwimi.

"White man not come," they chanted.

"We come in peace to seek Wamganga."

"White man go—not come."

Again the spears waved threateningly. Suddenly a shot rang out; one soldier laughed gleefully.

"We won't, huh! Well, how d'yer like this?"

For a moment no one on either side stirred; one black had silently slipped to the ground. Then amid much yelling and shouting the Aruwimi melted into the forest; a shower of long, barbed arrows dropped among the whites. Several men raised their rifles and fired; others seized packs and turned toward the protection of the forest; part of the column, just straggling in, demanded to know the cause of excitement. Challenging cries came from the natives; there were several hundred of them.

"Back men; scatter among the trees; we're in for it." Harrison was the last to obey his command. As he dashed across the space of open ground, chanting and wailing replaced the confused cries of the Aruwimi. Then after several minutes, quiet.

Farnum joined Harrison and Conway. "That means death to us, Harrison. Those black devils will never rest now. They mean to get us if it takes a whole army of 'em." Even as he spoke the beat of tom-toms came to their ears.

The few minutes of solitude gave two privates courage; they scurried to the clearing after several abandoned packs. One sank, half way back to the underbrush; the other managed to stagger near enough to be dragged in, plucking weakly at a barb in his thigh.

Harrison after a consultation marshalled his men together, angrily scoring the shot that began hostilities, but as the deluded fellow who so rashly opened fired now lay near the bank, lifeless, little could be done or said. The commander at once marched the force back about half a mile to a

half-cleared knoll, an almost ideal spot for defense in case of attack. Sentries were doubled and a scouting party carefully searched the district.

Late afternoon had brought no action, and the night was one of uneasiness. It was about five in the morning when first indications of a native assault were seen. A sentry to the north of the camp saw a black shadow; he rubbed his eyes thinking it to be but a bit of underbrush; then it moved. Quickly he raised his rifle and fired, at the the same time shouting to a companion some distance away. The whole forest seemed full of darting shadows, weird cries, and rustling branches. In the camp, cartridge belts and rifles were seized; the men assembled. The first sentry clambered up the rise and dashed in. "God! the woods is full of them."

The men were distributed to various posts and warned not to venture into the open. From the left several shots sounded in quick succession. Conway led twenty-five men southward and surprised a group of the same size, killing seven. Then the natives seemed to have withdrawn. For two hours not a shot was fired and as morning advanced the strictest watch was kept. Then far away was heard the beat of phantom tom-toms; a swell of chanting arose: "White man not come."

It arose and died again. Harrison shuddered. The spell was broken by the sound of shots to the left. A fellow with blood streaming down his arm came running. "There's an army of 'em sir; Captain Conway says for you to come." A regular discharge of rifles could be heard.

Taking every man available, Harrison dashed to the officer's aid. He found him surrounded by seventeen o f his original twenty-five men, firing down into a band of howling, darting demons, ever coming closer. The reinforcements stopped the advance for moments only. Harrison was fighting side by side with a grimy figure recognized as Farnum. Then to his despair the first of a retreating band of men rushed up with the information that an attack in force was being made from the north. Harrison swore. "Give it to them, men; give them plenty before they get us."

The little group of eighty men and thirty loyal natives retreated to the center. Then, much to their surprise, they heard in the distance, a volley of crashing rifles, then cries in English. Harrison cheered. "It's help, men. Lord knows who, but help."

With a cry they pursued the now retreating Aruwimi, and were soon joined by a body of several hundred eager troops under the command of General Markenham, an explorer. Back they forced the Aruwimi, back across the stream, through the deserted village, back into the protection of the forest.

The next day Harrison with the white whiskered, jolly, old soldier, General Markenham, and three hundred soldiers pushed on toward Wamganga. The middle-aged explorer, long in service, had agreed to join Harrison for a short time, then both parties were to march back to civilization. The natives seemed to have vanished entirely as the troops filed along a well defined forest trail. Towards the glorious morning sun they marched, singing, laughing, talking, but ever alert. Finally, in the dusk the last fringe of forest disappeared, and they emerged onto a huge, overhanging ledge. Every man stopped and stood silently. There in the soft, golden light of a sinking sun stood Wamganga. Volumes upon volumes of scintillating water poured down through seven separate clefts. Dashing spray arose from the chasm below, turned to shifting curtains of mist resembling filmy veils, then disappeared. Occasionally, tufts of green trees sprang from fertile spots on

the rocky frame of this beautiful picture. Lower and lower sank the sun, and as the gold turned to violet and dull silver, the men realized that camp yet remained to be made.

* * * * * * * *

"It's those blacks again," shouted a reeling private—two days of peace and profitable work in view of the beautiful fall had seemed like a dream—only to be broken by dread reality.

A large army of natives had advanced skillfully to within a short distance of the combined forces. The clear call of a bugle summoned the troops to attention. Harrison at work on some maps and plans rushed with several assistants towards the camp. Within a hundred feet of the anxiously waiting force, Harrison halted and scrambled up a mass of rock. From this vantage he and his companions scanned the surrounding country; then Harrison slowly turned to the forest. His heart stopped beating; there stood a tall, grinning savage, bow string drawn back. There was a twang; all happened so quickly Harrison could not move. His face blanched and a resigned smile curled about his lips; he waited. Those fractions of seconds seemed an eternity. Simultaneously with the twang a figure thrust his body in front of him and fell without a word. Harrison and the others, unable to move, saw the native drop, riddled by twenty shots from Markenham's men; the engineer could not comprehend; then, with a cry, he dropped to the side of the faintly murmuring body at his feet, and amid tears smoothed the brow of—Farnum.

Chokingly came the words, "I'm done for old man, but I'd—do—it—anytime—for—you. You're—of—some—use—to—this—world."

There was a prolonged hush.

It was Harrison who, finally, in answer to the man's weak pleadings, withdrew the cruel arrow and watched the blood flow copiously, with it, life. The smiling eyes rested their last glance on beautiful Wamganga, and the man he admired—Harrison.

The natives withdrawn, the men with hats in hand surrounded the last resting place of Farnum. Kindly General Markenham with dimmed eyes knelt down and placed his hand softly on Harrison's back. The engineer had taken a slip of paper from the man's pocket. Unfolding it, he saw a little verse, evidently torn from a book of some kind; at the top something had been written. As Conway joined the officers, Harrison read softly:

"There's one time in a man's life when he's tired and sick of this world. I've gone through it.

"There's one person in this world I admire more than anyone else. It's the fellow who brought me up again.

"There's one verse I love—I found it in a little black book of his:

'Though I be robbed of every pleasure
That soul and body can make glad,
Bereft of every earthly treasure,
Forlorn, forsaken, lone and sad,
However far His help may be
His mercy yet is left to me.'"

As the last word died away the beat of tom-toms came, and chanting arose from the vale. From the north, the south, the east, the beating sound came. Markenham arose. "Harrison," he said regretfully, "we've got to go—there's a general uprising."

Sadly the engineer got up; he turned, saw the smiling face of Farnum, Wamganga; then far away again came the beating noise and strange chanting.

NANCY ALLEN, young, pert, and pretty, opened the telegraph office door with vigor, slammed it shut with vigor, and rattled the key in the lock with vigor.

"Now, if that doesn't scare it," she said, "I'm at a loss to know what will. Scat! there you! Scat!" she cried through the open window. "Sss-s-t! Scat! Run, you pigeon-toed, rascally old feline! Run!" She clapped her hands with such ability that the noise produced was enough to make a regiment of felines pick up their heels and scamper, but this especial feline was not affected in the least.

"Mew, mew," said Tabby. "Mew". The old cat gazed at Nancy with wistful eyes. "Me-uoo!" she cried again and again and again!

Nancy clapped her hands to her ears to close out the sounds of that continual mewing. "How in the name of common sense can I get rid of that cat? Here it's the third morning that it has followed me and I always have the horridest time imaginable getting rid of it. Ugh! Cats!" She dropped into her swivel chair and whirled around. "What shall I do?" Another whirl. "Oh, I know!" "Mike!" her silvery voice floated out through the door that opened into the baggage room. "Mike!" she called again.

"Comin', miss. Right away."

A few moments after his answer, Mike MacGuire appeared in the doorway. He was a veritable giant—broad shoulders, muscular arms, brawny neck, and six feet five. His thick, bushy, red hair was combed down to a semblance of order, but here and there appeared a tuft of hair that had rebelled against orderliness. He had kindly blue eyes in which the twinkle was forever present. He was dressed in a pair of blue overalls, and heavy, high boots. Mike was a baggage man at the station, and certainly no man was better suited to his position. He could lift with ease a trunk that taxed the strength of his two helpers. Truly, Nancy had done well when she chose Mike as a fellow-conspirator against the aggravating feline.

"What was it you wanted, miss?" his burly voice rumbled.

"Oh, Mike, will you do me a favor?"

"Well, now, shure, miss, an' I'd like to," he stopped to scratch his unruly hair, making it more unruly than ever, "but it all depends on the favor. Might it be a rather complicated one, now, miss?"

"Why, that's what I'm wondering about, too. You see, I don't know myself! To get down to it, Mike, a horrid old cat has been following me

here every day for the last three days, and after I get in here it sits outside and mews continually. It's so distracting that—". She stopped and looked around the room. Her eyes lit upon a paper on her desk, "that I can't even work cross-word puzzles between receiving calls," she finished plaintively.

"Now, that's too bad! What did you want me to do about it?" He regarded her with puzzled eyes.

"I want you to dispose of it, Mike!" she announced impressively. Then, as she saw a flickering of doubt in his eyes, she jumped up and pleaded beseechingly. "Oh, please do, Mike! I can't do a single thing with that cat around. Mike! Listen to that cat, will you? Oh, I detest cats! Mike, do something! I don't care if you murder it! Take it away!"

"Of course, miss, that's easily said, but what about its owner? If I——"

Oh, but it has no owner," she interrupted eagerly. It used to belong to some neighbors of ours, but they moved away and left it behind them. See?" triumphantly.

"Oh, well, all right, then. I'll do my best." His large figure moved toward the door, and he unlocked it. As the door opened, Tabby hesitatingly stuck an inquisitive paw in the opening. "Come, kitty. Pretty kitty, come," he invited. Tabby looked at him inquiringly; she advanced a step. "That's right," said he. "Ah, I've got you" He grabbed her by the back of the neck. Such squirming and hissing as went on then! Tabby protested her rights with a number of well-aimed scratches on Mike's person.

"Oh, be careful, Mike," cautioned Nancy.

"I've got it, anyway," he answered rather breathlessly, and holding the cat as far from his person as the length of his arm would permit, he made a dash for the baggage room and disappeared.

"I hope he isn't too hard on the poor thing. Maybe it was hungry," thought Nancy remorsefully, her misgivings now aroused. She dispelled them with a "Well, it's gone, anyway."

She closed the door, arranged her desk in orderly fashion, and then sat down in her chair, facing the telegraph apparatus.

"I hope I won't be bothered for a long time. I want to see if I can work the puzzle in this morning's paper." As she settled back in her chair regarding the puzzle, her brows knitted, and she unconsciously chewed her pencil. The puzzle must be very puzzling, indeed!

It might be well, now that Nancy is comfortably fixed, to say a few words about her and her environs. To begin with—she was the youngest and most petted member of the Allen household. Being the youngest, she naturally was under the constant surveillance of her parents. They never, for a moment, thought of the possibility of consenting to a plan whereby she might leave Newton and spread her wings as her brothers and sisters had done.

Since her childhood days, the railroad station in Newton, Maine, had always possessed a strange fascination for Nancy. It was something she termed as "dear". Constructed of red brick and natural stone, it was a typical New England small town station. Clambering vines gave it a cozy little look, and small white benches placed at intervals on its sloping lawn added to its charm. The interior was quite as quaint as the exterior. It boasted but three rooms; the telegraph office, the waiting room, and the

baggage room. Along one side ran the tracks—huge rails, gleaming and shining into the distance. It was on these rails that the huge monsters of iron and steel came roaring and puffing. Fascinating, indeed!

As she grew older the liking for the little station still lingered with Nancy, but in an altogether different way. It assumed an economic fascination for her—a place to earn money if one were so fortunate as to secure the one position it offered for a young lady of Nancy's ability. The one position was the telegraph operator's work. When Nancy was eighteen she luckily obtained it with the promise that it would be hers during the absence of Mr. Bucher, the regular operator. He was absent on "sick leave". Her duties were not arduous; the few messages that did come during the day took but little of her time, so she had much leisure. She utilized this in such ways as were devised by herself. One, lately acquired by her, was the craze for working cross-word puzzles. We left her deep in the problem of solving one.

The 10:15 train drew up puffing before Nancy was half way through. A few passenger alighted: one, a portly, middle-aged woman with a great many bundles; another, an old man with a bushy white beard; and lastly, a young man—a stranger. Nancy did not remember ever seeing him before, so she turned back to the ever delightful mysteries of the puzzle. The bell rang, and the train pulled out slowly with a few disgruntled snorts. Silence once more settled over the vicinity of the station.

"Oh, I see. You also work them. Interesting, aren't they?" Standing in front of the open window was the young man who had lately alighted from the train.

"Yes,'. Nancy vouchsafed a noncommittal answer.

Wonderful summer days were spent in picnics.

"I like them myself. However, could you direct me to a good hotel?"

"I'm sorry," Nancy was all business now, "but we haven't a hotel in town. I could direct you to a good boarding house, though."

"That would be very nice, you bet. Where is it?"

"But I forgot to add something," explained Nancy. "It's not exactly a boarding house. It's our home—I mean Dad's, mother's and mine, but Mother would be willing to take in a lodger. She said so this morning."

"Very kind of her, indeed," murmured he of the traveling bags. "What street do I take?"

Nancy gave him the necessary directions and then asked, "Do you want Mike to send up your baggage?"

"If you please. Thank you. Ouch! Ye gods! What's this?" he shouted suddenly. "Hey, leggo down there, you!"

Nancy looked at him in amazement. Was he insane? His actions merited that opinion; he was dancing up and down on one leg, and slapping at his knee with both hands. She drew back quickly, her eyes betraying her bewilderment as she watched him. With a quick swoop he bent down, fumbled at something, and then raised aloft—Tabby!

"Where'd this specimen come from?" he asked, grinning. "Looks like a patriarch. Say, you're some cat," he added, looking up at Tabby from where she dangled. "But don't you try climbing up my new trousers again. What'll I do with it?" turning to Nancy.

"Ugh! Throw it in the first ash can you come to." She shuddered distastefully. "Isn't it dirty? I wonder how it got away from Mike?" She went on to tell of the morning's happenings. "And if I ever see that thing again," she concluded, "I'll faint!"

"Oh, no, not that!" he begged. "Well, I'll do something with it, anyway. Wish me luck. Goodbye."

"Goodbye and good luck!" To herself: "Gee, I bet he's from New York. I hope Mother accepts him. Be fun to have a lodger. It's been so dead since the rest left home."

Again that paper of black and white squares engaged her attention. She struggled with its complexities, but could not make much headway. It presented a formidable appearance of unsolvability. "I hope he stays all summer!" Nancy suddenly informed the atmosphere. Her thoughts, evidently, were wandering.

It was 11:55 when Mike came into the office and announced that he was ready to take care of the messages while she left for dinner. She dashed for her hat and literally ran out of the door! After running a block, she recollected her young ladyhood, so stopped and assumed a demure expression and gait which were retained during the rest of her walk home. Young spirits cannot be quelled, however, so rushing up the steps and banging the door, she announced her arrival to the household.

"Nancy, won't you ever grow up?" gently chided Mrs. Allen from where she sat in the living room.

"Not when I'm happy, Mother!" gaily answered her daughter.

"Well, try to calm yourself a little, honey," fondly returned her mother, "especially now that we have a stranger in the house, a lodger."

"Oh, did he really take the room? I directed a young man here this morning. How very nice!"

"Yes, he seemed quite pleased with the spare bedroom. I'm very glad that it's being used at last."

"So'm I," happily answred Nancy. "It will add a nice bit to our little nest-egg."

The new lodger's name proved to be Robert E. Warren. He was from New York, and was a young journalist on the staff of the New York Times. Because of his excellent record with the newspaper, he had been granted a two months' vacation. Warren had been rather perplexed in deciding where to spend this well-earned rest, but in looking over a few locations he had in view, he decided in favor of Newton, Maine. It offered the advantages of being situated on the ocean, and secondly, it was a small town, a soothing contrast with fast-moving New York.

Robert, or Bob, as they soon began calling him, showed himself to be a charming gentleman. He was extremely popular with the younger set in Newton; he was a delightful conversationalist; he was willing to lend his assistance in everything and anything; and last but not least, he had an agreeable manner which instantly won him everyone's favor. Nancy and he grew to be surprisingly good friends as the summer wore on. They both were invited to the same social functions, and it was only natural that they should attend them together. Summer evenings were advantageously spent on the Allens' front porch, and wonderful summer days were spent in little picnics—little to be sure, for Nancy and Bob were usually the only guests. They took long walks on the beach, and always came home tired and hungry, but very happy.

If Nancy was very busy in her little office, Bob would usually come to chat sociably for hours. They worked Nancy's never-ending supply of puzzles together, and let me say here, that the solutions oftentimes would have been decidedly incomprehensible to anyone not well versed in the emotions relative to a certain word beginning with capital "L"!

One very hot day in August, Bob sauntered down to the station. His cheery "Halloo" aroused Nancy from her work. She left it to perch upon the window-sill. "Here, Nan, I've got a puzzle here that I bet will beat any you've ever worked. I've been looking it over, and gosh, but it's hard!"

"Hm, let me see it." He handed her the puzzle.

"Silly," she laughed. "It's as easy as anything!"

"All right, let's try it then." He hoisted himself up to a perch on the window sill. "Nice and comfortable sitting up here, isn't it?" he remarked rather aimlessly.

"Uh-huh." Nancy nodded a grave assent, though her eyes were twinkling. "Here's a pencil. Let's begin!"

"All righty." He scanned the sheet. "Now, let's see. No. 3 horizontal—the needle has one!"

"Eye," guessed Nancy.

"Yep! Now, No. 4, horizontal—great affection!"

"L-love," she hesitated.

"Bully for you, Nan! Now, No. 5 horizontal—a personal pronoun, second person! Phew! I'm punk on grammar."

"You," Nancy cried.

"Right again, young lady. But," he looked at her with a quizzical expression in his blue eyes, "do you really mean the last few words you've spoken?"

"Why, what last few words?"

He held the puzzle before her. "There they are Read them!" he suggested.

"Eye, love, you," she read aloud. "Oh, Bob!" Scarlet suffused her face as she realized the full import of those three little words. "Why——"

Click! Click! Click! The little hammer on the board clicked; a message was there. Nancy hastily jumped down and rushed to her chair. As she decoded the message, Bob muttered a few expressive words. "Hang it, anyway, everything is liable to bother a person around here! Say, Nan, how will it be if we go for a walk this evening?" he called.

"Fine," replied the crossword puzzle girl. She was smiling slightly. "So long, I'll be there!"

"S'long, Nan." Then, holding the puzzle and looking sideways at her, he read, "Eye, love, you!" He made a leap for the sidewalk and rushed off.

Nan's smile grew broader as she watched his retreating figure. Suddenly it grew into a full laugh, and she buried her crimson face in her hands to stifle her mirth!

"Mee-ow!" a long drawn-out wail, pathetic in its plaintiveness. "Mee-ow!" Again it came.

Nancy jumped to her feet, the light of battle in her eyes. She slowly turned and faced the window. There, in all her pitiful loneliness, sat Tabby. Her gray face was owlish in its wisdom as she surveyed the aroused and still-blushing Nancy. However, sensing that the surrounding atmosphere was charged with something other than cordiality, she, with a great show of unconcern, playfully pawed for the cord of the window shade. Getting a firm hold upon it, she toyed with it for a second and then gave a hard pull. The shade quickly rolled down, throwing the office in darkness.

Nancy, with a somewhat impatient exclamation, walked to the window and pulled the shade up. Tabby stared at her in fright, but dispelled her fear with her ever present geniality. She took a step toward Nancy and gently rubbed her head against the other's arm.

"Oh, you are a darling after all, Tabby!" Nancy cried in forgiving accents. "A little dear!" She cuddled the "darling" Tabby, dirtiness and all, in her arms, and together they looked out upon the world!

Bob was whistling happily as he walked homeward.

THE BLUE BLADE

By ARTHUR CZAPIEWSKI

THE sun, rising complacently over the tree tops of the Bois, gazed upon a scene not unusual at this period of the eighteenth century, or, to be more definite, the time when the French Revolution was in its infancy. Four men comprised the group gathered at the duelling ground at this early hour. Two were engaged in discussing the formalities of the encounter. The other two were stripped of their coats, having no shoes, sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and collars open at the throat. One of the combatants, seemingly a man about forty, reclined in a sitting posture at the base of an enormous oak. He was toying with his sword, bending the blade back until it touched the hilt, the basket guard of which was emblazoned with sparkling gems, set in gold. His antagonist, a man appearing to be some fifteen years younger, was testing the flexibility of his own blade, which was of somewhat older design, having a bell-shaped guard, not in any way elaborated by gems or precious metals. The amazing, or rather, curious, detail about this sword was that the blade was of a deep blue color. Andre—that was the younger contestant's name, his whole appellation being Andre de Berault, had come into possession of it as a gift from his father, who had received it from his grand sire, Gilles de Berault, a captain in Richelieu's Guards.

Andre was awakened from his meditations by his friend and second, Antoine Margon. "Come, come," he said. "Von Kurbyen is ready."

Without response, Andre arose and slowly stalked to where his opponent stood ready. "Allez, messieurs!"

The blades clashed together and after a momentary glissade were whirling flashes of steel, swift as lightning, now here, now there; now up, now down; everywhere, yet nowhere. Von Kurbyen led the attack with a lunge in seconde which Andre parried.

"Name of a name," swore Antoine to himself, "that von Kurbyen will be the death of Andre yet." And, in truth, that he well might be, for only the preceding week he had disposed of La Motte—Royau, of terrible reputation.

Nevertheless, it was Andre who scored the first real point of advantage. On an engagement in quinte, Andre by a parry in quarte and a slight twist of the wrist, deflected von Kurbyen's blade from the line of engagement and by a still further movement on Andre's part von Kurbyen was disarmed, his weapon falling harmlessly to the ground.

"Nom de Dieu," swore Antoine again as Andre stepped back, allowing

his opponent to retrieve his sword, "the devil tempts him to play in this fashion."

Andre, perceiving the disgruntled and angry expression on his comrade's face, carried an impetuous attack to his adversary. From a low engagement in prime to a lunge in tierce, he advanced the attack to his opponent. Von Kurbyen was carried completely off his feet by the ferocity of Andre's attack. He offered a stubborn defense, parrying, with catlike agility, the deadly blows, lunges, and assaults of Andre. It was obvious to Antoine that there was no alternative for von Kurbyen; he must succumb before the relentless offensive movements of Andre.

His thoughts were soon to be realized, for suddenly von Kurbyen, in an engagement in quinte, lunged toward Andre. Andre parried, but the blade was only deflected slightly, and, with the force of the lunge behind it, some two feet of steel tore the muscles of Andre's left arm. Antoine sprang forward, alarmed at the sight of blood on Andre's arm and on von Kurbyen's sword, but before he was close enough to be of either hindrance or assistance Andre had retaliated with a lunge that carried him almost to his knees, running his opponent through the left side, and Karl von Kurbyen, conqueror of La Motte—Royau, fell, probably mortally wounded.

Andre, assisted by his friend, bound the wounded arm, for which Antoine, a practical man in a critical situation, had improvised a sling from his sword-belt. Further assisted by Antoine, he ascended into the waiting caleche, which immediately started its lurching journey to the Rue du Hasard by way of the Cours de la Reine.

While the young duellist and his companion are travelling homeward in their cabriolet, let us become further acquainted with them.

Andre had been left an orphan only recently when his father, an ardent upholder of the Third Estate, had been trampled to death by the dragoons Besenval had sent to disperse the mob in the Champs Elysees and the Tuileries Gardens. His mother had died of paralysis some six years earlier. Andre had cast his lot against the noblesse, offering his service to the commons. His offer had been readily accepted, for it was known that his ability with the sword was not to be despised.

Antoine was his companion in all adventures. Although he was not an orphan, he had no place that might be called home, for, not sharing the family's views on the Third Estate and the noblesse, he had departed. He was well educated, having spent some years in the Lycee of Louis le Grand. In a word, they were soldiers of fortune.

Upon arrival at Andre's lodgings, which he shared with Antoine, the bustling landlady informed Andre that he had had an early morning visitor in the person of M. Danton, President of the Cordeliers. "He hastened away, saying that he was expected at the Literay Chamber at ten," volunteered the amiable landlady.

After a morning at chess and a light dinner washed down with excellent Malaga, Andre informed his friend of the expectancy of another visit from Danton. Nor was he mistaken, for soon a carriage rolled up to the door and a man about thirty years of age descended. A thundering on the door, accompanied by a roaring voice, announced the advent of this idol of the canaille. Small, bright eyes buried in an enormous pock-marked face, nose awry, and a mouth of almost no shape, rendered thus by an injury during childhood, gave the revolutionist a none too pleasing appearance. His shirt, far from clean, hung open at the throat, displaying a Herculean neck, about which hung an unknotted cravat. He wore a long, scarlet top-coat, buck-

skin breeches, and boots with reversed tops, carrying in his hand a biscuit-colored hat, upon which with an air of defiance he perched the tricolor cockade. Truly this man was a veritable colossus.

Without any formal greetings to either Andre or Antoine, Danton immediately opened to Andre the nature and cause of his visit, not, however, without a suspicious glance and inquiry about the trustworthiness of Antoine. Upon being assured by Andre that his friend was reliable and honest to the utmost degree, he pursued the object of his errand.

"The Cordelier Club has sent me as an agent to enlist your services as a messenger to the President of the Chamber of Commerce at Nantes. As you no doubt know, the king has dissolved the States. The nobles, however, oppose this movement and are attempting to use their influence to move the king to a reconsideration and probably a new decision. The king favors the canaille of Nantes, and, therefore, if the President of the Chamber at Nantes can be prevailed upon to use his influence to incite the people of that city to a patriotic display—as he probably can by our message—the king may stand firm and refuse to render a new decision."

Nor was he mistaken, for soon a carriage rolled up to the door.

"Is it necessary that I travel alone?" inquired Andre bluntly.

"No, you may have a companion of your own choice, but he must be of a patriotic and faithful standing."

"Agreed, and, unless I am mistaken, Antoine is my companion."

"Now as to details," pursued Danton. "You will start from here in a fortnight; money for travel will be supplied; and you will be required to return with an answer. Do I make myself clear?"

Evidently he did, for, within the space of another hour, plans had been completed and the services of Antoine recruited as the companion of Andre.

* * * * * * * *

Two weeks later, on a dark September night, two heavily cloaked men rode in the direction of Meudon. Obviously they were Andre and Antoine. Each wore a long riding coat, riding boots, wide-brimmed hat adorned by a tricolor cockade, sword at side, and a broad tricolor sash about the waist. Across the saddles of each of the travelers hung two heavy pistols.

"Meudon will be our first stopping place," said Andre, breaking the silence.

"Good, we shall partake of some mutton and Burgundy; our means do not permit Malaga," responded Andre.

* * * * * * * *

At sunrise the two messengers rode into Meudon. The lodging house was not yet open, but, in response to thunderous knockings on the door, the proprietor, Pierre Darmon, threw open a window on the upper floor and glared down at them. He checked his words of anger upon observing

the tricolor sashes and cockades. In a pol'te manner they were asked, in fact, beseeched to wait for the space of a few short minutes.

Presently the door was thrown open and they were confronted by the bowing Pierre. Without conversation he led them to a private room at the rear of the inn, stopping on the way to arouse the tavern boy to "see to the gentlemen's horses".

"My humble lodging's at the service of the gentlemen of the tricolor," offered Pierre.

Having disposed of a meal of the promised mutton and Burgundy, the travelers again jogged onward. Morning was spent in uneventful traveling, whereupon, Andre and Antoine, at noon, halted and made a meal of the lunch which Pierre had prepared for them. Much to their surprise and pleasure, they found that the good-hearted Pierre had included in their repast, a small leathern flask of excellent Malaga wine. After an afternoon of travel without unusual events, they rode into the little town of Guichen. There they were served by another patriotic innkeeper who supplied their wants from the sweetmeats and wine of his own pantry. Immediately after the meal they retired with instructions to the proprietor to awaken them at midnight.

They were awakened promptly by the innkeeper, who had fed their mounts and prepared a lunch for them according to their wishes. It was cold when they set out, and before they had gone many miles, rain began to fall, wetting the priming of their pistols. The desolate region through which they were passing made the journey more dreary than ever. Thick underbrush covered the sides of the road, causing the travelers to feel that they were being watched or pursued.

"Andre, I hear the hoof beats of trotting horses."

"Antoine, I hear the hoof beats of galloping horses."

"Hist! the hoof beats sound nearer."

"Hurry, let us not be pursued and taken.".

Urging their horses to a gallop, the messengers hastened onward. The clumping of their own mounts drowned out the hoof beats of the pursuers' beasts—if that they were.

After another weary hour of their galloping pace, Andre, by chance, turned his head and saw, to his surprise and chagrin, three riders galloping over the ridge which they had just crossed. "Make ready, Antoine; we may have the opportunity of fighting our way."

Upon looking at the priming of their pistols, they found, to their dismay, that they had been dampened by the rain and would not catch fire. Not to be taken without a fight, however, Andre drew his blue blade and Antoine ran an experienced finger over the sharpened edge of his weapon. Turning about, they stationed themselves on opposite sides of the road, holding their swords in readiness for the encounter.

By this time their pursuers were upon them, and one, having an air of authority about him, addressed them in French with a strong German accent. "We know that you carry a message to the President of the Chamber of Commerce at Nantes. We, in behalf of the noblesse are here to prevent that message from reaching its destination. The one of you who is Andre de Berault will hand over that message promptly and without resistance, or we may be compelled to use forcible means to extract the message from your person. My men will relieve you of your swords."

Andre and Antoine yielded their swords to the men who approached for that purpose.

"Now we wish the message," spoke the one in authority.

As if by common impulse, both of the messengers placed their hands beneath their coats. Andre spoke: "There is a long reckoning between us. You have long escaped the revenge and chastisement that is yours. Now the time has come when you must pay. Karl von Kurbyen!"

So saying, Andre drew forth his hands from beneath his coat. Each held a pistol with dry priming. Laughing sardonically, Andre pointed the pistols in the direction of von Kurbyen and pulled the triggers of both weapons. "Our reckoning is complete," spoke Andre as Karl von Kurbyen, captain of Besenval's Dragoons, fell and lay still in the mud at his horse's hoofs.

Andre, seemingly nervous, spoke to the companions of von Kurbyen. "My friend Antoine is a nervous man, and, as you see, he holds two pistols. Therefore, I should advise you to return our blades and get out of range as quickly as possible, for your health momentarily depends upon how long Antoine holds his fingers steady."

Evidently the other two also thought this a piece of good advice, for they dropped the captured weapons and immediately turned and galloped off in the direction whence they had come. Nor were the two friends further molested, for they rode into Nantes a short while later and stopped at a neat little inn kept by a buxom English lady and her daughter.

Immediately after a meal of mutton and potatoes, prepared in true English fashion, and a bottle of Burgundy, they departed to seek M. le President. They reached the Place du Commerce shortly before the busy hour and were granted an audience with the President, Andre bringing forth the message from a hollow button of his riding coat. The President smiled and immediately penned the words, in capitals, "COMME AMI".

With the answer well concealed, Andre and Antoine began the journey homeward without any further repast than another meal of the wonderfully prepared mutton and potatoes, this time accompanied by a bottle of Malaga. Supper was taken at Guichen, where the tavernmaster informed them that the body of von Kurbyen had been found with two charges in his lungs.

* * * * * * * *

The day of their arrival home, they were again visited by Danton. His words were of the highest praise for the success of their venture. In due time Andre again took forth a message from the hollow button of his riding-coat and presented it to Danton. He was visibly pleased and he again overwhelmed both friends with thanks and the promise of his influence in any matters in which it might be needed, whereupon Andre suggested a bottle of Burgundy, that they might drink to the succes of their exploit.

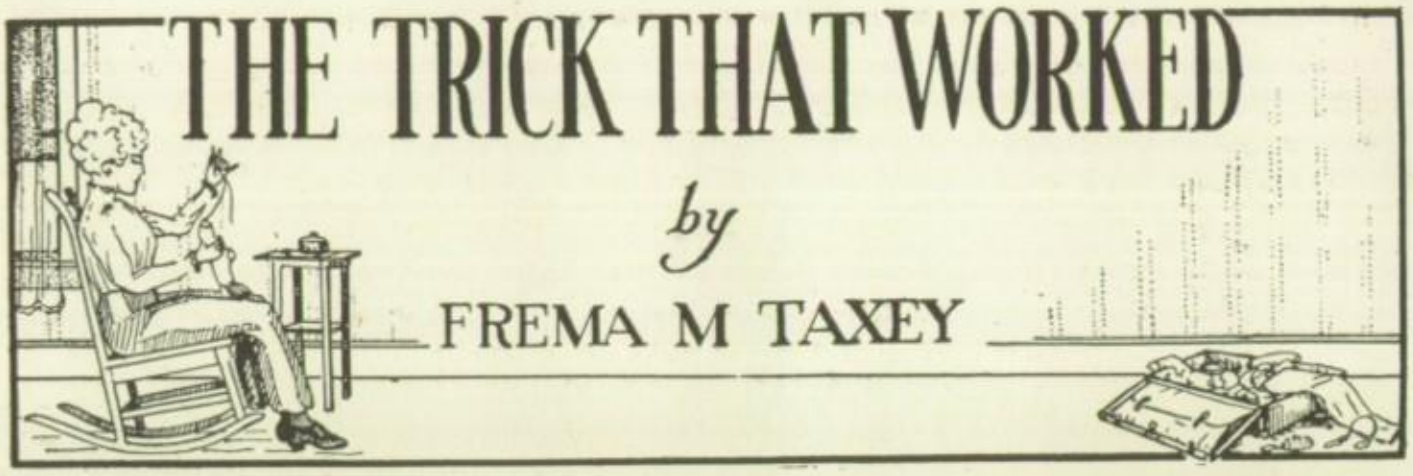
"Bah!" interjected Antoine, "we will have Malaga."

"Let not expense stand in the way," suggested Danton, "we will drink the best Volnay at my expense."

After consuming some quarts of the wine, Andre offered an explanation of his killing of Karl von Kurbyen. "Von Kurbyen was the man responsible for my father's death. There was an old feud between our family and his, starting when my great-grandfather was killed by a member of the von Kurbyen family in a dispute over cards. Karl von Kurbyen was the man who trampled my father to death in the Champ Elysees. On my father's death-bed I swore revenge. I have it, I am satisfied."

"And I have saved the country of my love, for the present, at least, said Danton. "I rejoice."

"And I have enough Volnay to float a Venetian gondola; I am pleased," put in Antoine with drunken pleasantness.



THE TRICK THAT WORKED

by

FREMA M TAXEY

MISS ANGELA PRIMM stepped off the 5:15, which had drawn into the tiny village of Brighton. The porter, acknowledging a cold stare from Miss Angela, who insisted on snubbing all men, took her suitcase and that of a man.

"She done did dat snubbin' once too of'n. Dose ol' manhaters get mah goat," the porter murmured, fiercely raising his thick eyebrows. "Ahm gonna play a trick on her." So he placed one of the suitcases in a rickety coach, the only one available in the little village.

Miss Angela settled herself stiffly on the seat, not noticing the suitcase which bore the initials "P. A.", instead of "A. P." as it should have. At last the coach drew up in front of the ancient boarding house at which Miss Primm resided. Paying the coachman, she alighted, gingerly, on the muddy path, and trod with light foot the cinders that led to the boarding house.

At the door, she was met by a neat maid who relieved her of the suitcase.

"Had a nice trip, Miss Angela?" she asked politely.

"Fair, but 'twas powerful dusty on the train."

"I reckon it must've been," Linda remarked, "'cause, while you were gone, we had a fearful wind-storm here."

By this time, the two reached Miss Angela's room. With a curt nod of her head, Miss Angela dismissed Linda, and started to open the suitcase. With a gasp of astonishment, Miss Angela sprang back. The porter had played the trick! Instead of seeing a neatly packed suitcase with her navy blue suit in it, her eyes met a hodge-podge of men's clothes: socks, ties, a shirt, and all those other men's necessities that Miss Angela scorned and at which she even now muttered a disagreeable "Humph!"

The most undesirable condition to be in, according to Miss Angela, was an untidy state. Therefore, she proceeded to straighten the contents of the suitcase. While she did this, she had a change of heart. Men couldn't be so bad aftr all, for they were very clean! This man had a toothbrush and paste, a comb; his clothes were of excellent material and cut, and his neckties, neither too subdued nor too gay.

In a few minutes Miss Angela was sitting contentedly in her little rocking chair, darning a hole she had seen in one of the socks. She had a passion for darning. At a Ladies' Aid meeting, she once tried to darn a hole in Mrs. Brown's stocking without her permission, making that lady sarcastically remark that Miss Angela would probably be darning the hole in a doughnut next.

While Miss Angela was thus occupied she heard a light tap on the door. "Come in," she cried, wondering who could be there. She was very curious about the man who owned the suitcase. She imagined him tall, slender, and handsome of face. Was this the Miss Angela, the man hater, who had stepped off the train that afternoon?

"Oh, it's you Mrs. Green. I thought it was my—" What should she say? Mrs. Green was looking at the suitcase of men's clothing. "Husband," she finished.

"Husband! Gracious!" said the village gossip. "When did you do it? What's his name? Where does he live? Glory be!"

While Mrs. Green reeled off this series of questions, Miss Angela scolded herself for having been so hasty. She decided not to answer any question Mrs. Green asked about him. "Is the bazaar money coming in as fast as you expected it to?" Miss Angela evaded the questions.

"Sure it is, and donations, too. Kin you imagine! That huffy Mrs. Floyd sent in only one little doily. And always braggin', too. An' that nice widower, Silas Gorgion, sent in a gorgeous quilt. They say he had it sent all the way from New York. He paid at least twenty dollars for it. But listen! Did you hear about Harry Howe's galavantin' around with Georgie Cooper? An' poor Marvie Hanson ain't got a chance in the world for Mary, with Georgie and his money against him."

"Mercy!" thought Miss Angela. "That old gossip will get the news of my 'marriage' around town before I can say 'Jack Robinson'."

And Miss Angela was not far from right, for the next morning, when she went down to breakfast, the boarders looked at her wonderingly. Then they greeted her with a volley of congratulations. Miss Angela smiled and accepted them, and, wishing to be agreeable in her newly found popularity, for the first time in the history of the boarding house, started the conversation at the table, and talked through the whole meal.

Of course, Mrs. Green, not having been told anything about the groom or wedding, had promptly invented an answer to all of the many questions.

"I hear you had a large wedding at your husband's home, Miss Primm," politely remarked Mr. Davis, a gentleman sitting at her right.

"Ah, yes. But call me Miss Angela. I'm not going to tell anybody my husband's name until I see him."

"I'll be charmed to call you that." Mr. Davis had come from New York quite recently.

"Sure has nice manners," thought the man-hater.

"There is a Harold Lloyd comedy at the Marvel, tonight. If you have no other engagement, may I take you there?"

"Surely, I just love those comedies. Don't you?"

The fact was that both hated them, and Miss Angela was known to have said, "Wouldn't go to one of those comedies if you paid me a million dollars." Nevertheless, Miss Angela was going, and Mr. Davis was answering, "Yes, I think comedies, especially those in which Harold Lloyd participates are exceedingly delightful."

A Mrs. Lord sat at Miss Angela's left. "Miss Angela," she queried, "is your husband a Methodist? Has he a swell home? What kind of dress did you wear?"

"A white dress, Mrs. Lord. 'Twas right pretty. Those new-fangled spangles were all over it, and a hair dresser fixed my hair in all kinds of waves. An' my husband's house! Oh! It's gorgeous! He has two servants

and a butler. He says he's going to get me a lady's maid. Sure he's Methodist. Think I'd marry anybody who wasn't? My, but he's the handsome one!" And Miss Angela proceeed to describe him. Strange, he had changed slightly over night. He was now about the size of Mr. Davis, and had dark brown eyes like Mr. Davis'."

"Must look a lot like Mr. Davis," thought Mrs. Lord, " 'cause every time anybody says anything about him, it's alway 'Like Mr. Davis'."

After breakfast, Miss Angela walked upstairs with Mr. Davis, whose room was but a few doors away from hers. "Have you a pair of shears I could borrow, Mr. Davis?" she asked.

"Surely, I have. Will you come to my room and get it?"

Miss Angela consented, and was shown into his room, which was in perfect order. "That's a fine man for you, Miss Angela Primm," she told herself.

"Here are the scissors, Miss Angela."

"Oh, thank you."

"Your—er — husband will not object to your going home this evening with me? I have been rather worried about it."

"Oh, no. He is very kind that way. He won't be able to come here for some time, and he said I should have as much fun as I could, and to go out with anyone I pleased. I'm glad you asked me," shyly.

"So am I. Your husband must be a very considerate man. I envy him."

Miss Angela Primm stepped off the 5:15.

"I'll be ready at eight, tonight. Thank you for the shears."

"You're welcome. At your service anytime."

In her own room once more, Miss Angela gleefully asked herself, "What did he mean? Said he envied my 'husband'. Why? Because he's considerate, or because I'm his wife? Must be the first, but I wish 'twere the last." Miss Angela chuckled. There was no doubt in her mind as to which one it was, although she was afraid to admit it even to herself.

"Well, I must get to work." She opened the door of her clothes closet and took out three of her dresses. All of them had high collars, which, she knew, made her look like a scarecrow. She had decided to cut all these off, be as feminine as possible, and to talk to all men, for if the women folks discovered that she was not married, the men would surely be on her "side". Perhaps one of them would even marry her.

That night, Miss Angela stood anxiously waiting for her escort, lovely in the blue taffeta, with a beautiful chain of jet beads, that had been a keepsake from her mother, on her perfectly formed neck.

A knock at her door. "At last! Oh, no, Mr. Davis, you didn't keep me waiting; I just got ready."

They walked through the village to the theater, she leaning lightly on his arm. Once the picture had been thrown on the screen, Miss Angela found it difficult to laugh the the comedian's absurd antics, as did also William Davis, but she felt rewarded for her patience in being able to sit near him. It was a nice feeling, she admitted. Suddenly Miss Angela realized that he was not looking at the picture, but gazing intently at her. Through the corner of her eye, she watched him. Finally, she said, "Isn't the picture interesting?"

"Very, very beautifully formed neck. Perfect," he answered, deep in thought. Miss Angela was exceedingly flattered, so she decided not to say anything about his mistake, for he was in a delightful revery.

At the conclusion of the presentation, Miss Angela and Mr. Davis had an ice-cream soda at a little store, half a block from their boarding house. Miss Angela, won't you call me 'William'? You did me the honor of allowing me to call you 'Miss Angela', and I wish to do something in turn for you. Of course, I realize it isn't much of an honor," he laughed.

"It is, too. And I accept the privilege."

At the door of her room, the said, "Good night" and William left Miss Angela to dream of—no, not William, but the "Gentleman of the Suitcase". She must think of a way to make him propose.

The next afternoon Miss Angela was called to the door by Linda, who announced that a man was waiting down in the parlor for her. The card read: "Mr. Pendleton Anthony".

"What a beautiful name! My lover has come at last." She hurried, nervously, downstairs. Was this her "man," tall straight, and handsome? No, he was short, humped, and homely. But it was he, for there was her suitcase.

"A-Are y-you Miss Angela P-P-Primm? T-The other d-day I g-got your s-suitcase by mistake. H-Have you m-mine?"

Miss Angela hated a stammerer, but she decided to be polite. "Yes, I have your suitcase. I can't imagine how they got mixed up, can you?"

"N-No. A porter was c-carrying mine. I was changing to another train from Brighton and d-did not notice the s-suitcase."

"I didn't, either, until I got home. I was in New York, arranging something with my lawyer." On further thought, she said, "I inherited one thousand dollars from my uncle." Miss Angela had been told that money was often bait for men. She must make him propose.

"W-Who is your l-lawyer, Miss Primm?"

"Mr. Gordon Morris, in the Bancock Building."

"I k-know Mr. M-Morris well. His wife and mine are very good friends. So are our children."

"Wife! Children! You heartbreaker!" She ran upstairs, and threw down the treasured suitcase.

Left to himself, Mr. Anthony departed.

When Miss Angela came down to supper that night there were red rings around here eyes.

"I haven't seen you all day," exclaimed Mr. Davis.

"N-No, I don't suppose you would. I was rather ill.'

"That's too bad. What was the matter?"

"I had a terrible headache," answered Miss Angela.

"Have you the evening paper? If you want to stay in your room to-

night, that would prove a good diversion. There is a good story in to-night —'The Spinster's Dream'."

"That's kind of you, William," she beamed.

After dinner Mr. Davis brought the paper into the room. "Won't you stay awhile?"

With Mr. Davis seated comfortably in a Morris chair, Miss Angela took up her knitting, and provoked the suggestion from him: "Shall I read to you? If you have a headache, perhaps that would be the better plan."

"That would be fine," she said contentedly.

He turned to the story page and started to read.

Looking up at the page that faced her, Miss Angela read: "Great Train Wreck; All Killed." She gasped. Could she do it?

"William!" she shrieked. "He was on it! He was on the train!" She sobbed on his shoulder. Truly Miss Angela was a good actress.

"What is it, my darling?" he cried, forgetting himself in her grief.

"The headline! Read it!"

"One hundred dead! It's terrible, but why does it affect you so?"

"My husband! It says everyone on the train was killed, and he was on that one."

"My dear! My dear! I'm so sorry! Shall I call Linda, or Mrs. Lord, or somebody?" he said helplessly.

"You're so kind. No, you stay here," she begged tearfully, still clinging to him.

"Lie down," he urged gently. After she had settled down, he sank to his knees on the floor beside her.

They were silent for a while, and at last William said, "Angela, please don't grieve for him anymore. He didn't love you half so well as I do. Angela dear, marry me."

The proposal had come! Not from the "Suitcase Man", but from someone dearer to her. So Miss Angela accepted. And when the porter at the railroad station heard of Miss Angela's wedding, he said to himself wisely, "Ah just knowed de trick would wuk."

THE-LAND-OF-DREAMS

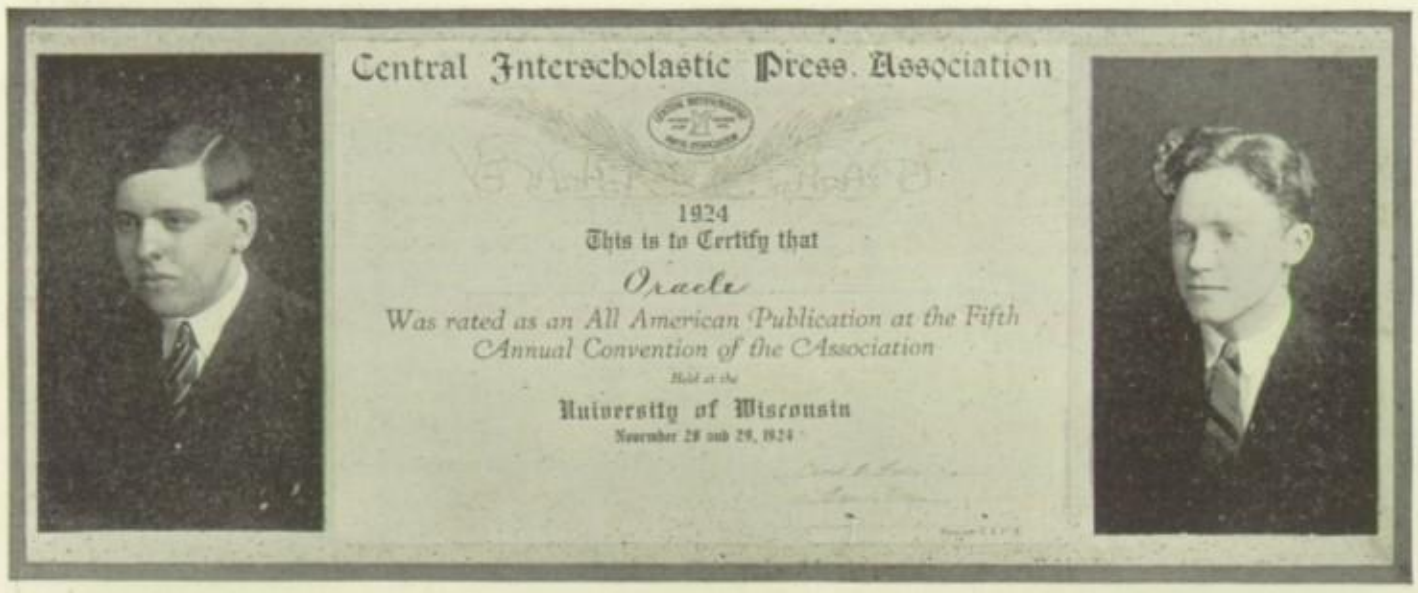
"Dreams grow holy put in action;
Work grows fair through starry dreaming"

The Land of Dreams

GUARDED JEALOUSLY, hidden within each student's inner thoughts, lies his dream of dreams. On a foundation of his own abilities, and his own inclinations, towers the phantom structure of his elusive vision.

In the Land of Dreams, mayhap he sees a spirit fair standing tall and graceful before an assemblage, addressing in flowing language his fellow sprites; sees a little gnome playing the pipes of Pan in his tiny orchestra; sees a sylph and cherub from opposing toad-stool rostrums debating earnestly; sees a tiny banshee, with ear-phones awry, dancing ecstatically and shouting, "China, China at last!"; sees beautiful fairies on their sylvan stage holding the audience spellbound with their drama; sees a smiling elf, nodding and bowing, presiding at a meeting of his fellows, midst the oak leaves; sees a brisk little brownie, with over-grown spectacles perched precariously on his nose, sitting majestically before his tiny desk, editing the *Fairy-land Fancy;* sees—ad infinitum.

Then, from that haze of disconnected thoughts, a definite plan takes shape. In each school activity, he sees a means of realizing his dream of dreams. And unknown to him, come, with the realization, development, confidence, and content. 'Tis a truly glorious Dreamland—a Land of Dreams Come True.



K. Crane — All-American—1924. — M. Tonkin

An Appreciation

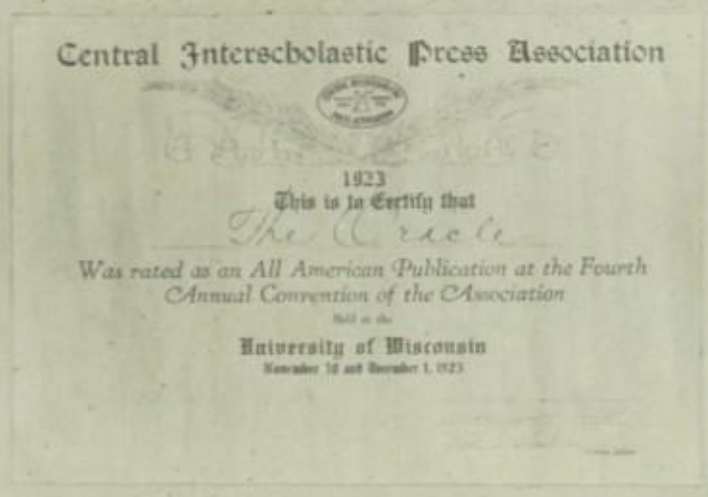
AGAIN WE HAVE THE ORACLE ANNUAL—loved and cherished for the glorious memories that it contains.

The ninth Oracle Annual now is presented to you, with the purpose of showing to you the Lands of the Imagination coupled with the Lands of Reality. How well it has been portrayed to us by artists of the camera, brush and pen. To them we owe our heartfelt thanks. To the writers of tales, to the Puck-like jokers, to the undaunted pages who went forth in quest of ads, to the prudent torch-bearers, our faculty advisers, the newsmongers and reporters, and to all others who helped in any way to make this book of wonders what it is, we heartily extend our grateful thanks.

To the other pages of our realm, we offer this Oracle Annual, edited by the scribes of our Wonderland, a book of memories.

THE STAFF.

At Work — Instructions — The Chiefs



Central Interscholastic Press Association

1923

This is to Certify that

The Oracle

Was rated as an All American Publication at the Fourth Annual Convention of the Association

Held at the

University of Wisconsin

November 30 and December 1, 1923

E. Arnstein — All-American—1923. — L. Hautz

Our Annual

WE HAVE had two All-American Annuals; what does this mean to us? Every fall the Central Interscholastic Press Association holds a convention at Madison. Any school in the entire United States may enter its annual for criticism, and judgment. The books are carefully inspected and are finally divided into three ratings: first, second, and third classes. Out of these classes the eleven best annuals are chosen. The best annual in the entire United States receives a silver loving-cup. The eleven annuals constitute the All-American Group.

In 1923 and 1924 we submitted our "Oracle Annual" and both times it was included in this group. Think of it, our "Oracle" is one of the best annuals in the entire United States, and it is the best in the State of Wisconsin!

This 1925 Annual is the result of redoubled efforts on the part of the "Oracle" Staff, and is presented to you, the student body of the Bay View High School, in order that you may have something to be proud of.

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Oracle Assistants

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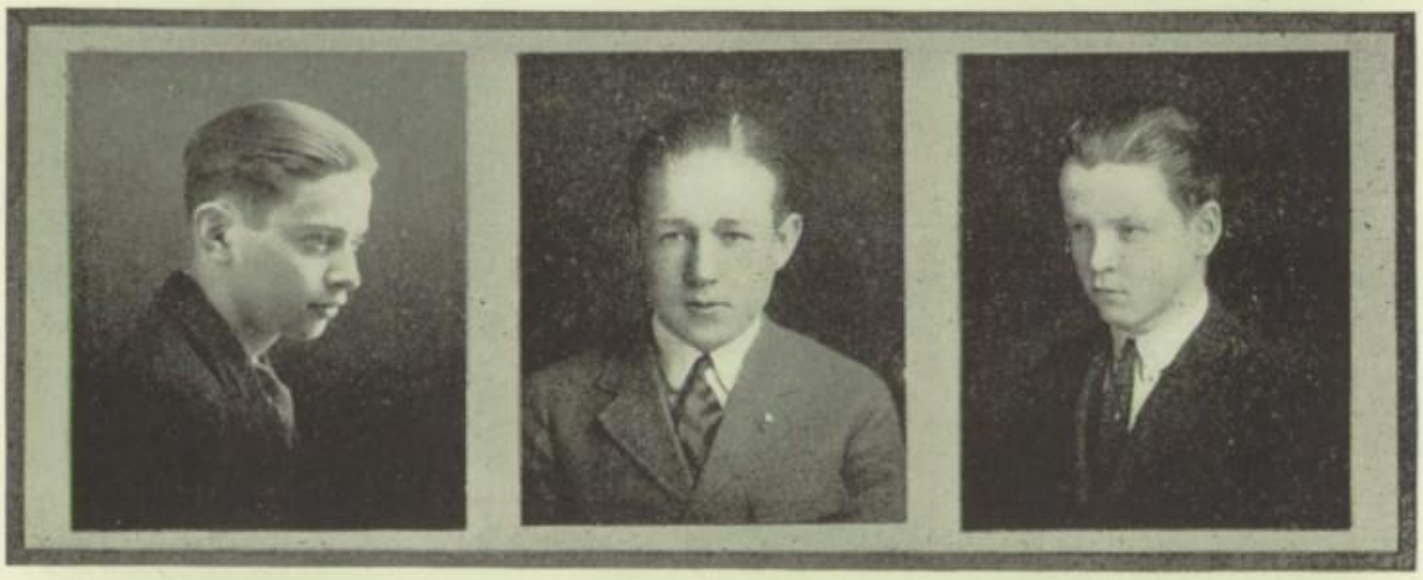

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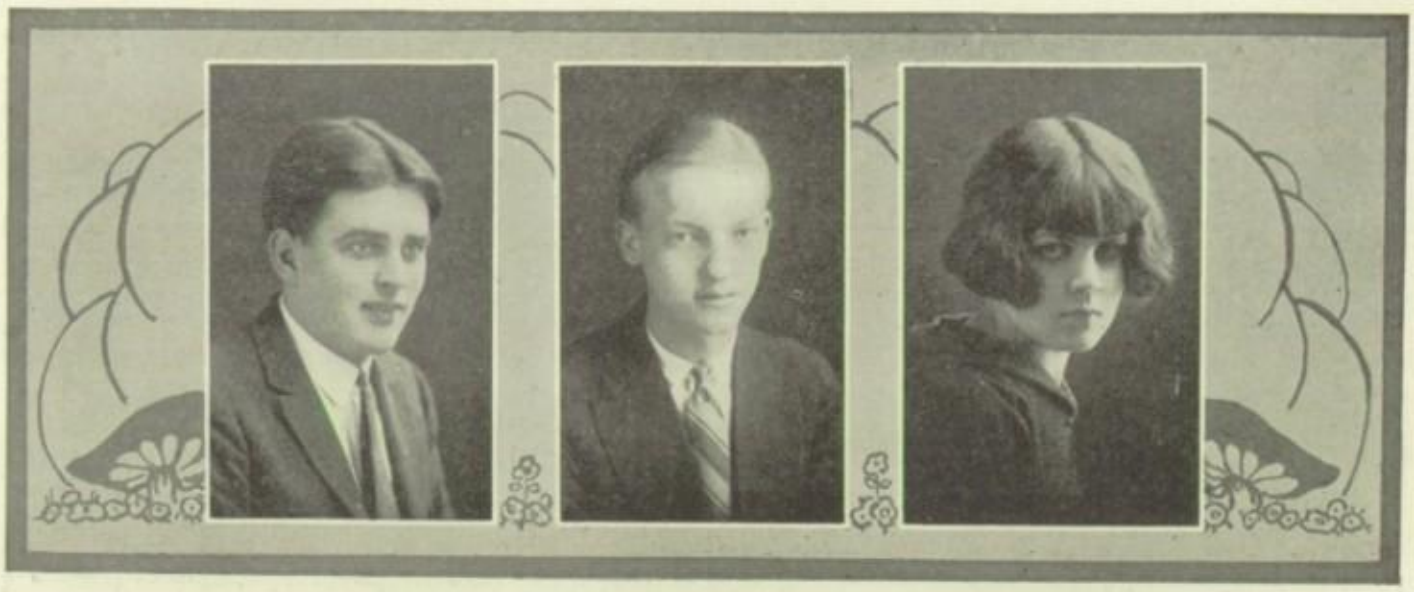


G. Reise R. Mertes I. Ponto

Round Table

"I love tranquil solitude,
And such a society as is quiet, wise, and good."

PIXIES IN FRONT OF US, sprites behind us, fairies across from us, and still we know not of them. 'Tis because we see them so often that we notice them so little.

But, perhaps, our Annual with its pictures, its stories, and its general likeableness, doth recall them to us.

We notice in it the joyous pixies we elected for Round Table for the first semester: George Reise, president; Raymond Mertes, vice-president; Irene H. Ponto, secretary; Hudson Alofs and Lawrence Hautz, sergeants-at-arms—and the other pixies we elected for the second semester: Mabel Parker, president; Charles Westhofen, vice-president; Sally Armbruster, secretary; Kenneth Crane and Theo Otjen, sergeants-at-arms.

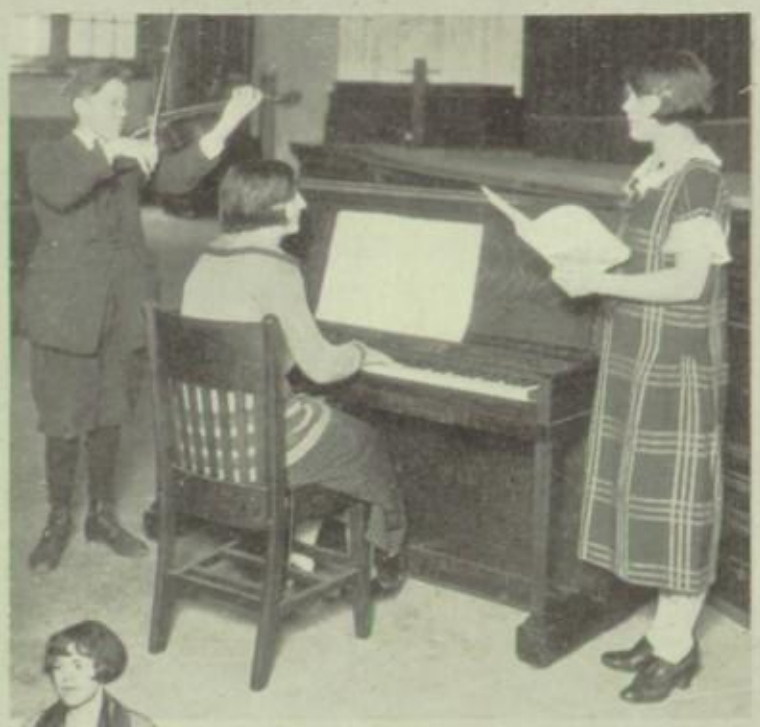
Then, we delight in seeing our beloved Torchbearers' faces smiling at us from these memorable pages. Among them we see the pictures of our Round Table torchbearers: Mr. Straube, Miss Pierson, Mr. Haefner, Mr. Niefer, Miss Evans, Mr. Kastner, and Miss Zarling.

M. Parker C. Westhofen S. Armbruster

ROUND TABLE

BAY VIEW

ACTIVITIES



"That Strain Again"

LINK the Great Lakes with the Ocean

"As You Like It"

H. Milbrath R. Double G. Maurer B. Tobin

Girls' Club

"All that we see or seem,
Is but a dream within a dream."

IN THE FAIRY BOWER of our Girls' Club, what dreaming has there been! At this much-looked-forward-to hour, games are played such as only true fairies can enjoy. Such things as the Hallowe'en party, accompanied by ghosts and goblins, that original cotillon, dances and frolics and many original programs are pleasant memories. Refreshments are served, too, for surely fairies need this to make their playtime complete. Witness also, the beautifully furnished teachers' room and girls' infirmary. All was done by the Girls' Club.

The beloved queens during the first and second semesters were Holly Milbrath and Florence Smith, both lovingly assisted by Ruth Double and Betty Burd. Gertrude Maurer and Henrietta Shannon faithfully recorded the minutes of each meeting, while Blanch Tobin treasured the money.

The above pictured officers were kindly assisted during the year by Miss Jameson, Miss Welsh, Miss Bersch, Miss Snow, and Miss Statz.

F. Smith B. Burd H. Shannon M. Possing

GIRLS' CLUB

BAY VIEW

"The wearin' o' the green"

"An' the Gobble-uns'll git you, ef you don't watch out"

"The more the merrier"

A. Morris O. Ferry W. Behlendorf C. LaFevre E. Kubal

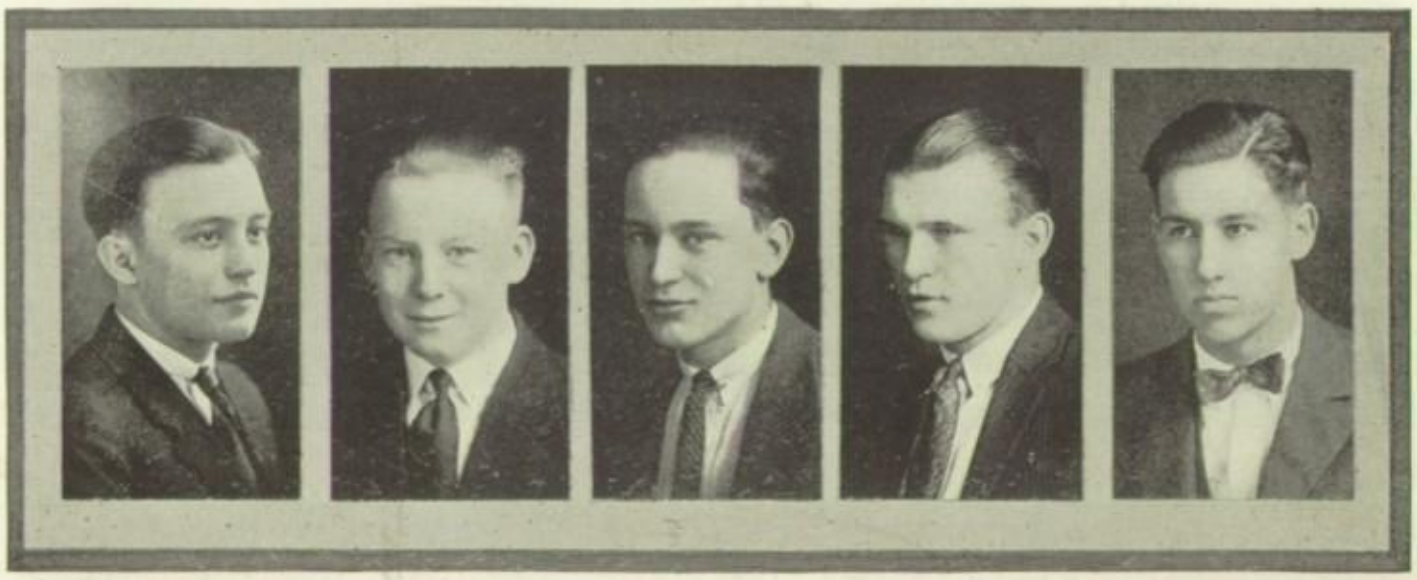
Boys' Club

"Your old men shall dream dreams,
Your young men shall see visions."

AWAY, YOU NIGHTMARES, and let sweet dreams fill my head. Dreams of the Boys' Club which has for its ideals, initiative, honesty, and service. I see, amid applause, a host of successful performers doing many things. I see manly men upholding their opinions in earnest debate. Still again, a dance, an oratorical contest, baseball games, a wrestling match, vocational guidance discussions, and, finally, a banquet at which all are merry.

Seated high during the first semester are envied ones and all are gathered around. I see the faces of Alvin Morris, presider, and his assistant, Orville Ferry; then the scribe, Walter Behlendorf; Charles La Fevre, collector of dues, and Eugene Kubal, guardsman.

During the second semester, I see Mortimer Mauthe, Donald D. Hickman, Theo Otjen, Ralph Roensch, and Alfred Brandt, carrying on the work. Last appear faithful guides and advisors, Mr. Coubal, Mr. Williams, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Kevin.



M. Mauthe D. Hickman T. Otjen R. Roensch A. Brandt

BOYS' CLUB
BAY VIEW
"Something fashioned in a dream"
Celebrities
Laying down the law
Batter Up
Envy
(See the stag line)

M. Parker M. Laursen R. Mertes G. Brockel

Dramatic Club

"Come, let's pretend,
Let's dream a dream."

WAKE, ALL YE JUNIORS AND SENIORS. Hither and thither went the little fairies, each claiming a junior or senior to become members of the Dramatic Club.

Where do they go when they become members? Here is one who can tell us. "Honoured one, whither dost thou go when thou hast joined the club?"

We go down the rushy glen to enjoy with the queens, Mabel Parker and Madlyn Jewell, the spritely dances of the fairies and the game of "let's pretend", the plays wherein we become heroes and heroines or anything we choose. We hear of the accomplishments of each lover of fun through the recorders, Muriel Laursen and Mildred Steel. The pebbles, gathered to pay the ferryman's toll for our journeys, are kept by Gertrude Brockel and Theo Otjen. Those who guide the fairies on their stately journeys are Miss Pierson, Miss Hudnall, Mr. Kastner, Mr. Haefner, and Miss Bodden.

M. Jewell H. Karl M. Steel T. Otjen

DRAMATIC CLUB

BAY VIEW

"SPREADING THE NEWS" AND "THE GHOST STORY"

"Let me at him!"

"Give me back my man!"

"Yes, George"

Arms and the man?

"Go — Leave me alone"

"Always the same rapping — three times!"

J. Swiderski H. Alofs B. Burd

Latin Club

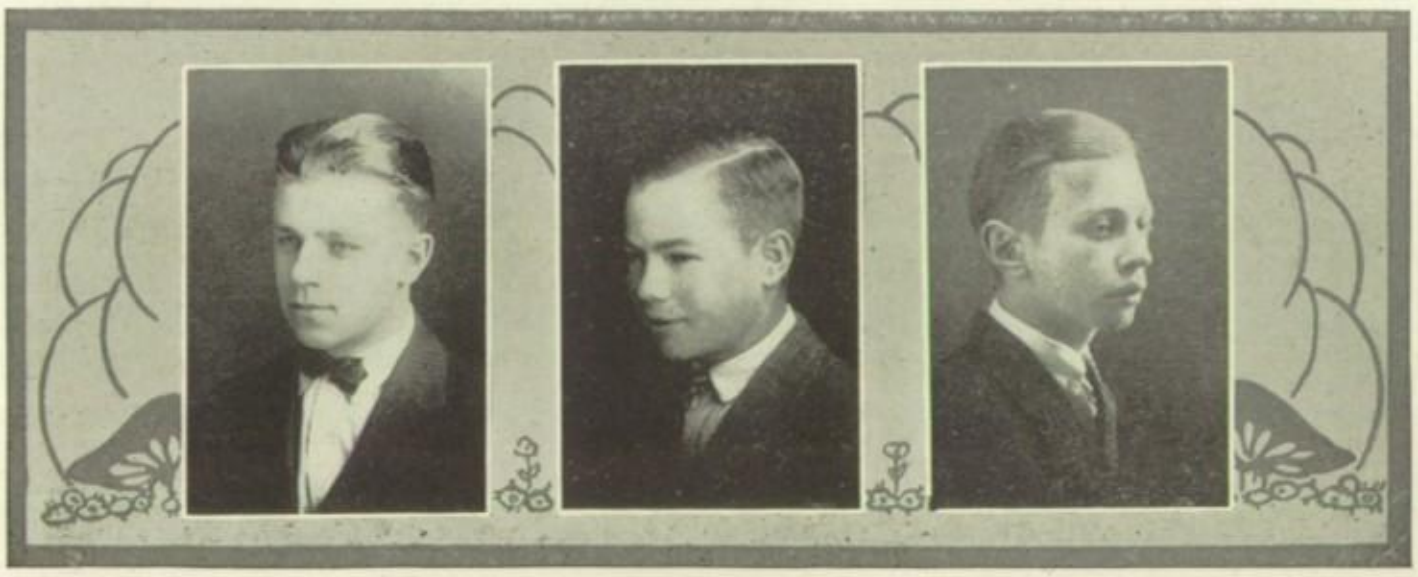
"'Tis like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

WHILE WANDERING through the Land of Happy Dreams, let us not pass by the Palace of Aegis. Peeping inside, we see, busily working, the leaders of the fairy band. Hudson Alofs and Joseph Swiderski are consuls; Betty Burd, secretary; Walter Lindemann, the industrious quaester; Max Karl and Leroy Ackermann, the lictors. Miss Duggan and Miss Collins are the advisors.

Taking a few more steps into this beautiful palace, we see many people acting out the play Pygmalion and Galatea.

Now we have solved the mystery and know why the good fairies of the Palace of Aegis have been working like so many bees and why the brownies have been snipping and sewing yards of colored cloth—"the play's the thing".

But, through all this busy time, the fairies have not forgotten that they are Roman Citizens and uphold the standards of the Latin Club.



W. Lindeman L. Ackerman M. Karl

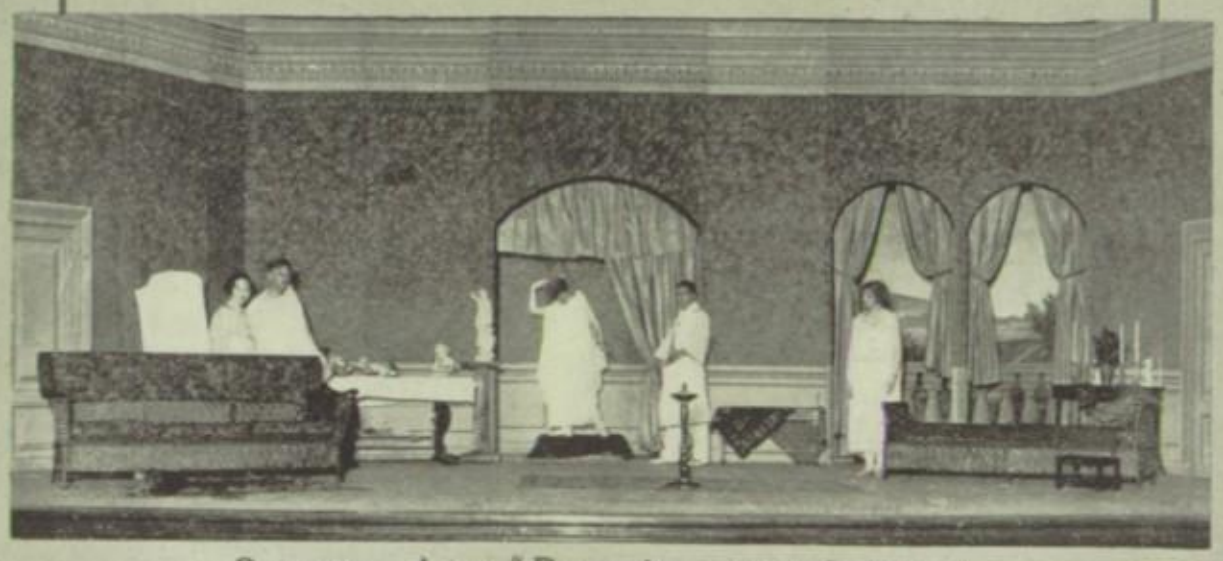
AEGIS

BAY VIEW

"Aegis" auctions Cicero's property.

"Myrene, and in tears!"

"There, will that do?"



Scenes from "Pygmalion and Galatea"

"We are the music makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams."

WHENEVER MORTALS CAST OFF the reins of work and toil and give themselves an hour of pleasure, our music makers are on hand to aid them. Whenever we indulge in a play or a program the orchestra is ready to cast a spell of enchantment over us, to soothe troubled minds, and to weave a web of lovely dreams for our benefit.

Under the direction of Mr. Niefer, our musicians have assisted materially at almost every important program. At the school play they co-operated with the cast to carry the audience off into the land of dreams—the land where we love to go and to which the orchestra holds the key. We all unite in thanking our music makers for the many pleasant hours they have provided for us. We shall not soon forget their splendid rendition of the "Bohemian Girl" at one of our convocations.

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme."

BAY VIEW HIGH SCHOOL has responded to the spirit of Pan, who has been going about in this old world—carefree and light-hearted—piping, ever piping.

In our Tower Room the snores of the trombone, the snuffs of the clarinets and cornets, the moans of the saxaphone, and the rumble of the drums all have their say. Then there are the Sousaphones, the French horns, flutes, and bass horns—all finding their way to the Tower Room. Beautifully shined up in Sunday attire, these horns are waiting for someone to take them up and learn to play. Pan will teach you. Come along.

Mr. Kastner inculcates the spirit of Pan and along with A. Fricker, L. Gentzen, E. Kryszewski, E. Fischer, D. Meurer, W. Miller, J. Fritsche, N. Raddatz, the two Wyskochil brothers, and others, our Brass Band is "tuning up."

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."

ON LAZY MID-AFTERNOONS, when mortals are peacefully dreaming in every corner of Wonderland, the sound of sweet melodies floats to their ears and makes their dreams more peaceful and more lovely. Let us listen. Are those silvery notes poured from fairy throats? No, it is the Girls' Glee Club practicing in the music room. Mr. Niefer is the master whose magic wand awakens the soul of music, and calls forth those sweet sounds from the songsters of our school.

Many of us remember with pleasure the appearance of the Glee Club at the Music Festival in May, when the girls sang Elgar's "Fly, Singing Bird" and Bohm's "Calm is the Night". At various times during the year, the Glee Club has appeared on programs and delighted our hearts with melody. And for many days after these occasions mortals dream of their music and long to hear it again.

A. Bukolt V. Bennett O. Ferry H. Pinkalla

Radio Club

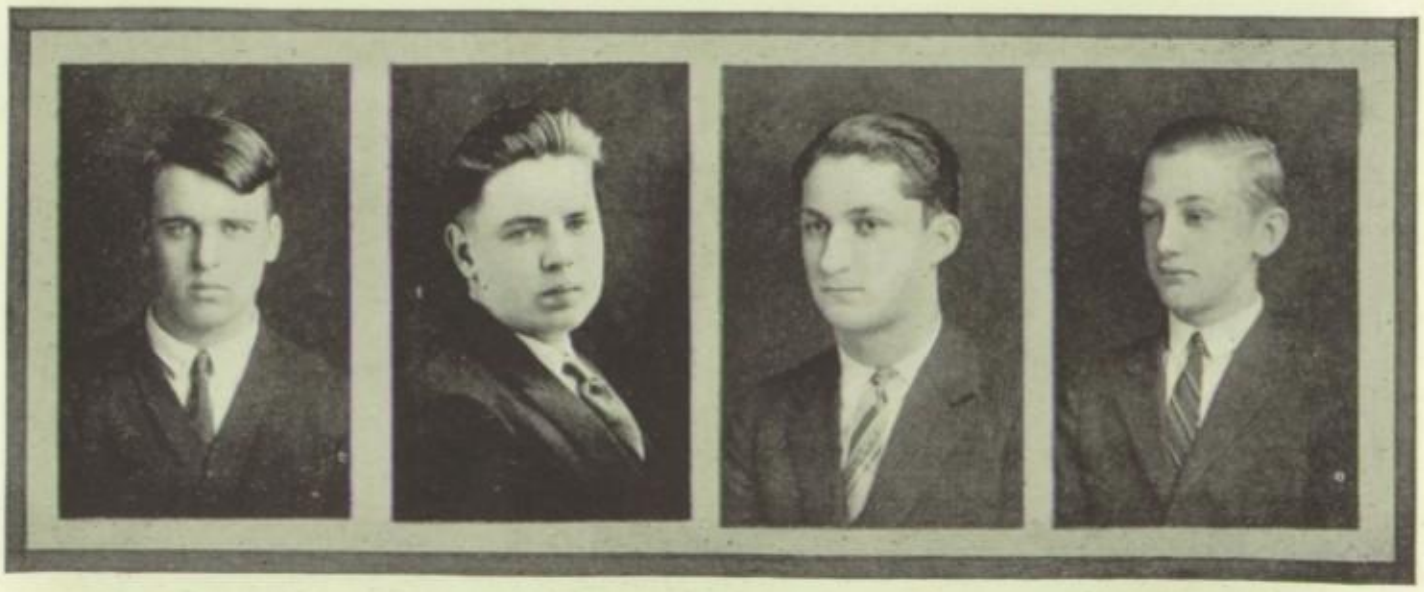
"And the stories the air was whispering,
Were all gathered up by thee."

HARK TO THE WHISPERINGS of the fairy people in the air. The members of the Radio Club eagerly pick out the soft, sweet melodies that float aimlessly in space.

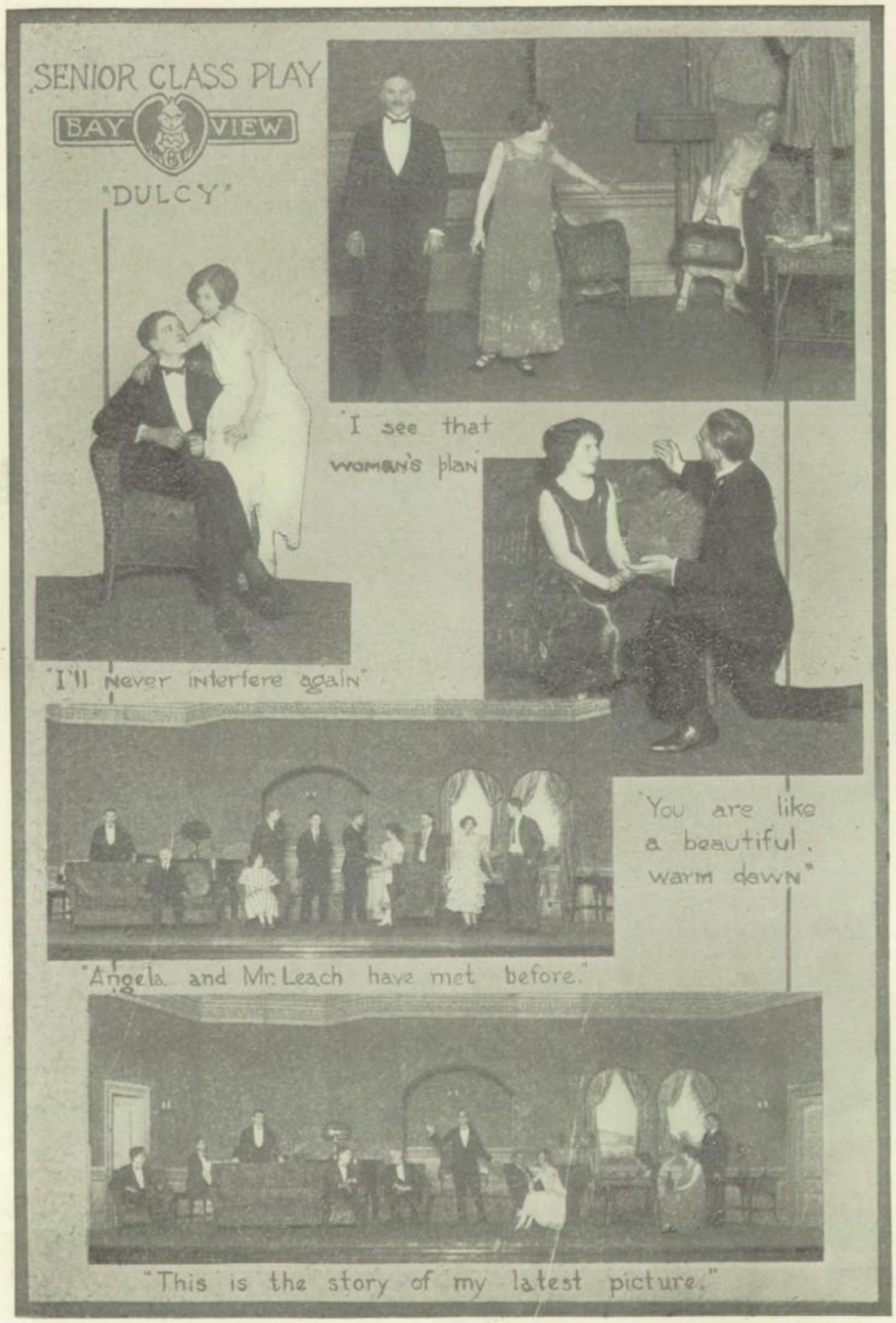
Not only have the members made those instruments of wonder called Radio sets, but they have also furnished the entire body of fairy students with topics of airy interest. Remember President Coolidge's inauguration? They have also successfully sent through the air the silvery tinkle of their musical talents from station WSOE.

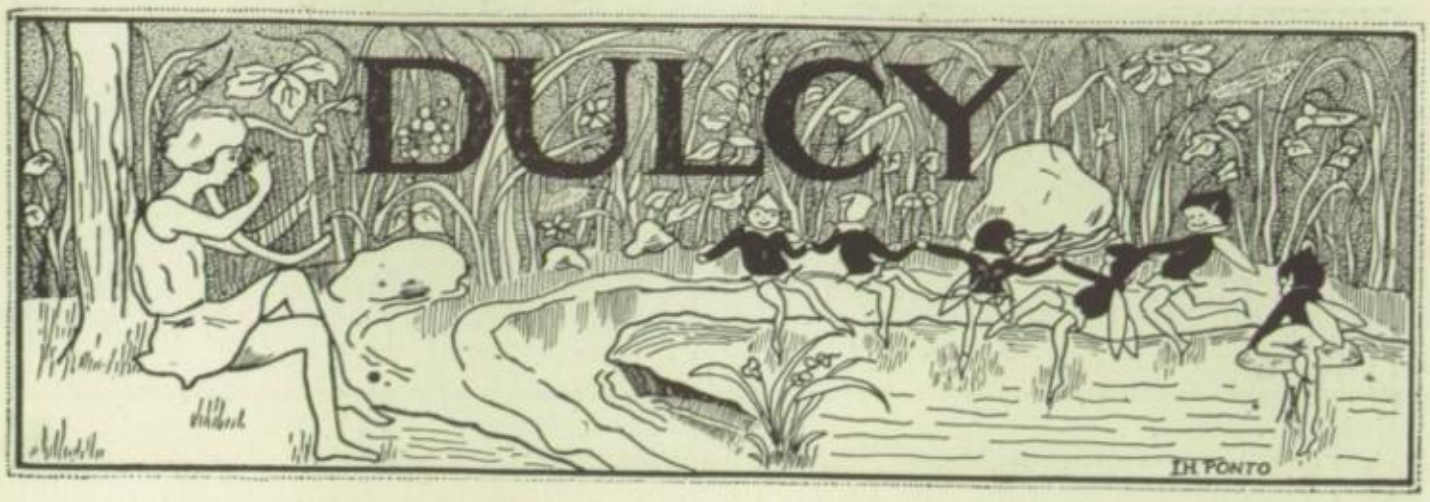
Before you, then, in all their majesty, appear the officers of the Radio clan, led by the most esteemed official, Alex Bukolt, president; Vernon Bennett, recorder of deeds; Orville Ferry, collector of fees; and Hamilton Pinkalla, guardian of the gate. The second semester began with Robert Williamson, president; Donald Wilson, secretary; and Joe Mandel, treasurer.

The club flourished greatly under the supervision of Mr. Kyper and Mr. Smith.



R. Williamson D. Wilson J. Mandel A. Oelke


SENIOR CLASS PLAY
BAY VIEW
"DULCY"
"I'll never interfere again"
"I see that woman's plan"
"You are like a beautiful, warm dawn"
"Angela and Mr. Leach have met before."
"This is the story of my latest picture."



"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eve by haunted stream."

OUR MINDS WANDER OFF and we dream of things unreal when thoughts of "Dulcy" come to us again.

"Dulcy" Smith, the typically delightful dumb-bell, was portrayed by Gladys Pfeffer. Her husband, Gordon Smith, was our own Harlan Hackbarth. We sympathized with him in his efforts to keep his wife out of his business.

The strictly business man, Mr. Forbes, was none other than Romeyn Healy, and he acted well the part of the bored guest. Ralph Roensch as the butler and ex-convict caused a great deal of worry by stealing "Angie's" necklace.

"Mamma" Forbes and her daughter Angela are not to be forgotten, for they were Mabel Parker and Edna Wolff.

The connections between Mrs. Forbes and Schuyler Van Dyke looked serious, but he was only an escaped lunatic. Arthur Hankwitz was a source of amusement in this part.

The dashing and daring elopement of Angela Forbes and her lover thrilled many hearts, but it is hard to tell which lover is meant, for there were three.

Angela did not like business men, so Tom Starrit had no chance to gain her favor. Here Oscar Thiel gained our sympathy; he acted the part of the depressed lover.

Vincent Leach, scenario writer, was the preferred man, this arduous person being Stephen Stemper. Theo Otjen, as "Willie", Dulcy's young brother, conquered the situation and won the race for "Angie's" hand.

How delightful it all was! Even the delightful dumb-bell was restored to her husband's good graces.

ANNUAL SCHOOL PLAY

BAY VIEW

"DADDY LONG-LEGS."

"Well Lizzie, bless your old heart."
Act III

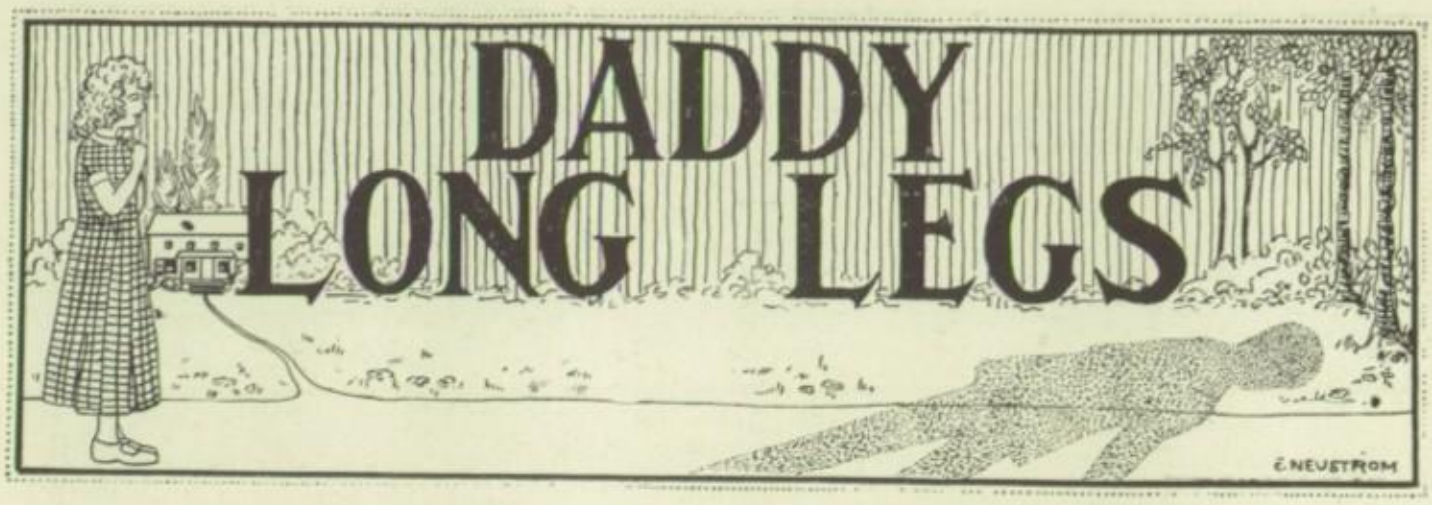
"My family was all swallowed up by an earthquake."

"Judy—I love you."
Act III

"Looks like a June bug"
Act I

"I hate the John Grier Home"
Act I

"What do I want with medicine?"



"My fairy godfather came to me,
Hence I'm as happy as can be."

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES? Ever since the spring play, "Daddy Long Legs", all Bay Viewites have great respect for fairy godfathers—especially those who are tall and hence able to cast shadows.

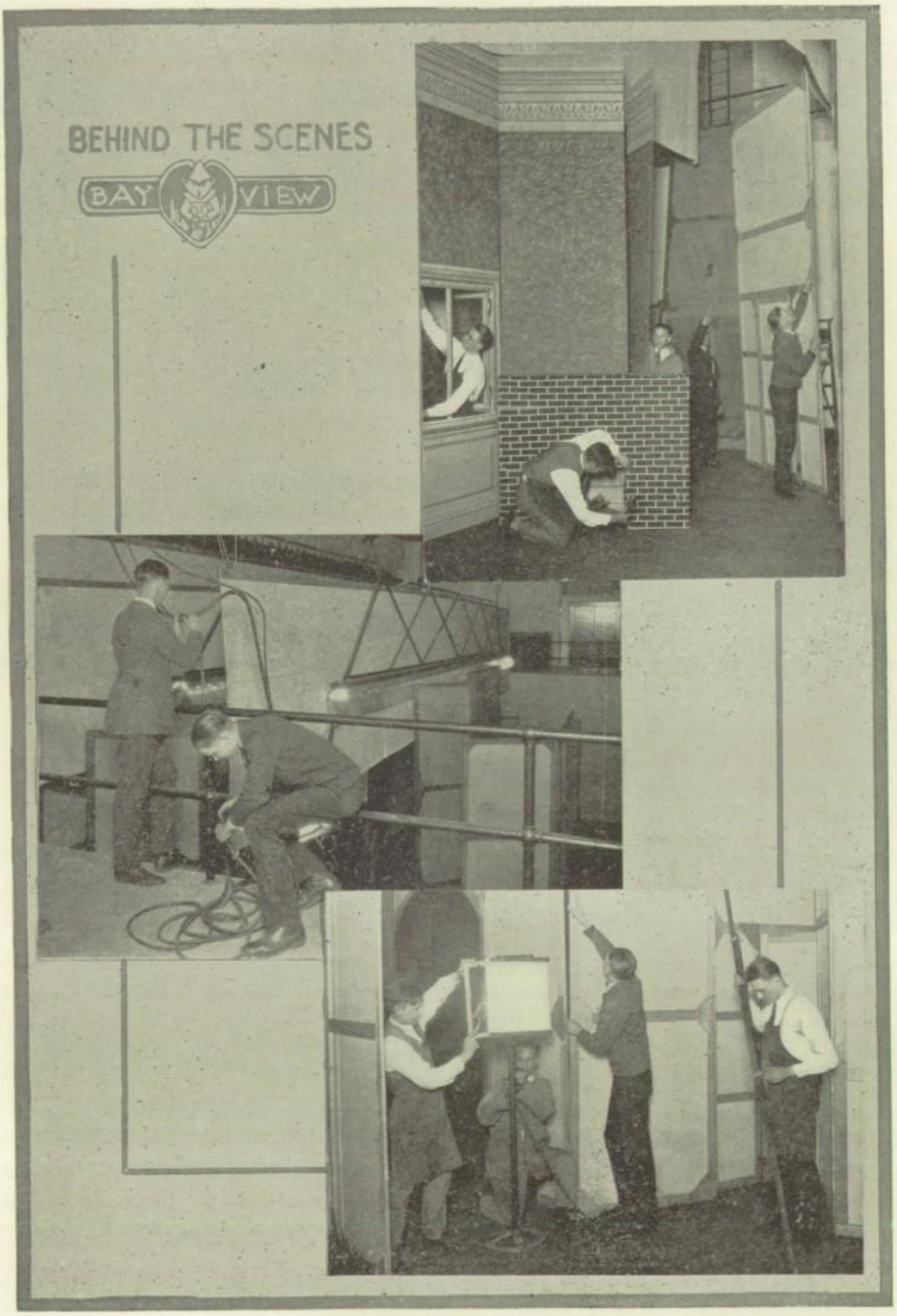
In an orphanage, Judy Abbot, none other than Holly Milbrath, sat waiting for her fairy godfather and, eventually, he came—just as all fairies do to those who will but believe. The fairies knew what they were doing when they chose Charles Westhofen to embrace all the qualities of a fairy godfather—if for no other reason, here at least is a good one for the height which nature gave to Charley, our boy.

Let's reflect a little longer. There was also our amiable John Steiner in the person of James McCribe—humorous, and romantic; everlastingly courting Judy, and everlastingly being turned away. Much to our surprise, his heart was not so badly broken for he married that flapperish college girl, Julia—impersonated by Gladys Harrington; I ask you, could he have done less?

"Sadie Kate, brush back your hair! They are so little in spirit!" So spoke our supposedly harsh housekeeper, Anna Schumell, who, because she has a heart as big as a house, had to study hard to become harsh enough to fill the bill. Henrietta Shannon, the kind Miss Pritchard,—well, you know, she was just too good to be true.

The other kind spirits who flitted in and out among the scenes enabled the play to go across the footlights into your heart and mine. No need to mention names, for they live by spirit of helpfulness, co-operation, and sweet simplicity, rather than by name.

You know the rest. "Daddy Long Legs", our fairy godfather, found a fairy mate in Judy Abbot, and so the story goes, "they lived happily ever after"—and we, too, are able to live happily every after—"ever after" such a sweet and tender story had been presented to us.


BEHIND THE SCENES
BAY VIEW

THE-LAND-OF-THE-BRAVE

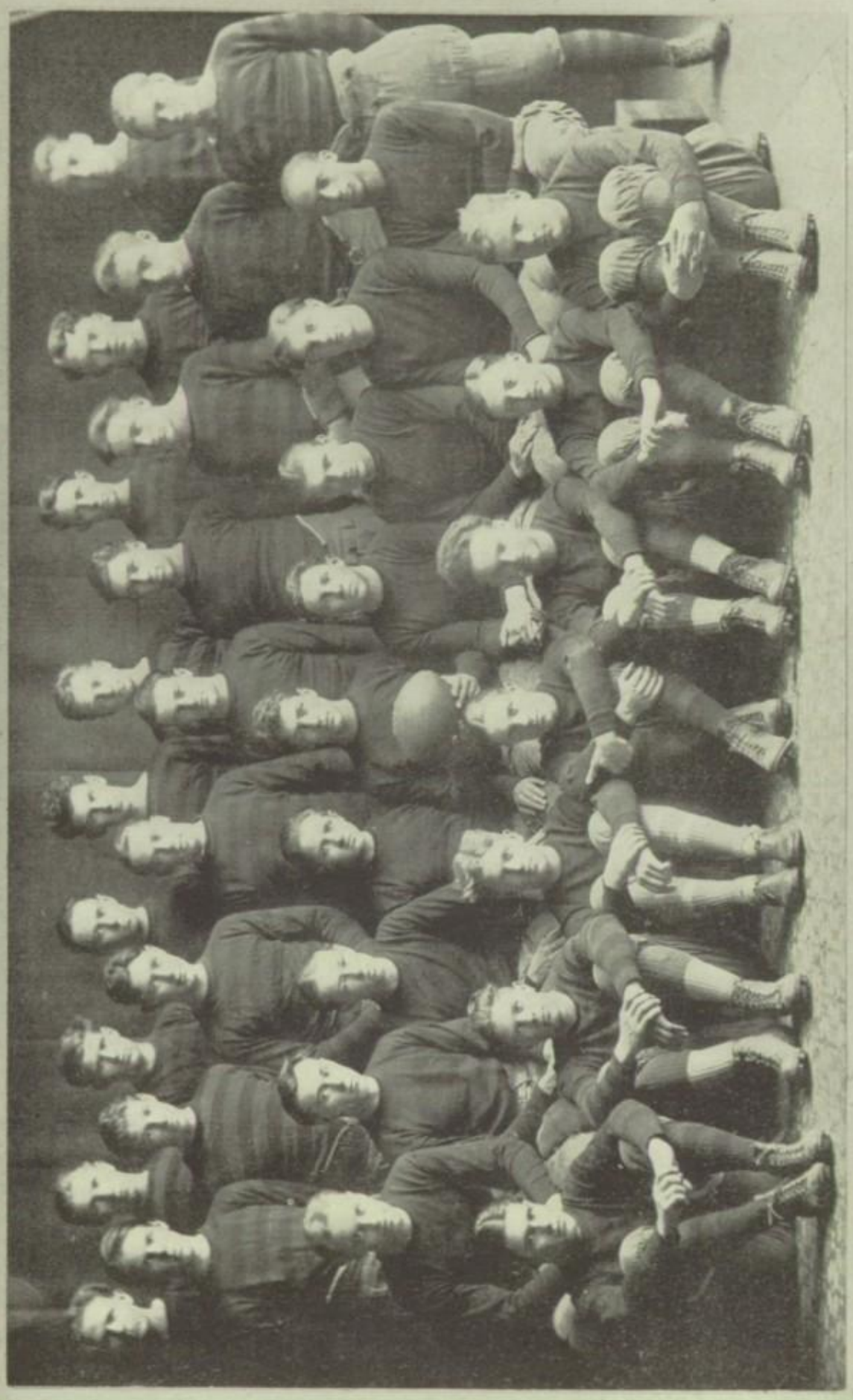
"Not with dreams, but with blood and iron,
Shall a nation be moulded at last."

Land of the Brave

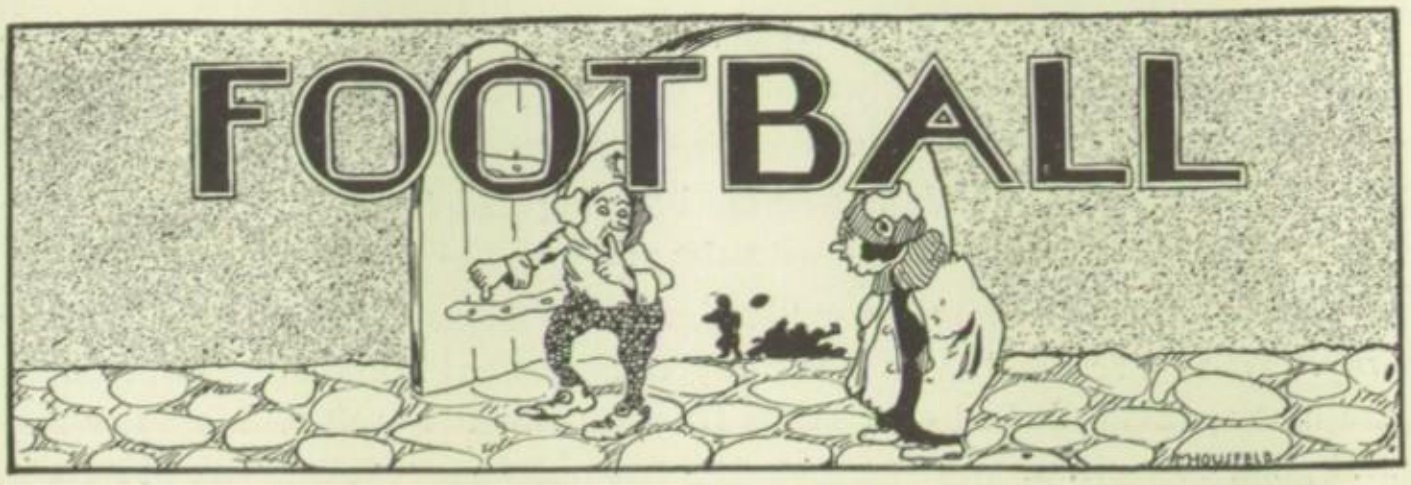
IT IS ACTION which makes the world go round. It is dreams which make possible the action. And thus it is with students. Each student by his dreams is urged on to play, to fight, to *do* for his school. Some are not as capable as others; some have not the opportunities which others possess, but *all* are ready and willing. Physical prowess, thought, character—these make the true man of iron.

To help the needy, to right each wrong, to protect the weak, and to fight against odds for glory and for honor he is always ready. Though his rivals be older, be stronger, be shrewder, he fights on. Glorying in his victories, undaunted in his defeats, he tries again. Like a true sportsman, he plays the game hard, fairly and squarely, and wins—even when he loses.

Thus, though whipped and buffeted, he keeps his courage. Thus, though victorious and praised, he keeps his head. Thus, *planning—striving—doing*, he continues, unknown to himself, shaping his character and his career. His dreams take shape in his actions. Thus, with dreams, with blood, and with iron is he—himself—moulded at last.



FOOTBALL TEAM 1925



PUCK had very little to do with football this season; he has been a mischief-maker for some time, but this year the Red and Black tried to dodge him and presto—we won four games and tied in another, a record which is the best in the annals of Bay View High School Football.

Our first game was played with Shorewood. The final whistle found Puck on the fence and the Shorewood-Bay View score was chalked down 20-0. At last "we had the ball a-rolling."

Encouraged by our win over Shorewood, our boys encountered North Side. Here, however, a cog slipped, and we lost to North on a final score of 9-0. Puck evidently was on the field.

Undaunted and eager for revenge our men lined up against "Art" Meyer's Washington crew. A hard fight, a sad tale, and a withering Washington-Bay View score—13-0; here's where a good imagination comes in handy; imagine that cipher with a "2" before it and you'll be happy, somewhat.

With two defeats checked up against them, notice we say them instead of us—we're saving the editorial "we" for the later games—the Red and Black encountered Riverside. Believe us—you couldn't see Puck for dust. Eleven tigerish warriors emerged from the battle with the scalp of East Side safely tucked away. If you don't believe it, take a look at our trophy case. The pigskin is all "done up" in colors. For the first time in our history our pig-

Around End

Rah! Bay View!

skin chasers had defeated Riverside. With this victory stowed away, we lined up to meet South Milwaukee. Once again we were victorious. So much for victory number three.

Then for "Tech." We must stop boasting and flatten our chests. The "Tech"-Bay View game left us with the score of 19-7 to think about.

After this jolt, we met our "Ma", South Division, in our home-coming fray. What a scramble was there, my countrymen! Bay View gave South the first spanking it had ever taken from its child. South 0, Bay View 7 is still good to look at.

Next, we played Lincoln. We stayed "put" and so did Lincoln. The close of this game found both teams without a score. However, eager to make a final good showing, our boys took the field against West Side. The score of 20-0 in favor of West is not such a tasty plum, but the Red and Black swallowed hard and down it went. We had fought the hard fight.

When Puck checked up those four victories of ours, he jumped the fence and dashed away and for all we know, he's dashing yet.

Football Summary

Shorewood	0	Bay View	20
North	9	Bay View	0
Washington	13	Bay View	0
Riverside	6	Bay View	34
South Milwaukee	3	Bay View	21
Technical	19	Bay View	7
South	0	Bay View	7
Lincoln	0	Bay View	0
West	20	Bay View	0
Opponents	70	Bay View	89

Off Tackle Smash

Go Team!

CAPTAIN WESTHOFEN

When Charlie Westhofen got his emblem, another star passed out of the annals of athletics. Charlie was possessed of fine leadership. Throughout the city he was known as a clean-cut athlete. Charley was a triple-threat man, and his punting was the feature of his play. Charlie starred in the Riverside game, gaining several touchdowns.

WEYER

Weyer is another athlete of the plodding kind, always striving to do his best. Weyer was a dependable man for the pivot position, alternating with Mauthe in some games. Weyer was a fast man on the defense and a good passer. Besides being a fast ball-man, Weyer is a track star. Weyer will not return next season.

AWE

In 1923, a dark haired youth sped across South's goal line with the first touchdown Bay View had ever scored against her mother school. The hero was Lawrence Awe. Since then Awe has been a reliable wingman. Last season he was hindered by a sore ankle throughout the season; but, nevertheless, showed his worth in the games he played.

MIOTKE

Coming to high school without the least bit of knowledge of the fine points of football, Miotke was drummed into one of the finest prospects for next season. Charlie is a veteran, having earned two previous emblems. Miotke, besides being a gritty player, was the comedian of the team. Charlie will close his football career next year along with the majority of the emblem men.

ROENSCH

When Coach Gillo saw Roensch among our gridiron aspirants, his worry over one position was over. Roensch, a triple-threat man, was a star in the line. Besides being a good punter, he can pass and sweep the ends in great style. Roensch was another Bay View man who was honored with a place on the All-City Team, winning the honor of all-city end.

FRANKLIN

One look at Franklin will convince every high school why Bay View is bound to have a good team next year. Franklin, the heaviest man on the team, used his weight to good advantage; a bulwark in defense and fast on his feet, he was one of the stars in the line. Because of his brilliant work throughout the season he was honored with a berth on the All-City Team.

HEIN

Fred Hein was another reliable man on the squad, filling a guard position. "Fritz" was especially strong on the defense throughout the season. Here, indeed, is an example of a clean-cut and fair player. With his graduation, Bay View loses a man who will be greatly missed. Besides playing football, Hein is a track star, being captain of the 1925 team.

BUETTNER

Buettner has always been a reliable man in the line, always trying his best while in the game. Buettner showed his wares in the Washington game by some remarkable tackles. In this game Arthur drew loud applause from the fair damsels in the Washington stands (keep it up Arthur). Buettner is one of the men who will be lost through graduation.

CAPTAIN-ELECT KERNER

Captain-Elect Kerner, our spark of dynamo, needs no introduction for his deeds on the gridiron. Kerner was one of our chief ground-gainers. His long and wide sweeping end-runs caused our opponents enough worry. Kerner was probably one of the fastest backfield men in the city. Because of his good work in the backfield Kerner was honored by being placed on the second All-City Team.

WILKE

Always in the thick of the fight, Bob Wilke distinguished himself on the roster of the Red and Black. His stature did not hinder him in action. Wilke was a good passer and a handy man with the ball. As Wilke is coming back next year, he is expected to fill up one of the holes in the backfield left by the gaduation of some of our men.

JOHNSON

"Fireater Johnson" was one of the lively cogs in our Red and Black machine throughout the season. Johnson was a strong man in the tackle position. His chewing gum velocity was enough to frighten the opponents. Johnson played his best in the South game. Besides being a star man on the defense, Johnson was frequently used for carrying the ball.

ANDREWS

Any fellow that can step out in his first year and get an emblem is worthy of some mention. Ed Andrews, our fighting guard, though unusually light for the line, showed grit which marks him a coming star. Ed performed best in the Washington game, where his tackling was one of the features of the game. Much is expected of him next season.

HEALY

By the graduation of Healy, Coach Gillo loses a fullback who will be hard to replace. Healy was one of the shining lights on the defense and was a hard plunger. He played exceptionally well in the "Tech" and South games. He is one of the veterans on the gridiron, this being his third season of participation.

MANSKE

Possessed of sheer courage alone and being hindered somewhat by lack of weight, Manske, our star center, was one of the mainstays in the line. Manske is fine. Passing was the feature of his "play" during the season. His best performances were in the South and Lincoln game. Harvey will be heard of on the gridiron next year.

MAUTHE

If one wanted another word for speed, grit, endurance, and spirit, Mauthe would suffice. Peppy and full of spirit, our quarterback proved the "find" of the season. His eighty yard run in the South game will always be remembered. The graduation of Mauthe leaves a great hole in the backfield which will be hard to fill.

FIELDS

"Vic" Fields needs no introduction in Bay View Athletics. Fleet-footed and a dead tackler, "Vic" proved a valuable wingman. "Vic" was one of the fastest men on the team, and he used his speed to good advantage. He is expected to fill the hole left by the graduation of Awe. Much is expected of him next season.

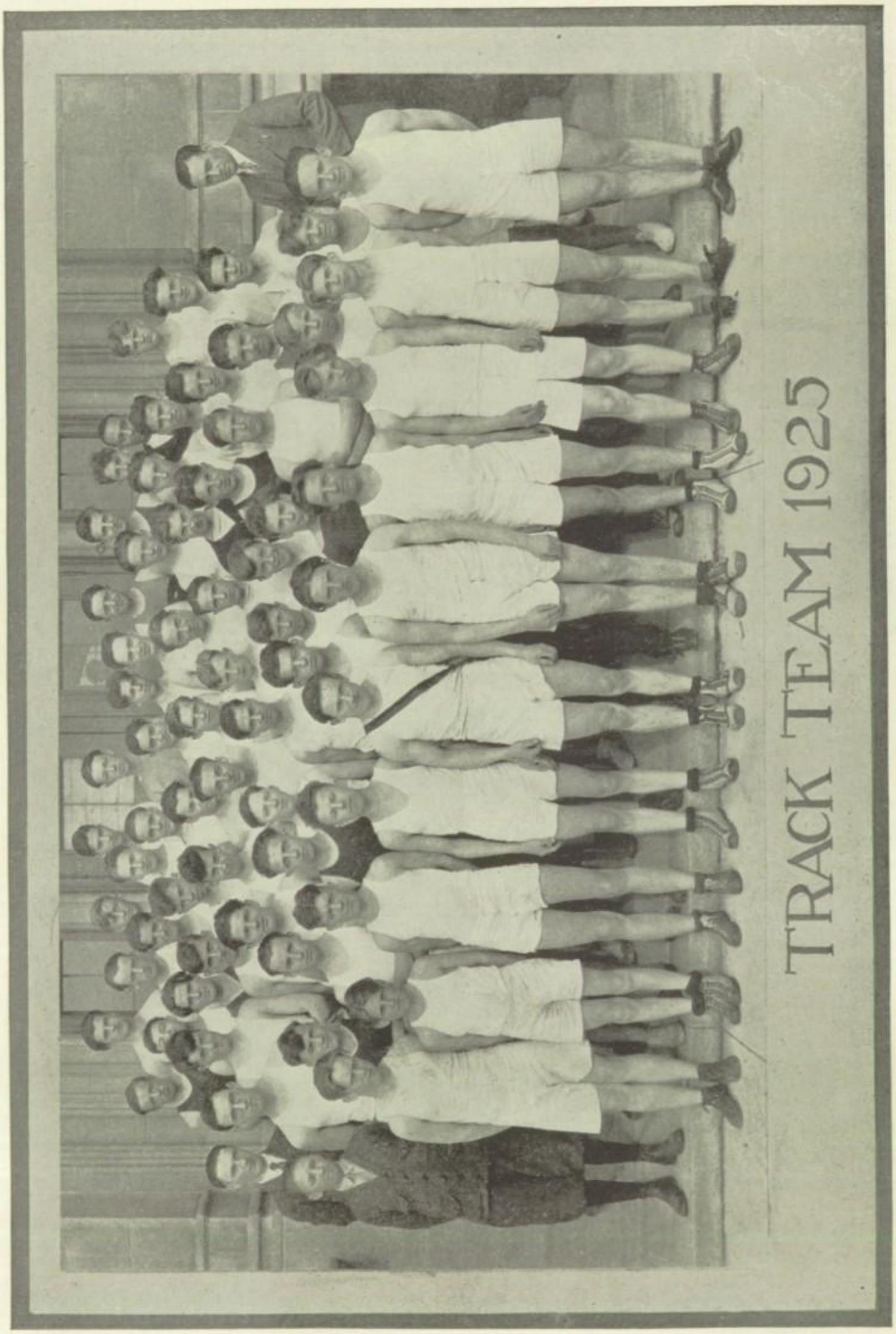
THE track season for this year was formally opened against South, May 2, on our new stadium At that time our new track was dedicated and the affair proved very impressive.

Mr. Kevin, our coach, was the guiding spirit of the team, having developed its men to their utmost. Even though Bay View had lost several of the best men who served on last year's team, we could still optimistically look forward to a successful season. One of the chief reasons why the team had great opportunity to develop more rapidly this year was our new athletic field with its wonderful track.

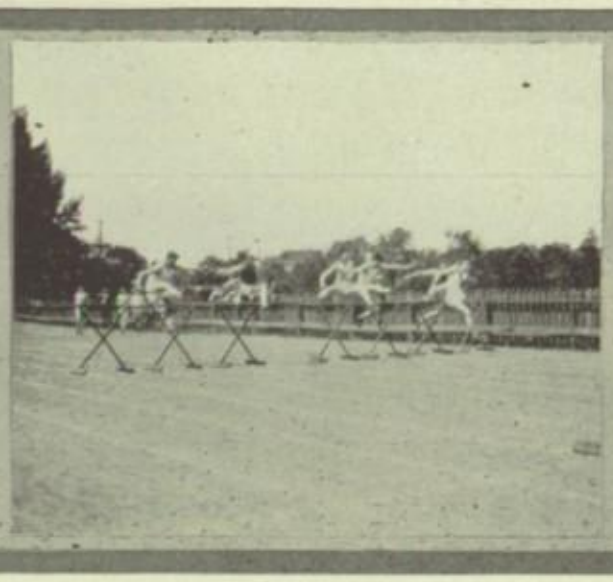
Among those whose efforts have not been without gratifying results are Hein, our weight star; Weyer, our high and low hurdler; Nelson, high jumper; and Kerner and Otjen, both veteran dashmen. Hein, to whom the discus is a familiar old friend, placed first in our meet with South and second in the State Track Meet at Madison, scoring 3 of the 10½ points which brought Bay View fifth place in the entire state. In this meet we had the satisfaction of seeing our track team beat South, our old friendly enemy. Hein also scored for Bay View in all the other meets of the season.

To Weyer must go the laurels for speed in the low and high hurdles. In the State Meet he scored most of the points for Bay View by taking first

Kerner "Get Set—" Weyer


TRACK TEAM 1925

Hein


Up and Over

Weyer

place in the low hurdles and third place in the high hurdles, thus making good his reputation of being one of the best men on our team. In all the other meets of the season his work was of the very best.

Nelson, our high jumper, also helped establish prestige for Bay View. He placed in the State Meet and did commendable work in the City Meet. The loss of all these valuable men will be keenly felt throughout the entire school.

The schedule for this year follows:

May 2—South and Bay View at Bay View.
May 9—Triangular Meet—Lincoln, Wauwatosa Aggies, and Bay View at Bay View.
May 23—State Meet at Madison.
May 29—Wauwatosa and Bay View at Bay View.
June 6—City Meet at the Marquette Stadium.

It would be well to mention here that this is the first time all of our track meets, outside of the State and City meets, were held on our own athletic field.

What a splendid initiation our field has had!

Milers

Who Wins?

Cross Country

FAR away over hill and dale sped Bay View's cross-country team of 1924. No general call was issued this fall for cross-country men. Only two new members participated. Mr. Kevin, the coach, trained his men diligently so that when the season opened, they were considered among the most formidable of opponents. The team had great chances of coming out on top and began very auspiciously.

In the two meets with Racine, one at Racine, the other at Bay View, the team ran true to colors; winning quite easily. Bay View again added another triumph to her list when she defeated Washington High School on Washington's own course in the third meet of the season. In spite of the fact that the weather was unfavorable, our sturdy runners plodded on through mud and storm. Theirs was the spirit that's bound to win.

The city-meet at the Normal School, which marked the height of the cross-country season, somewhat disappointed us, for we lost second place by only half a point.

John Wohlgemuth, Eugene Paradowski, and LeRoy Kramer did most of the scoring in the meets, the first of these taking first place in every meet except in the Normal city-meet, where he lost first place by only a few feet. Howard Lambert, Joseph Swiderski, Menton Anderson, and Norman Trebilcock also deserve honorable mention for their valuable services. John Wohlgemuth, Eugene Paradowski, and LeRoy Kramer received first team emblems. The rest received second team emblems.

'Tis thus, you see, that we ran "over the hills and far away."

"Then we entered the Valley of Revelry."

JUMPING over cowslips' ears and hurdling "thorough bush thorough brier" have served as mid-day diversions for our girls. "Wrinkled Care"? We'll none of it.

Last fall, you remember, we had a tennis tournament. Beatrice Beidatsch, our sophomore sprite, was the much-to-be-congratulated winner, and received a tiny loving-cup as a reward. Her name was engraved on our large cup in the trophy case. In the doubles, Beatrice again took honors, sharing them with Phyllis Nowak, another fairy with a strong right arm.

In volley-ball the sophomores won. During the hoary months of December and January an inter-class tournament was held. The winning sophomores present themselves: Lenore Gerdes, captain; R. Andrews, M. Cludius, M. Hawkins, H. Hyde, R. Tonkin, M. Schloemilch, E. Becker, and L. Krause—all battling sophomores.

Then came the basket-ball tournament. There was no inter-class competition this time; the teams were chosen from the different classes by the captains. The "Crescents", captained by Florence Smith, won this tournament. The other members of the winning team were L. Tesch, J. Tourigney, M. Hyde, M. Dostal and M. Hawkins.

Baseball, the great American game, has also found a place in feminine sportdom. Here, too, appointed captains chose their teams. We hope you

Volley-ball Heroines **Basket-ball Champions.**

B. Beidatsch, Singles Champion

all saw some of the flashy plays the girls put across. One would almost think that "Babe" Ruth, "Ty" Cobb, and George Sisler were before him.

At the present writing, the league is still in progress. The race for top honors has been a spirited one, the Pirates, Cubs, and Senators being tied for first place thus far. The contests have been close and a prophet would not dare tell what the end may be. May the best team win.

The girls are not letting the boys get away with all track honors. A girls' track meet is something we have never attempted before, but when gentle Zephyrus stirs the tree in June, our track will whisper of the imprint of tiny feet, and Puck will be astride the fence to add his brave "Hurrah". There are ninety contestants who are daily practicing and with the elimination series, about fifty girls are expected to survive.

The seniors, although smallest in number, are the favorites, but will surely receive strong competition from the fighting sophomores and juniors. Then, probably, the timid freshmen will come out with a bang and show their colors. Upsets are commons and are sure to happen.

Indeed, this has been a glorious year. Girls' athletics has achieved that glory through the persistent efforts of its athletes and also through the untiring efforts of their coach and champion, Miss Statz.

B. Beidatsch-P. Nowak
Doubles Champions

The Last Word

Hark! What was that noise?
Sounds like some unruly boys.
Track, you say?
The meet is over?
Freshman class is deep in clover?
Thanks, reporter, that can't be beat,
Freshman class has won the meet.
Dashes, broad-jump, and hurl-ball,
Freshies, yes, they've won them all.
Maytak, Model, Platzer—these—
Scored for Freshmen, if you please.
Juniors won the relay race,
And Sophomores in high jump took place.

FOR-LAND'S-SAKE

"As Tammie glow'red amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

For Land's Sake

DEEP IN THE MIDST of Wonderland a little figure flits about gaily. It is Fun—the wily sprite Fun. Daily he invades Fairyland to cause much amusement.

First, in the early morning, he rushes from class to class to aid (?) the students, wise and otherwise, in bluffing, pouring from their lips an incongruous mixture of psychology and bunkology. Then between classes he runs to fetch Oberon, clad in ethereal wings and silent, rubber heels. To him he reveals all the dainty vanity cases in use, corridor hustlers, and lingering Lysanders; whereupon the fun begins—for others.

During noon hour the sprite is busily working at the cafeteria. With many grins he doles small portions to Mr. Kastner, and large portions to Mr. Johnson, which is as it really should be.

As three-ten arrives, he hastens off to disable classy Henry's, so that blushing maidens have to wait while more vividly blushing Romeos exhaust all sleights of the tinner's art, vainly trying to urge the fairy (not so good) chariots onward.

Then as the day is over he rests, thinking of the fun he has spread. "For land's sake, wasn't that funny?" the little sprite chuckles. "For land's sake!"

J. HOUSFELD

The Fairies' Frolic

THE setting is a wood, any wood, anywhere. It is summer, and the trees are covered with dust, for a state trunk highway is not far off. However, the road should be out of sight, for tourists or travelers might wonder at the sanity of the players. In the background is a mass of shrubbery—perhaps it would be a good plan to have a landscape gardener plant the needed shrubbery a few years before the play is to be produced. The effect would be SO realistic. There is no need for tables, chairs, or old kegs—it just isn't that kind of play.

This stupendous production should necessarily be advertised as a hilarious, rollicking comedy, or the glorifying of the American girl. In all newspaper ads, make special note of an eight week advance sale of tickets, good seats for every performance, and italicize the words: "Farewell Tour of Original Cast."

Now we are ready for the super-production.

Cast Out.

Lester Bold—the hero.....FRED SANDERSON
Mera Lee—the King's offsprout.....
.....BLANCHE RONEY
Babba Klay—King hisself.....ART BUETTNER
Bugler—who bugles.....HAUTZ, of course
Leader of Villains.....CHARLES WESTHOFEN
First Villain.....JERRY STANGE
Rest of Players.....CLASS OF 1929

A. FRICKER AT THE ORGAN.

ACT I—SCENE I.

Opening chorus:

We're introducing something great and grand,
We'll take you away to fairy land.
If you aren't satisfied with our entire show,
Your money will be refunded as you go.

(Applause by Audience).

CURTAIN

ACT I—Next Scene

Babba Klay: (Alone on stage, surrounded by court.)
The villains have stolen my daughter away.
In this note in my hand they say:
"We will not bring her back until the day
We get a ransom from you, Babba Klay."
Court Sings: Ain't that too bad: ain't that too bad.
(Audience: Weep, cry, bawl, sniffle, etc.)
Babba Klay:

I

Who will bring her back to me?
Oh dear, oh gracious, oh mer-a-cy!
In all this land isn't there a fairy
Who dares to go for Mera Lee?

II

Call forth the heroes of all the land.
Call them all before my stand.
Every one must come in our fairy land,
And, if they refuse to come, they'll be canned.

(To say nothing of being thrown out, expelled, discharged, and dismissed.)

Bugle: Bla! Bla! Bloop! Bla!
Echoes: Ditto.

ACT II—Another Scene

(Enter fairies, sylphs, goblins, sprites, and nymphs. The king is in a passive mood. He would decline a drink, in this tense moment, from any person. In this case he wonders what the future holds in store.)

Babba Klay:
I have called you here all my brave, hearty lads,
'Cause my daughter was swiped by a gang of Nomads.

Babba Klay: Ain't there none amongst youse who's got no bravery a bit? Huh!

Lester Bold:
I'll get the dame,
Just gimme her name,
I'll catch the guys and bring them, too,
For my heart is staunch and brave and true.

Assemblage: Bravo No. 2! Bravo No. 2!

Babba Klay:
I never have seen you,
But, I guess you'll do.

(Aha! the plot sickens.)

The following has no bearing on the show, but every comedy must have its hits; and furthermore, here it is only 9:30, and every sucessful show must last until 10:45, at least!

Fairies:
Oh, the flowers that bloom in the spring
That couldn't grow without water,
Will he bring her back, will he bring
Her who'll reign (rain) as becomes
a king's daughter?

Elves (discouragingly):
Oh, it ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo'.
That's why your flowers won't grow
And we don't care if she never comes back,
Because she despises us so.

Babba Klay (To Court): Shut Up!

(To Les) Go ahead, but if you don't bring her back in 48 hours, I'll turn you into a vacuum.

Lester: I accept the nomination.

Assemblage: When he gets older,
He won't be bolder,
(Even now he's Les Bold.)

ACT II—Scene 2

(On the desert)
Leader of Villains: Ha! Ha! You are in my clutches.
Mera Lee: Unhand me, Boy, or I'll get nasty and slap ya.
Leader of Villains: What see I in the distance?

Mera: My Hero! ! !
(Les enters).
Lester: Get thee off the stage into the dressing-room, thou villain!
Remember I have the sympathy of the audience.

ACT III—This is all.

(Back in Fairland)
Babba Klay: Here, Les, you can have the girl, or thirty bucks.
Les: I'll take the thirty berries.
Closing Chorus:
Goodbye, forever! we know you've had enough,
Goodbye, forever! now that we've done our stuff.
We done the best that we was able,
Please don't applaud with a vegetable.
Babba Klay: Motion is in order for adjournment.

ASBESTOS.

Just Dreamers of Dreams

IN THE days of flappers and sheiks, there once lived two young lads called JERRY STANGE and BUD WHEELER. They were very great chums, and one was never seen without the other.

One fine day, as the pair was sitting in East, they began to build castles in the air. Their castles, as might be imagined, were somewhat out of place in 1925.

Oh, what I wouldn't do if I could do that, etc," spake Jerry.

"And, oh, what wouldn't I do if I could do this, etc." spake Bud.

Each outdid the other in great attempts and fine feats. So their thoughts went soaring, and soon their bodies began to feel queer as though they also were soaring—their legs—ah—limbs felt so itchy and their arms had little thrills running over them.

"What's this?" murmured Jerry.

"I say, what's the matter?" countered Bud. 'My head feels as though it were where my feet are, and my feet are where my head is."

"Explain yourself," rumbled Jerry. "Talk plain."

"Well, how about doing the same thing yourself. Think I can understand such mumbling. Uh—I won't listen to you. Guess I'll sleep the rest of the period—got about a half hour. Here goes!"

"Guess I'll do the same thing," thought Jerry.

"Oh, what's this? Why, it's Jerry and Bud in Dreamland. The two are walking along in very comradely fashion; hands thrown carelessly over each other's shoulders. Their eyes are open to the widest extent posible, and their necks are craned to an impossible length.

A multitude of dainty, delicate fairies dancing on a grass carpet of the greenest green, a wonderful clear-blue fountain surrounded by marvellous statues, a crystal castle shining in the distance with its turrets and towers gleaming like stars, and, over all, a rose glow which gives every object a peculiar, fascinating luster.

Those dancing figures which looked so dainty and delicate from a distance seem to have taken on weight. They have evolved into our well-known friends, "KEWPIE ARNSTEIN, RALPH ROENSCH, ALFRED BRANDT, and HERBERT KEELER!

"Wonder of wonders," whispers Jerry.

"They'll never cease," answers his pal.

They try to attract the attention of the dancers, but their efforts are futile, so they move on.

A tinkling comes to their ears—it is not the tinkling bubbler—it is more harsh in sound. They skirmish around the glistening castle, until they behold our orchestra in full glory with MR. NIEFER, in full regalia, directing it.

As they stand in front of the castle deliberating the choice of their next direction, a little elf (LEROY KERNER) passes them by. He is a wild little thing and seems to flit in many heights. All of a sudden he pulls out a silver trumpet and blows a single clear note upon it. The fairies pause in attitudes of airy expectation—toes barely touching the grass, and both lacy wings flitting gently. The bubbler ceases its tinkling as also does the Orchestra. There is complete silence. Jerry and Bud are awed into immobility.

A peal, clear and elusive, comes to their strained ears. It grows louder, it is clearer, it comes from a silver-toned bugle. The rose-glow deepens, the trees begin to sway 'way up above, and the castle glistens with renewed fervor. Something is going to happen!

"Can you beat that?" it is Jerry speaking—Jerry, the great dream traveler. That sun and the bell woke me up. Gee, but it surely is hot in here, and that sun's shining right on my face." He loosens his tie.

"Phew! did you wake up, too?" Bud is speaking now. "Say, I had the best dream that ever was, Jerry—all about fairies and such!"

"Huh, couldn't beat mine!"

"Say, listen here! I know positively, for a fact, mine was the best dream ever dreamed!"

"No it was not! To prove mine was a prize copper, I'll tell it to you from beginning to end. Say, Bud, if I had finished that dream——!"

"Well, you didn't. Neither did I," interrupted the other great dreamer. "Come on now, bell's rung. Let's beat it to English."

'Taint Gonna Rain No More

ONCE UPON A TIME a band of wicked elves that dwelt in the Bay View High School got themselves together. Then up spake the elfin king:

"The fairies have danced in their charmed circle, not once, but many times, and we have been invited but once. Therefore, let us dance also and we will invite the fairies. Our dance will be a bigger hit because we will have red program cards."

"Yea! Yea!" cried all the elves, "we will have a dance."

Then spake the king:

"ARTHUR HANKWITZ, I appoint you to get the toad-stools ready in order that we may dance."

"Aye, Aye, Sir!" responded the elf.

"MORTIMER MAUTHE, I appoint you to see that each blade of grass is crested with a drop of dew."

"Aye, Aye, Sir!" responded Morty.

"FRED SANDERSEN, I appoint you to see that every fairy and every elf gets invited."

"Aye, Aye, Sir!" said Sandy.

FRED BEHLING, I appoint you to see that every cinder in our charmed circle is dustless on the night of the dance."

"So be it," answered Fred.

"ARTHUR BUETTNER, I appoint you to see the weather man and order a full moon."

"Did I say no?" asked Buettner.

"EUGENE ARNSTEIN, I appoint you to purchase several bushels of honeysuckle for refreshments."

"Then," said the king, "we will adjourn."

So they adjourned.

Everything went smoothly until Buettner went to see the weather man. Artie very politely offered a piece of taffy, which was politely but firmly refused. The weather man had false teeth. Alas, alas, the weather man had been offended. There were thunderclouds in his heart and raindrops in his eye.

So when the evening of the dance came, instead of a beautiful big moon, there were thousands of little raindrops. The elves and fairies were very much hurt, but they adjourned to the gym and danced anyway.

A Midsummer's Nightmare

(With a bow to Willie Shakespeare.)

1. Hermia—a girl—MARIE FORD.
2. Helena—ditto—LUCILE LAU.
3. Lysander—a boy—FRED HEIN.
4. Demetrius—ditto—MORTY MAUTHE.
5. Puck—an imp—ART HANKWITZ.
6. Fairies—FRESHIES.

SCENE I—(Bay View High School.)

LYSANDER: Now, fair Hermia, since MR. FRITSCHE refuses to let us talk, let us away to the enchanted park, to while away the time.

Hermia: Alas, I cannot skip this afternoon, for I have to make my book-report, or otherwise seclude myself forever. However, by all the oaths that man e'er broke, I'll meet you there at four o'clock.

Lysander: Adieu, my love, until then.

Hermia: Adieu, adieu. (Exit)

SCENE II—(Humboldt Park)

Lysander: Hermia, my love, are you here?

Hermia: Here, my dear.

Lysander: Let us wander off and talk of our great love. (Exit)

Enter Demetrius followed by Helena.)

Demetrius: Stop following me! Begone! I have seen too much of you.

Helena: I love only Demetrius, and the more you scorn me, the more I love you.

Demetrius: I love only Hermia. Be off, I say! (Exit Demetrius, running, and Helena following.)

(Enter Hermia and Lysander.)

Lysander: Sleep, that gentle messenger from Heaven, does lie deep on my eyelids. Methinks I will lie down. (Sleeps)

Hermia: And I'll hie me to feed the swans. Heaven watch over my Lysander! (Exit)

(Enter Puck)

Puck: Aha! Here's food for mischief. Lord, what fools these mortals be! Here's Lysander sleeping, and here's his watch lying half out. I'll fix him.

(Turns watch back 100,000,000 years)

Aha! Now to the moon to transact some business with my bootlegger. (Exit).

(Enter Helena, weeping)

Helena: Demetrius! Demetrius! Where art thou? Alas, he's gone!

(Lysander, wakes up and looks at his watch)

Lysander: Gee! So this is the stone age. Aha! Now to go and drag in a wife. I hope I can get one with long hair. (Sees Helena) Aha! Here she is. (Grabs Her).

Hello! Still love me, I hope? You'd better, because I'll stand for no fooling.

Helena: Brute! Let me alone. Why will you make sport of my love for Demetrius.

Lysander: That'll do. (Drags her off.)

SCENE III—(Another part of the park)

(Demetrius is sleeping. His snores attract Puck, who enters and sets his watch back).

Puck: Now I've fixed his clock! Exit)

(Demetrius awakes and looks at his watch)

Demetrius: I'm a cave-man. I'm off to get a woman. (Exit)

SCENE IV—(Another part of park)

Enter Lysander, dragging Helena.)

Lysander: Now lay off of that wriggling. I can hardly carry you, as it is. You're no light-weight.

(Enter Demetrius)

Demetrius: Stop, thief! Give me my Helena.

(Knocks Lysander down and picks up Helena)

Helena: Oh! You wonderful man!

Lysander: Stop! Hold! You have gypped my girl. I'll get my trusty sling-shot and we'll fight it out.

Demetrius: Done! I'll borrow a hair-pin from Helena and we'll be at it.

(Enter Hermia)

Hermia: Lysander! Lysander! Oh, where are you? I have looked but I cannot find him. (Sees Lysander). Ah! Here you are, my love.

Lysander: I'm not your love. Get out! Be off! Begone! Get away!

Hermia: Be yourself.

Lysander: No, I hate you. I can't bear you.

Hermia: (Weeping) Who has done this? Alas! Oh, I see it, it was you (points to Helena). Gypping my man. Is that your game? Well, I may be shorter than you are, but at least my nails are long enough to reach your eyes.

(Jumps at Helena who runs out and Hermia follows).

(Exit Demetrius)

(Enter Puck)

Lysander: Demetrius! Dog! Where in heck are you? 'Tis too dark to see him.

(Puck hits Lysander with a club)

Lysander: Ah! The stars are coming out. One! Two Three!——

(Sleeps)

Demetrius: Ah! 'Tis evening. There is the North Polar Star. 'Tis bedtime. I'll turn on the radio, and listen in on the bedtime stories. (Goes through motion of turning dials). I'll sign off. (Sleeps).

(Puck turns Lysander's watch ahead until the day after tomorrow)

Puck: Now 'tis fixed, so I'll be off to fairyland. Adieu my good friends! (Exit Puck)

(Enter Helena)

Helena: Well, I escaped her. I'm too tired to feed the swanlets.

(Enter Hermia)

Hermia: Alas, the vixen got away. (Sleeps)

SCENE V—(Same as Scene IV)

Lysander: Where am I? Hermia!

Hermia: Here, my love. (Sneezes)

Demetrius: What was that? A Dinosaur? Woman, are you here?

Helena: Here my lord.

Lysander: Hermia, shall we canoe?

Hermia: Yes, my love. (Exit)

Demetrius: Come on, we're going canoeing.

Helena: Yes, I'm coming. (Exit)

SCENE VI—(Lake, two canoes, with two people in each, are drifting about the lake).

Hermia: My love, is not the sunset beautiful?

Lysander: That it is. Let's go to the Roof tonight.

Hermia: Yes, my love.

Demetrius: Pack you're best dress, dearie, we're going to the roof tonight.

Helena: Yes, my lord.

(Fairies do Finale Hop on surface of water. Curtain).

PLEASE OMIT FLOWERS.

The Finished Homework

ONE BRIGHT, sunny mark day, OSCAR THIEL was sitting dejectedly on the golden steps of a beautiful palace called "Bay View High School" or "The Palace Studius." He was weeping bitterly for he had just received a report card covered with red circles. Suddenly he saw a beautiful lady standing beside him, and she said, "My name is ADELINE WASHECHEK, and I am going to help you, if you will promise to take me to see "Dulcy" afterward."

Oscar promised and then she said, "Here is a folder containing tomorrow's homework. Guard it carefully, and if anyone touches it, say 'Homework, do your stuff,' and the person will stick fast to it. After you have caught several people in this way, take your procession past the East Study Hall, and see what happens."

Oscar thanked the fairy and tripped gaily into the palace. He glanced down the corridor and saw OLAF NORDSTROM coming towards him with his mouth open so wide with astonishment that it's a wonder there were any flies left in the city.

"Hot smoke," gasped Olaf, "don't tell me that's homework I see under your arm?"

"Sure thing," grinned Oscar.

"Well, I'm from Missouri, show me," said Olaf unbelievingly.

"All right, I'm from Elgin, watch me," said Oscar, producing the precious paper which Olaf inspected. No sooner had he touched it, however, than Oscar then said, "Homework, do your stuff," and Olaf's hand stuck fast.

Oscar strolled along the corridor until he saw LEROY ACKERMAN coming toward them.

"Oh, Cupie, will you help a poor, insignificant friend in distress and free me from this great big brute," cried Olaf.

Sure," said Cupie, taking Olaf's hand. But Oscar cried out, "Homework, do your stuff," and Cupie, too, was held captive.

Just then Cupie saw KATHRYN DELICEK descending the stairs, and knowing Kathryn's weakness for masculine smiles, asked her to free him. She willingly did so, but her hand stuck fast to Cupie's—much to his delight. On the third floor, MENTON ANDERSON was discovered emerging from a locker wherein he had been powdering his nose. In him, Kate saw a haven of refuge, so she called to him to help a fair lady in distress. Menton, unable to resist feminine charms, immediately took her hand, but was forced to stick to her in the same way. Just as they reached the second floor, MISS GROB rounded the corner, and seeing one of her subjects in distress, tried to help him out, but only succeeding in sticking tightly to his arm. By this time, the peculiar train had arrived at the office, from which MR. GILLO, MISS STATZ, and MR. KEVIN were emerging. Mr. Gillo was the first to spring to Kathryn's aid, Miss Statz added her strength, and Mr. Kevin blushingly exerted all his power, but to no avail. They only succeeded in adding a little dignity to the party.

At last the East Study Hall was reached, and Oscar, hearing ARTHUR CIZON warbling about "making a fortune overnight," bought a paper from him and proceeded to read that anyone who could make a certain unknown princess laugh would receive gold rings on his report card for the next five months. The princess was to

hold audience in the Auditorium at three-ten the next day, and all contestants were advised to arrive early. He led his train to the Auditorium, which was already swarming with anxious students, and they seated themselves near the back.

In a few minutes, the heralds' trumpets were heard announcing the arrival of the princess. Immediately all became quiet, while every one craned his neck to get a view of her. She came, dressed elaborately in the royal colors, red and black, and wore a thick veil over her features. After she had been seated upon her throne, the first contestants, AL BRANDT and HERBERT KEELER, gave a dance which, though it sent the rest into peals of laughter, failed to get even a smile from the Princess. After this, CHARLES WESTHOFEN imitated a green freshman, EVELYN PRESTON told how to reduce, in three parts, and AARON FRANKLIN tried to find Sally, which proved so pathetic that the Princess wept audibly. At last, Oscar rose to his feet, and dragging his unwilling victims after him, tripped blithely down the aisle, the Princess burst out laughing and they thought she would never stop. At last, when she had recovered her breath, she lifted her veil, and who should they see but MISS ZIEGLER, the humor princess of the palace. At their wondering exclamations, she explained that the humor which was being handed in for the palace paper was so terribly unhumorous that she had been thrown into a fit of melancholia which she could not overcome until she saw something really funny.

Oscar was then rewarded with twenty golden rings for his report card, and the audience exited.

After he had freed his prisoners, his first thought was of Adeline, and he rushed to find her. We assure you that he was very glad to keep his promise and found occasions for keeping many more, and so they lived happy ever after.

Story

ONE BRIGHT April day, little Fairy Frannie Brown fluttered her wings and wiggled her eyelashes and determined to do some work. Since it was the day of the famous Girls' Club Dance and Candy Sale, she decided to sell candy. Very gracefully she fluttered up and got a blue and yellow basket full of the most wonderful candy. (She will vouch for this. She tasted one piece from every bag.) In her wake she left bags of candy and sweet smiles which turned to expressions of misery as the candy was tasted. Now the critical moment occurs. Frannie had but three bags of candy left. She was alone except for Kewpie Arnstein, who was gently flitting down the stairs. Frannie fluttered over to him and chimed in his ear:

"Sweets to the sweet, Kewpie. Buy some candy?"

"Betcherlife. Gimme three." And he fell.

The Twelve Princesses

ONCE UPON A TIME in the land of Bay View there dwelt a principal who had in his domain twelve beautiful princesses whose names were MARY, MARGARET, MILDRED, MARTHA, MARIE, MAY, MURIEL, MABEL, MARIAN, MIBBS, MYRTLE, and MADELINE. Now these were sought by many brave and bold princes, but they were all refused until the mystery which surrounded the princesses was solved, for every night, the princesses were sent home to study, and every day their work was undone.

To the prince who solved this mystery, the principal offered his choice, but as yet none had succeeded, and all had lost their heads (in more ways than one).

Finally, the gallant PRINCE ORVILLE THE FAIRY decided to try his luck. First he went down to the haberdasher and decked himself out in a striped shirt and a red tie. Then he betook himself to the booter's (not bootlegger's) and purchased a pair of red oxfords. Then from the drug shop he got a box of candy and a cake of wax. Thus armed, he went to call on the PRINCESS MARY DITH. The Princess welcomed him sweetly, and accepted his token of love, and invited him into the parlor to listen in on the radio, while she curled her golden locks. The crafty prince gave one burning glance at the wax, melted it, and put it in his ears. Then he turned on the radio.

Meanwhile, the sly Princess Mary had donned a beautiful evening gown and a pair of silver dancing slippers. She slipped past the door and out into the night. But Prince Orville, perceiving her out of the left corner of his right eye, followed. At eleven different homes she stopped and yelled, and from each home there issued forth a princess. A taxi was hailed and they all piled in. Prince Orville slipped into the spare tire. When they passed a bump on Greenfield and Clinton, Prince Orville groaned. The sharp ears of the Princess Mary heard it.

Stop! What is that groaning I hear?"

"Hush!" replied Princess Mabel, "it is but the wheeze of the engine."

Arriving at a beautiful palace, they came upon eleven handsome princes. One of them touched a button. Here they danced the night away. Disguised by the crowd, Prince Orville boldly asked the Princess May for a dance. After the dance he politely refused to return her vanity case.

Promptly, on the stroke of twelve, they descended and entered the taxi. Again Prince Orville the Fairy took the spare tire. Crossing the bridge, he fell off. He picked himself up and pursued the rattling can. His footsteps, on the Kinnickinnic Bridge, sounded like drums of doom. Again the cautious Princess Mary asked:

"Stop! What was that dull thud which strikes my ears?"

"Hush! It is but the beating of my heart," replied one of the princesses.

The next night he repeated his actions, calling this time on Princess MYRTLE, and gyping the handkerchief of Princess MIBBS, and the third night he called on Princess MILDRED, and obtained, under false pretenses, the dance program of Princess MURIEL.

On the fourth morning, he reported to the principal, who called in the twelve princesses and faced them with the evidence.

So SIR ORVILLE THE FAIRY married the PRINCESS MARY DITH.

Z P X R

ONCE UPON A TIME, FLORENCE SMITH, Queen of the Merry Girls' Club, was walking down the corridor. As she passed East Assembly, she heard some one say:

"Oh, you taste CATH CASEY'S fudge. It's absolutely the best ever made."

Queen Florence stretched out her left ear a trifle to take in this information. The next day Catherine was officially notified that she was honored with the commission of providing a pound of fudge for the Girls' Candy Sale.

"Alas! Alas!" murmured Cath, "who has done this evil thing? My fudge is soft as a man's heart and tastes like Sta-Comb. What shall I do?"

Just at that moment, who should be passing but REGINALD SMITH disguised as a goblin. Hearing the weeping, he stopped to inquire what was the matter.

"Ah," sobbed Cath, "I have been ordered to make some fudge for Girls' Club and—sniff, sniff,—my fudge is not fit for polite society."

"Oh, don't cry any more," said the manly Reg. "I'll fix that up. I used to study ornipschzetonology, so I'll make some for you, if you'll only smile."

So Cath wiped away her tears and carefully powdered her nose and smiled. And the next day Reg appeared with a box of the most delicious fudge ever tasted.

And so when Girls' Club gave another Candy Sale, Cath was asked to contribute two pounds. Again Cath sat down and wept, and again Noble Reg appeared and came to the rescue.

And so when Girls' Club gave a Candy Sale again, with a dance as an added attraction, Cath was ordered to appear with five pounds. Again she sat down and wept copious tears, and again Reg appeared on the scene.

"What will you give me if I make you the fudge?" he asked. Now the first time Cath had given him a smile; the second time a piece of fudge, and now she was nonplussed. He declined her vanity case, her handkerchief, and her beads.

"What will you have?" she asked.

"The first dance," he answered.

"All right, you shall have it," said Cath.

So the next day Reg produced the fudge. But as the dance drew near, Cath wished she had not given away the first dance. So she sought out the goblin and asked him to release her from her promise. This he refused to do, unless she found out his middle name by that time.

So finally the day of the dance dawned and Cath was still in ignorance of his middle name. As she sat in the assembly, all of a sudden a little bird popped out of nowhere and laid a note before her. Cath read it with wondering eyes. This is what it said:

"His middle name is Z P X R, accent on the first syllable, and pronounced like the K in nutmeg."

There was no signature.

When the dance started, she faced him triumphantly.

"Your middle name is——", but alas, she only stuttered. She could not say it. Then the dance music started. All of a sudden the disguise fell off, and there stood Reg Smith in all his glory. His explanation fell upon sympathetic ears, and so they finale-hopped until the music stopped (rhyme is unintentional.)

Come Join! Come Join!

F. O. B. Club—We Specialize in Parliamentary Law.

H. Gerling: "The meeting will please come to order!"

H. Gerling: "Will the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting?"

K. Delicek: "On February 31, a regular meeting of the F. O. B. Club in Room 214. There was a full attendance and all seats were occupied so the latecomers sat on the floor. After the minutes had been read and disapproved in general, a motion to provide arsenic for the Swat-the-fly Campaign was carried. As a supplement, Mr. Housfeld donated ten cents for fly paper in order to catch display specimen to further our cause in the campaign. The following program was given:

"'Why We Observe St. Patrick's Day'—Eugene Arnstein.

"'To a Radiator' (original poem)—Mabel Parker.

"'Life and Works of Ring Lardner'—Helen Giese.

"'If Winter Comes, Will Spring Be Late as Ever'—Orchestral Number.

Mr. Sanderson, Mouth Organ.
Miss Glover, Comb.
Mr. Wheeler, Saw.

"The meeting then adjourned."

Pres. Gerling: "Will all those who disapprove of, or wish to correct the minutes, please stand."

(Audience rises in a body.)

"Mr. Housfeld!"

Mr. Housfeld: "I object to the wording of the minutes. I donated money for fly-paper to catch flies and not to catch campaigners."

Pres. Gerling: "Miss Delicek, will you change the minutes to suit Mr. Housfeld? All the rest of the objections can be mailed to the secretary. Is there any old business.

M. Aldridge: "Madam President."

H. Gerling: "Miss Aldridge."

M. Aldridge: "I suggest that we advertise our Swat-the-fly Campaign by distributing fly-swatters to Mr. Fritsche and the faculty."

F. Smith: "I think we could do more good by arousing the artistic emotions of the teachers. Therefore I move that we tie pink ribbons on the handles so that they can be hung around the neck."

H. Gerling: "The motion has been made and seconded. Is there any discussion?

Gem Maurer: "I think red and black ribbons would be more appropriate."

H. Gerling: "I prefer pink. Objection overruled. Are you ready for the question?"

Gang-in-Unison: "Question."

H. Gerling: "The question is that the F. O. B. Club buy pink ribbons for the fly-swatters to be distributed to the faculty. All those in favor please say Aye."

All: "Aye."

H. Gerling: "The motion is carried. Is there any other business, either old or new? If not, we will go on with the program. The first number will be a talk on 'Drama in the Stone Age' by Miss Steel, which will be followed by a discussion of the 'Artistic Temperament of the Boilermaker' by Mr. Kubal."

Applause from audience.

(Indicates Flight of Time.)

H. Gerling: "I wish to announce that at our next meeting a debate will take place on this question. Resolved: That all women bob their hair. Mr. Housfeld, Mr.

Wheeler and Mr. Sanderson will uphold the affirmative, and Mr. Kubal, Mr. Buettner and Mr. Ferry, the negative. The judges are Miss Wolfe, Miss Shannon, and Miss Fowle.

"A motion for adjournment is in order."

G. Brockel: "Madam Chairman, I move we adjourn."

All: "Second the motion."

H. Gerling: "A motion to adjourn was made and seconded. All those in favor respond by the usual sign."

All: "Aye."

H. Gerling: "The motion is carried." (Exit All.)

(FINIS.)

Red Head

ONCE UPON A TIME there dwelt in East Study Hall, during fourth hour, a little girl whose name was MARY ELIZABETH FOUNTAIN. Now, although her name was Mary, everyone called her Red Head because of obvious reasons. Now, one day little Red Head's English teacher told her to go to the Library and read a certain poem. So Red Head took her pencil and a notebook and tripped merrily off to the Lib.

She was no sooner out of the Study Hall, however, when she met a great big wolf (in sheep's clothing), AL NELSON.

"Good morning, Little Red Head," said the wolf, "where are you bound for?"

"I'm going to the Library, to read a poem," said Little Red Head.

"So am I," responded the wolf. "Let us see who reaches there first."

Little Red Head agreed and they started out. Red Head, however, stopped for a drink and so the wolf reached there first and got the poem that Red Head wanted to read. When Red Head arrived, she looked for the book and was unable to find it, so she sat down and wept. Then the wolf came over and sat down beside her.

"Little Red Head, why are you crying?"

"Oh, wolf," said Red Head, "someone has taken the book of poems, and now I shall not be able to read them, and I shall get a zero in English."

"That's too bad," said the wolf, slicking back his hair.

"Oh, wolf," said the girl, "what shiny hair you have!"

"The better to make you admire me!" said the wolf.

"What big teeth you have, Wolf!" said Red Head.

"The better to eat ice cream sundaes with, my dear!" said the wolf.

"Oh, wolf," said Red Head, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hold you with, my dear, when we dance," said the wolf.

Red Head blushed and giggled.

"Oh, what a line you have, wolf!" she said.

"All the better to make you laugh, my dear!" said the wolf.

At this Red Head laughed aloud and was banished from the Library for a week.

Peter Pan

SPRING had come, and with it came the curtain-clad acetic dancers flitting here and there on the grassy green. One day we saw our friends ARCHIE IMIG, clad in a Peter Pan costume, playing hop-scotch on a flute, or something that looked like a flute, but sounded like the dickens. And skipping along by his side was his Wendy, MARJORIE KIEFER, her hand trustingly in his. Then Peter said to Wendy, "Let us fly together!" So they flew. Over the treetops, over other people's heads (Archie often says things over people's heads) and also over Dunn. This having been done, they alighted at a place called Hoodlum's Haven, where they entered, but soon came flying out again, having been propelled by some unseen force. But wildly pursuing came the motherly matron of the Haven, with one shoe off, ready to reciprocate their offense. They reached, at last, a river, which they overflew with ease, while the enemy screamed after them till the river overflowed and silenced her effectively. But still they flew, and the villains still pursued them, for by this time there were many others in the chase. But then they each grabbed a cloud, and threw it at the madding crowd, who ceased ignoble strife, for the cloud completely squelched them. "Fly on Wendy!" cried Peter, so Wendy brushed it off, and on they flew. At last their destination hove in sight, and each heaved a sigh of relief. Peter's comrades gathered around their leader, to give Wendy the once-over. Suddenly some ancient fruit came whizzing from above, and dyed Wendy's hair a beautiful crimson. Alas! The villains still were in evidence. Far in the distance, they spied the onrushing pedestry, skirts flapping, slippers brandishing, a wild-looking mob. But Peter calmly reached up and pulled a cloud around them, which made them so comfortable a shelter that they left it that way. They heard the enemy around them, but were powerless, till Peter, in despair, fashioned a three-yard piece of white silk from the moisture in the cloud, marked it twenty-five cents, and let a woman's nature do the rest. The fitful breeze would waft it out of reach, till, at last, even the most stationary woman of the lot, who weighed three-hundred pounds, was madly pursuing the bargain. As Peter looked out, he spied the angry mob in the distance, going farther away every minute. "All safe, Wendy! Come on out!" he cried. Wendy did so, and immediately wanted to know how he did it. He said they were all after that one three-yard piece of white silk marked twenty-five cents. 'Oh! I must have that for mother!" cried Wendy, and spread her wings and flew away toward the ever-increasing mob. In vain Peter flew behind her, beseeching her return. She would not listen. On they flew, but Wendy flew faster. Peter gave it up at last, shrugged his shoulders, and flew back home, only to find that even his boys had deserted him. Poor Archie! He followed the crowd, too, because he had nothing left to do, but even he soon became so absorbed in the chase that he forgot everything else, and when last we saw him, he was leaping, calling, shoving, pushing, just like the rest.

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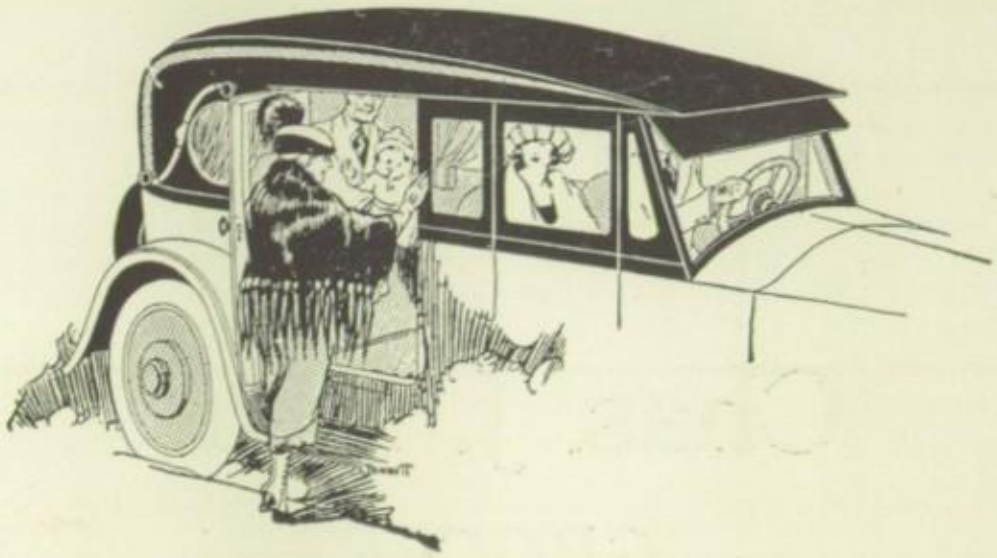

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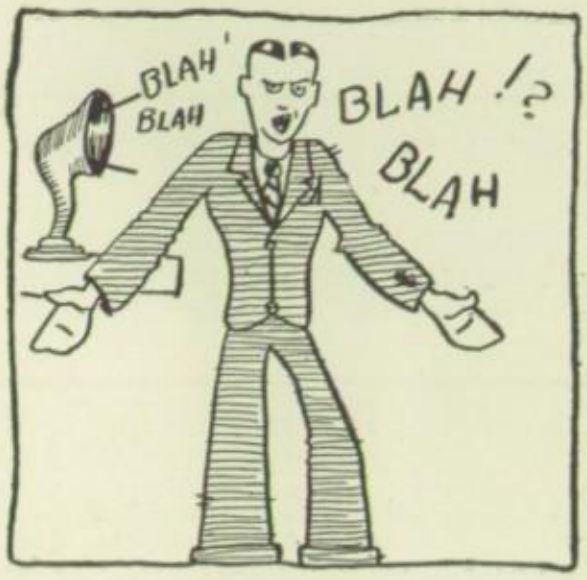
School Calendar

ONCE upon a time a bell pealed (no, not like a banana) and called the King of the Fairies (Mr. Fritsche), the host of triumphant (?) sprites (the teachers), the highbrow fairies (juniors and seniors), the wise (maybe) elves (sophomores), and the green elves (freshies) to the Home of the Fairies (B. V. H. S.) to continue their fight against Puck (illiteracy). The day was September 2, 1924.

On the 3rd day of this month, all the young ones came early to find out what moving pictures were not shown in the auditorium and the seniors came early to sit in the library until Mr. Fritsche told them why seniors should not take Penmanship and Spelling.



September 5

On the 5th we saw several new teachers running around loose. Miss Snow came from some place in Florida (it's pretty hot for Snow in Florida—I tried to be funny, but it's no use, 'snow use. Then the loud spea—pardon me, I mean the public speaker, Mr. Haefner, arrived. Mr. Weller says his name is spelled with a wubleyou, and Mr. Johnson is no relation to Jack.

On the 10th, Mr. Sawyer brought his new wife to school with him. She wanted to look over her new (get the "new") husband's school. Heads were popped out of every door to ask "Do you care for anything," but "No I'm just looking" (I hate that expression—it reminds me of going shopping with my ma) would be the reply.

September 20

On the 20th, our husky red and black warriors tramped (and they sure looked like tramps when they got out of that mud) to the park and easily slid 20 points over the line before the Shorewood gang gave up.

On the 27th, the first mark day, the teachers handed us the same line as always—"Well I'm not very well acquainted with you yet, so your mark is probably, not exactly what it should be. I haven't got your number yet"—and of course Kubal had to chime in "When you get my number, call me up some time.'

October 2

October 13

By the end of the month, Mr. Kastner had become a floorwalker, walking the floor of his own house every night with the new baby—. Her name is Helen—after Helen of Troy, where the shirts and collars come from.

Hanover 356

Henry Hanson, Prop.

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OCTOBER

On the 2nd, all the fellows in East wondered why all the girls were eating taffy apples. And when Al Nelson asked Edna Wolff for a bite, she told him they were for Girl's Club members only. Al wasn't accepted as a member.

On the 6th, Mr. Minnevitch came to school to play on the mouth organ. He sure could make it talk. He explained it was easy to do. Any of us could learn to play it—with about 10 years of practice.

Hurrah! On the 11th, we marched up to Athletic Park to meet East, at that time champs. Hot dog! Were we surprised? Our boys rushed the ball down the field five times before East knew where they were at. "There was a hot time in Bay View that night."

One the 13th, Mr. Gillo found a large box of candy on his desk with a sign on it reading: "Sweets from the sweet to the victors." Who'll solve the mystery of who put it there? Art Buettner said he knew—. Sh-h-h-h——it was the "she teachers."

October 30

On the 18th, the campus was completed. Oh, boy! It sure looked swell. Mr. Fritsche had to sit on the field every night to see that the team stayed off. He said that the ground wasn't settled yet. I don't know whether he meant that next payment or the earth itself. But the ground sure is settled now—almost to China.

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Alex, the "Mummy"

On the 22nd, some of the girls of the dramatic club showed us what we do when we go to the poorhouse, but they didn't tell us what to do to keep out of it. I suggest that all the girls hook a rich guy and all the guys hook a rich girl. Now all you have to do is get the guy or the girl.

On the 24th, the cross country boys travelled to Racine and the Belle City boys just heard "Excuse our dust" from Bay View. When someone asked Wohlgemuth if he ran, he said, "No, but I passed up all those that did." So goes the old saying—"all those who didn't run from Bull Run are still there." Well our boys wouldn't be at Bull Run, for they sure ran all season, and won a name for themselves (as if they didn't have any) and their school.

November 6

Sh-h-h. Mum's the word. Do you know what a "mum" is? It's a piece or a few pieces of paper that you pay a dime for. Why do you pay a dime for it? Oh, yes—it's red and black; and when a pretty girl comes around to sell you one, if you buy it, it shows you've got school spirit. You can talk about Santa Claus decorating things up, but Alex Bukolt got the jump on him this time; for he came in with more ornaments on the 30th than Santa ever put on a tree.—How come? Why the ornaments were all "mums".

All Student Portraits in this, as in the last two All-American Oracle Annuals, were taken by

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OPEN EVENINGS

Odd?--That's Queer

On the 31st, everyone wondered why Ralph Smith was leading Jerry Bodine around by the hand. I know why—. The day was Hallowe'en, and Jerry was afraid of Goblins.. Ralph had to protect him. (I bet Ralph wished Clara was afraid of Goblins so he could hold her hand,—don't blush.)

NOVEMBER

This month started with a bang. On the 1st, the B. V. H. S. F. B. T. & C. (Bay View High School Foot Ball Team and Coaches) went to Maple Leaf Park and licked Mamma. It was really a shame, but we've been letting her go so long that something simply had to be done.

On the 5th, Mr. Fritsche announced that we would be free for two days. The teachers had to go to a convention. What a shock! He said that forty ODD teachers from Bay View would attend.

On the 6th, Mr. Kastner and his gang went to the zoo. What a surprise it was to find that no one was kept there.

November 30

On the 12th, the Boys' Club showed its worth by having Mr. Alfred Hiles Bergen sing for the school.

On the 25th, some great news reached the school. Two Bay View boys were picked (no, Oscar, not like cherries) for the All-City team. The paper stated that Roensch took care of one end, and Franklin held down one of the tackles (with his weight, he could hold down an aeroplane).

A Leading Question

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Oh! My Tummy

On the 27th, the school was empty. WHY? Don't you remember? It was Thanksgiving Day,—yes, everyone was thankful that there was no school. Besides, that turkey sure was good. OH B0Y! Those legs and wings! Vic Behlendorf wasn't at school for a week. Well, a little fellow like him should be careful how much he eats.

On the 28th, while some of us were eating the remains of what was, a few days before, a perfectly healthy turkey (that is those who could), the plumbers came and installed liquid soap in school. Such a foolish idea.—Why, only dirty people use soap!

December 3

On the 30th, great tidings were brought from Madison by some of The Oracle staff who were there during the Thanksgiving Holidays. The Oracle Annual again won ALL-AMERICAN honors. JUST THINK —one of the BEST yearbooks in the whole U. S. and THE BEST in Wisconsin—Oh Boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

DECEMBER

On the 2nd, as we put the earmuffs on our heads, we heard "This is W.S.O.E. broadcasting a program by members of the Bay View High School Radio Club." Some of those who played over the radio said they were invisible so no one could do what they'd like to if the program didn't satisfy. But the music really was good.

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Arnstein-- How Could You?

On the 3rd, the Boys' Club put on their vodvil show for the school—for 20c. Gee! It was great. Such singing, such dancing, such jokes,—W-O-N-D-E-R-F-U-L is the word for the whole show. Every act made a HIT,—"Fat" Arnstein (Gilda) GOT HIT. But he said the cabbage sure tasted swell when he had it for supper that night.

On the 8th, we learned how to get a job when the Dramatic Club put on a play—"Wanted, a Valet." Altho Erwin Bauer tried and tried, it was all in vain. No one needed a valet. Erwin, maybe Miss Jameson will want one for her trip to Europe.

On the 18th, Santa Claus visited the Girls' Club. He was heartily welcomed by all—except Gem Maurer, who is afraid of him. Evelyn Kranz got a compact (that makes 16 that she's got now, but they are going like hotcakes because of use). Mildred Diefenderfer got a pair of scissors (what can she use them for?—Oh, now I get Santa's idea. He thought she'd bob her hair).

December 19

On the 19th, we sang "no more teachers, no more books"—for ten days. The idea of this vacation was to give Eugene Wheeler time to buy a present for (?)—well, I don't know who, but he was out shopping every day and didn't decide until Xmas Eve. What was it? It was a compact. Oh, how the boys do lead US girls astray.

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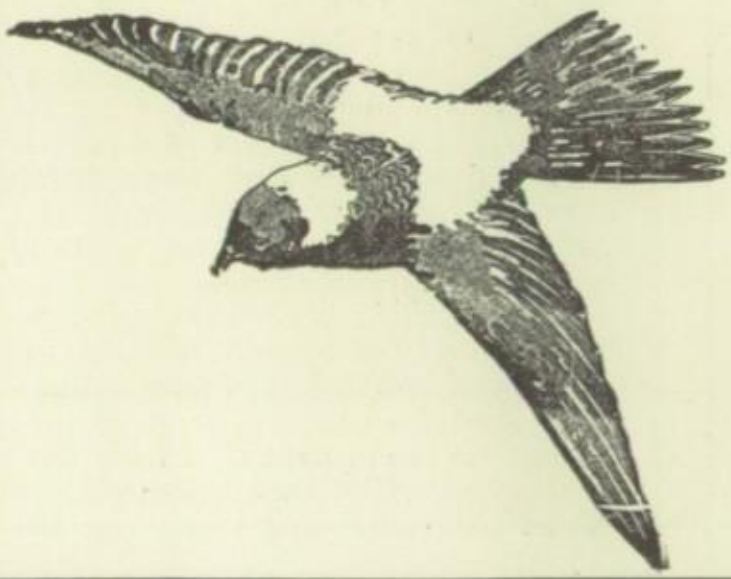

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Gillo Jr. Arrives

JANUARY

On the 2nd, every one came to school all dolled up. Eugenia Fowle brought a couple of her new compacts. Art Cizon brought a carton of gum and immediately the two stenographers, Blanche Tobin and Evelyn Corzilius, got stuck on him.

On the 5th, Miss Roberts opened the door of the Lady Teachers' Room and fainted. The crowds gathered. Buckets of water were rushed in to give her a drink. What was the cause of this sudden breakdown????? Why the room was refurnished. My, what a cause for excitement!

January 5

On the 16th, we got all dolled up and arrived at school at 7:30 P. M. —before the doors opened. Why did we come to school in the evening???? Why, to see "DULCY", of course. And didn't she (I mean Dulcy) think she was a help to Harlan? But now that all turned out O. K., we hope that the two don't fight anymore, and that the new bride and groom get along fine, too. Oh, didn't you know Edna Wolff and Theo Otjen were hooked? Well, they are, and are the happiest pair on earth—Don't get angry, Eugene.

On the 27th, Mr. Gillo came to school all puffed up and swelled out. "Why the big head?" asked someone. And the coach announced that he was the proud papa of a baby boy, Hank Jr. He then immediately passed the cigars and candy—to the faculty.

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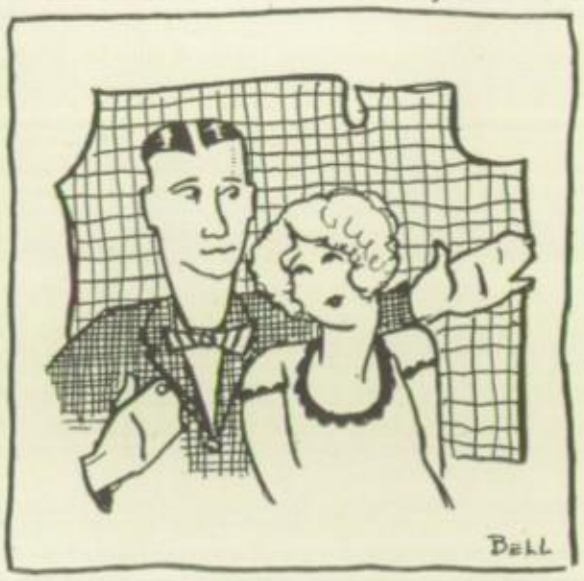


January 16

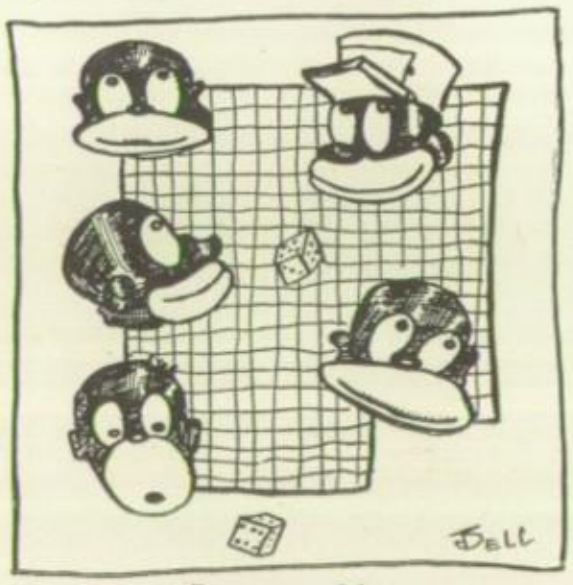
"Hang it!" cried Al "Sambo" Nelson at the Singing 8 Balls' show on the 21st.

'Hang what?" asked Ed "Rastus" Andrews.

"The wash," laughed Al.

But jokes weren't the whole show; there was some swell singing. Art Buettner and "Cow" Johnson welcomed us with "How DO You DO" and Kerner looked for "Sally", while Awe wanted to know what he should do. All in all, the show got rid of many a sad, dark heart—and made many a dark, black face.

On the 26th, all the freshies got the thrill of their lives—going for their first exam. An hour and a half of steady writing, and even worse—thinking. Such a life! But for this we got a whole half holiday.



January 21

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Oh, You Kid--Tra La

On the 30th, we (the seniors) all waltzed down to the gym to attend the senior dance. The music was delightful; and so fairy-like did Ray Mertes dance that he thought he'd float away. Besides everyone got a kick out of the punch.

FEBRUARY

On the 1st, a gang of new students arrived and the new semester started with a bang—no, I mean a yell. The cheer leaders got up on the stage and led a yell for the freshies in the upper berth. Yes, we have to use the auditorium shelf now; the family's growing. Not yet has a freshie ACCIDENTALLY fallen into the tank—how queer.

On the 3rd, the faculty got a boost —no, not like that—in number only.

On the 14th, Herbert "Oscar" Yahnke came to school carrying several envelopes for his several lady friends. The blessed ones were Gladys Harrington, Ena Harrison, Sally Armbruster, and Mae Possing. Each envelope contained an "I love you" card—a valentine. Yes, since Herbert's been in school, we have had a new shiek.

January 30

On the 23rd, we celebrated (not like we did New Years's Eve) Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays with a program (can you imagine—a program—not even a holiday in memory of the two greatest men in our history). Mr. Balustrari sang for us.

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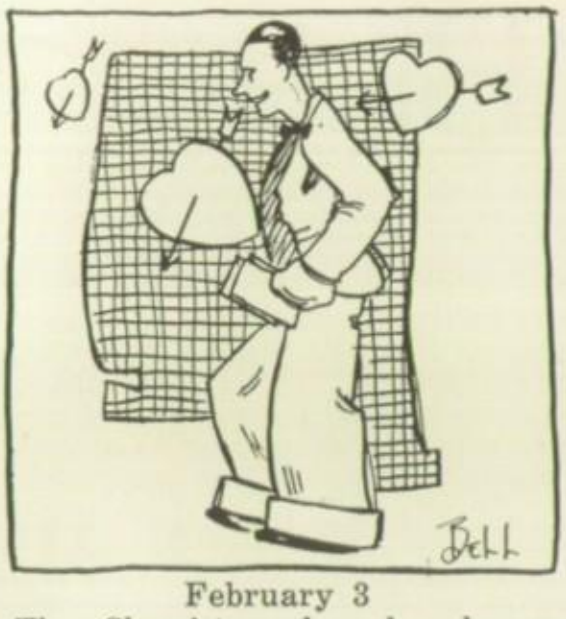

February 3

The Chemistry class has become sort of a club this season. They rent a sight-seeing bus and away they go. On the 27th, they went to the Coke Plant (no, it's not a tree). Each student received a piece of coke as a souvenir.

On the 28th, all the boys celebrated by wearing a sign on their backs "If we leap, don't yell; it's Boys' Leap Year."

MARCH

On the 2nd, Dr. Sunderland told us why horses eat hay and grow fat, and why we eat white bread and grow thin (Alice Schumacher says she'll continue eating white bread—I wonder why). Anyhow he said "A bunch of celery a day keeps the doctor away—and an onion a day and you'll get shipped to Bermuda, the land of sunshine and onions.

February 27

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March 3

On the 3rd, we celebrated "Baby Day". Everyone tried to get back his childhood days. Mr. Gillo got the Measles, and Mr. Sawyer got Rubella (Ruby). Herbert Rasche brought a rattle to school and Gladys Yokum brought one of her dolls. Charlie Miotke got the Mumps, and Art Buettner got the croup.

Several others got the spring fever—Menton Anderson, Don Hickman, Armin Schild, and several others went HOME in the afternoon.

On the 4th, we learned why we've got a Radio Club. We went into the auditorium to hear the inauguration of President Coolidge by radio. After two hours of waiting, we heard Chief Justice Taft ask, "Will you perform the duties of president to the best of your ability?" And "Did I say no?" Coolidge replied.

March 16

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THE physical foundation gained through right living in youth, saves us from many an ache and pain in the years that follow.

Gridley

Copyright Feb. 1924

All the World Was Green

On the 13th, Mr. Isaacson came to talk to us about grand opera. He said that even real men can enjoy opera. Why even out West, where men are men and women are governors, they enjoy grand opera. "If you like cheap things, you are cheap," he said. But Meyer Housfeld only replied, "The cheaper the better."

On the 16th, there was much doing at the school. Bill Roddy, whom we all know, returned to school, and the school is again moving (and probably some of the rest of us will be moving—by request). Miss Statz broke her arm at the door right below the elbow. You ask what that noise was you heard eighth hour???? Why a Brass Band organized—yes, our school will be able to have a band parade up and down the football field as well as the other schools.

March 18

On the 17th, we learned about the real St. Patrick's Day. Everybody wore green (except the freshies—they're green enough). Many years ago on this day, St. Pat chased all the snakes from Ireland into the ocean—and if any snakes in B. V. H. S. this year saw the green, I bet they'd try to swim Lake Michigan.

On the 18th, we had the pleasure of seeing Hudson Alofs in a natural mode, making love in the play, "Pygmalion and Galatea". And the play was good—well it ought to be with all his experience and Evelyn Trotter as the statue and Miss Duggan as coach.

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Bugs, Sharks, Etc.

March 19

On the 19th, another club formed. You have head of radio bugs—well, they have a club. You have heard of Latin sharks—well, they have a club. You have heard of Public Speaking bugs—well, they have a club. So the Golf Bugs decided to organize, and the B. V. H. S. will be represented in the state high school tournament by the B. V. H. S. Golf Club.

APRIL

On the 1st, all the freshies had their chance. They could play tricks on the rest and not be hurt for it. Good use was made of the day. The motto was "I'll fool a senior today if it takes all week". Walter Hintz stayed home. He said, "A day away sometimes saves many a day some other time."

April 14

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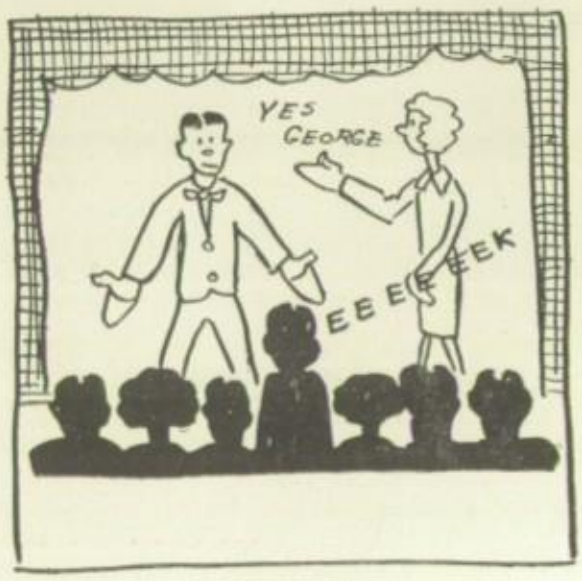
How Loud Is a Tie?

On the 3rd, everyone was joyful. Why???? Because we knew it was the last day of school for a week. We had time to get our basket ready for the Easter Bunny to fill, and to get our clothes to show off on Easter Sunday. Salow's tie won the prize. He said, "It's easy to win the girl with a line of gab; a loud tie talks."

On the 14th, the news came out. Three teachers, and all women, are going to Europe this summer. Miss Jameson is going to Ireland, her motherland, first, and learn how to toss bricks; after that she is going to Monte Carlo and find out how they play poker in French. While she is in the vicinity, Miss Ziegler will be eating spaghetti and helping hold the leaning tower up—no, she's not going to rob it. Miss Collins will go to Scotland. She said she likes Scotch.



April 20

Do you believe in ghosts????? None of us thought we did and Olie Nordstrom even SWORE he didn't. All went well. On the 20th, we all went to the Dramatic Club Ghost Play. All of a sudden someone yelled at the top of his voice eeeeeee-e-e-ekkk. The play stopped, the lights were turned on, and an investigation followed. Finally Olaf confessed he was the cause of it all. "I'm not afraid of ghosts," he said, "I just saw a mouse run across the floor." ?????

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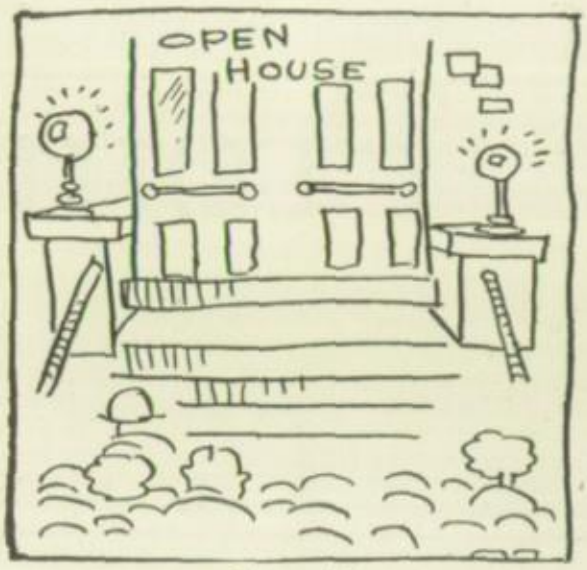

May 15

"JIGS!!! JIGS!!! Two in as many weeks and I'm all in," remarked "Kewpie" Arnstein after the Boys' Club Trot on the 29th. So probably the clubs will see that the dances are spread all over—no, not like jam—but one every month, instead of one two months or more away from the last and then another in a week. It's too much for Kewpie.

MAY

On the 2nd, the track team met South. The boys said, "Feet, do your duty," and they did.

Everyone came to school on the evening of the 15th to look over the place (as if we don't see enough of it in the daytime).

On the 23rd, "Daddy Long Legs" was given (no, no one gave a spider away) as the school play.

May 23

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The Last Words

On the 30th, Ruth Meredith painted the wash posts in the back yard. It was Decoration Day and she wanted to do her bit.

JUNE

On the 15th, everyone packed his books and got ready for the exams. Many were sorry (?) that they were taking their books home for the last time—from Bay View. Anyhow we all sang and yelled, and studied like —anything for the exams.

June 19

On the 19th, many pupils got a red and black (Mr. Fritsche said it's crimson and black) ribbon around a diploma. This meant they were to leave our portals never to return for an exam again. I am one of them, so:

I hope that perhaps you might
Have read my story with delight;
I tried to make it tell a tale
(And I hope I did not fail)
Of the 1925 high school year
And end this book of Fairyland
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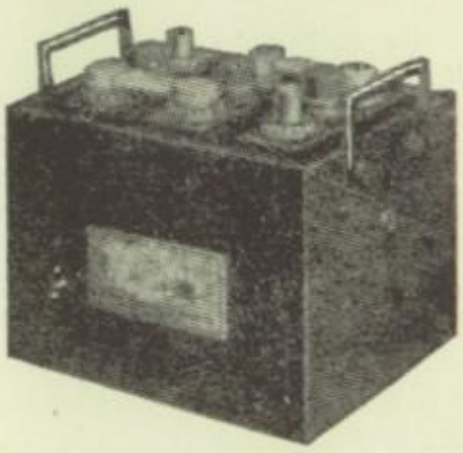

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Gullible's Travels

Once upon a time there dwelt a fair young lad named Harry Karl, who for the sake of living up to the title of this story, we will call Gullible. His earliest claim to individuality was when he believed a little story told by Mr. Kastner, which runs like this:

"Once I had a little fish, and I kept him in a tank. Every day I took out some of the water and finally the fish lived without any water. Then I kept him in a bird cage. But one day the spring on the cage door got loose, and the door opened. The fish —I called him Marmaduke; he was so aristocratic—flew out, but his fins were a little weak and instead of flying he sank into a glass of water and was drowned."

Gullible took it in and the next day he made a speech on it, using it as an interesting experiment in psycho-analysis.

His next adventure was in the land of Sunset Dreams. While in his zoology class he was indulging in his favorite pastime of dreaming.

"What's the question?" whispered Harry to his neighbor.

"Characteristics of Dodo," answered the witty one. Gullible swallowed it and then rose to recite.

"A rather silly bird that is now extinct."

Gullible's next and last adventure was this: He asked a girl if she would care to see a show and she said she didn't know, and he believed it, and asked somebody else. Oh, Innocence! thy name is man.

Little fairy raindrops
  Fluttering thru the air,
Make me wish that I'd been born
  With naturally curly hair.

Lawrence: "Why do you write A. D. after Tom's name? He never went to college and besides there is no such degree."

Florence: "He may never have gone to college, but the letters stand for 'Awful Dumb'."

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Slivers

If you have a sliver in your finger, the idea is, as a rule, to try and get it out. This may be accomplished by merely grasping it between the thumb and forefinger or perhaps it cannot. In the latter case, jump up and down a few times to loosen it and try again. It may be necessary to turn a few somersets, or other such, before sliver is loosened. If that fails, drastic measures must be taken, such as smashing finger. (This sometimes occurs during the process of elimination, rendering it unnecessary at this point.) If sliver is still present, say anything you like to yourself, but notify Police Department at once.

If people died as many times as they thought they would, some WOULD have to be catty, double-catty, triple-catty, or quadruple-catty, etc., ad infinitum, depending on whether or not the Eskimos are considering the use of blubber for building icehouses.

So many people seem to think that just because it's spring they have a perfect right to fall in love, which is not at all necessary. Take me for a practical example. I—say, "Is my tie on straight? Here comes Millie". And so it goes.

Some of you smart boys try and figure this out (contest open to girls also)—"Why do boys always run?"

Ha! Ha! I'm smarter than all of you—To get there, of course.

People are becoming very disagreeable on account of Cross Words. (If you don't get the point, you're dense.)

Pick: "What does this B. C. after your liabilities stand for? This is the 20th century."

Wick: "Borrowed Cash."

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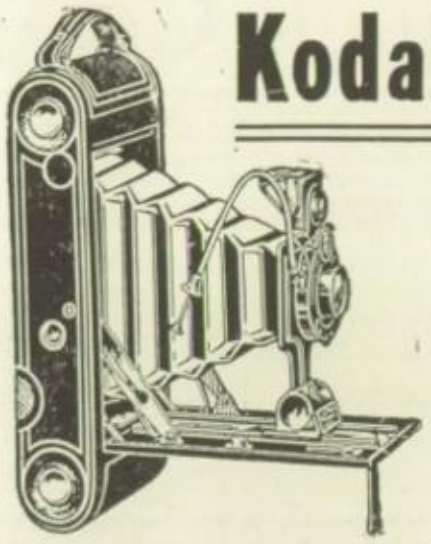

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Sweet Young Thing: "Do you get a 'kick' out of dancing?

He: "Yes, when I get too near to a couple who are doing the collegiate."

FRENCH PASTRY, EH?

She: "When I got through talking to him, he was like pie to me."

He: "A little crusty?"

AS I WAS SAYING

He: "I have a 'Tin Roof Sundae.' "

She: "Why?"

He: "It's on the house."

CALL THE DOCTOR

Freshie: "Carlyle's Burns! Was he burned very badly?"

HELEN—Y—?

Mr. Kyper: "After they took the test they discovered that they were 'Ys'."

Helen Gerling: "I'd take the test, too, if it would make me wise."

LINES WRITTEN TO WORDSWORTH

Dear Bill:

Blah!

Hoping you are the same, I remain
Ebenezer McDaugherty,
(Till all my friends rebel and change my name.)

HUMOR SO CALLED.
FAIRY TALES.

Somebody wrote some humor once that was so funny that the doctors earned enough money to retire; so many people laughed themselves sick.

To skip or not to skip. Is that a question?
I answer "No; a mere suggestion."
With similar memories the thought does pall,
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

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Twentieth Century Nursery Rhymes

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
And when it got wet
The curl came out, you bet,
And then the little curl looked horrid.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To the cafeteria, sir," she said.
"Don't run so fast, my pretty maid,
"Or I'll see that you're delayed."

A 100-liter flask sat on the wall,
A 100-liter flask took a great fall,
And all the chem students and six bottles of glue
Couldn't make that flask look good as new.

"Ha, Ha, Teacher,
Have you any marks?"
"Yes, sir, yes, sir!
Enough for the sharks.
A ninety for the highest,
An eighty for the next,
But a zero for the little boy
Who doesn't know his text."

When Morty was a bachelor,
He lived by himself.
And all the compacts that he gypped
He put upon the shelf.
But now that he's determined
To get himself a wife,
He'd better throw those things away
And save a lot of strife.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
I've got a hole in my sock.
The hole's begun,
And down she'll run!
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How do your standings go?"
"Silver twos and fours and threes,
And pretty red rings in a row."

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What's in a name?

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Page Mack Sennett

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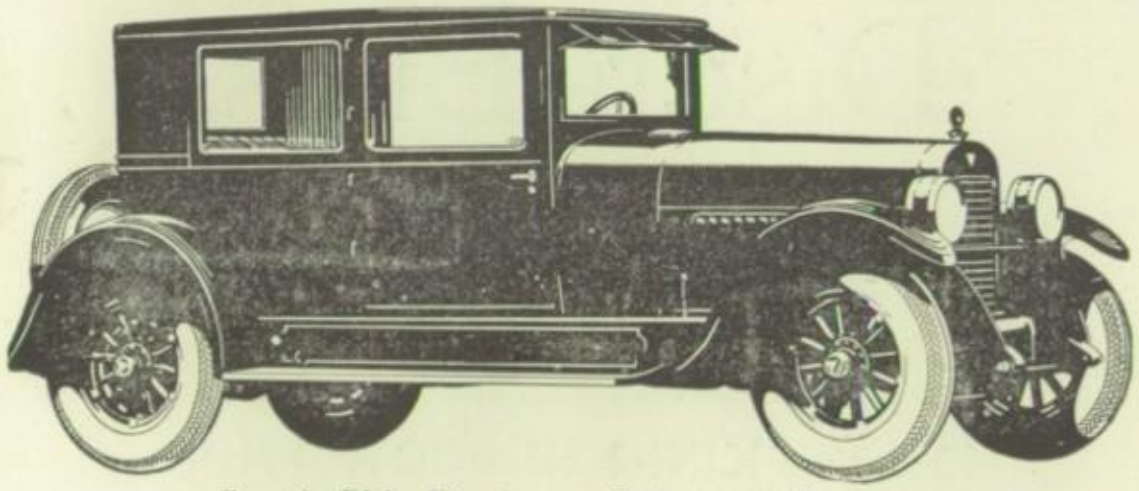

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An Uplifting Ode

He lit the match, then read the sign,
The night was dark and stormy,
The cops were off the beat,
A man was slowly walking
Upon his own two feet.

He came to Lincoln Avenue,
Which way should he go?
The corner was perplexing,
His way he did not know.

A match was in his pocket,
A box forthwith he climbed. Ah me!
He lit the match, then read the sign,
Then rose in air—'twas T. N. T.

Ode To Darkness

It was midnight on the ocean,
On the land 'twas twelve o'clock;
It was pitch dark in the parlor,
When Papa got a shock.

He was fussing with the meter,
When a pesky fuse blew out,
So he rushed up to the kitchen
And he raised a lusty shout.

The house was pitched in darkness,
From the parlor came no noise;
He thought of daughter Mabel,
Who loved to string the boys.

He crept into the parlor,
Not a board shrieked—which was rare—
And saw by the light of a flashlight dim,
There was nobody there.

And now that spring is here, what are we going to do about it? Mildew, of course.

Things our parents and grandparents used to laugh at: Funny things.

The hour of parting draweth nigh. Quite an artist, eh what?

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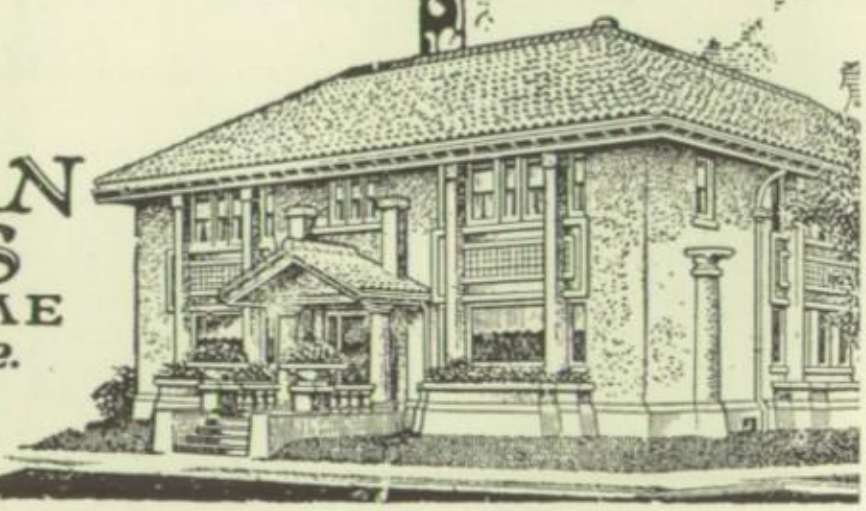

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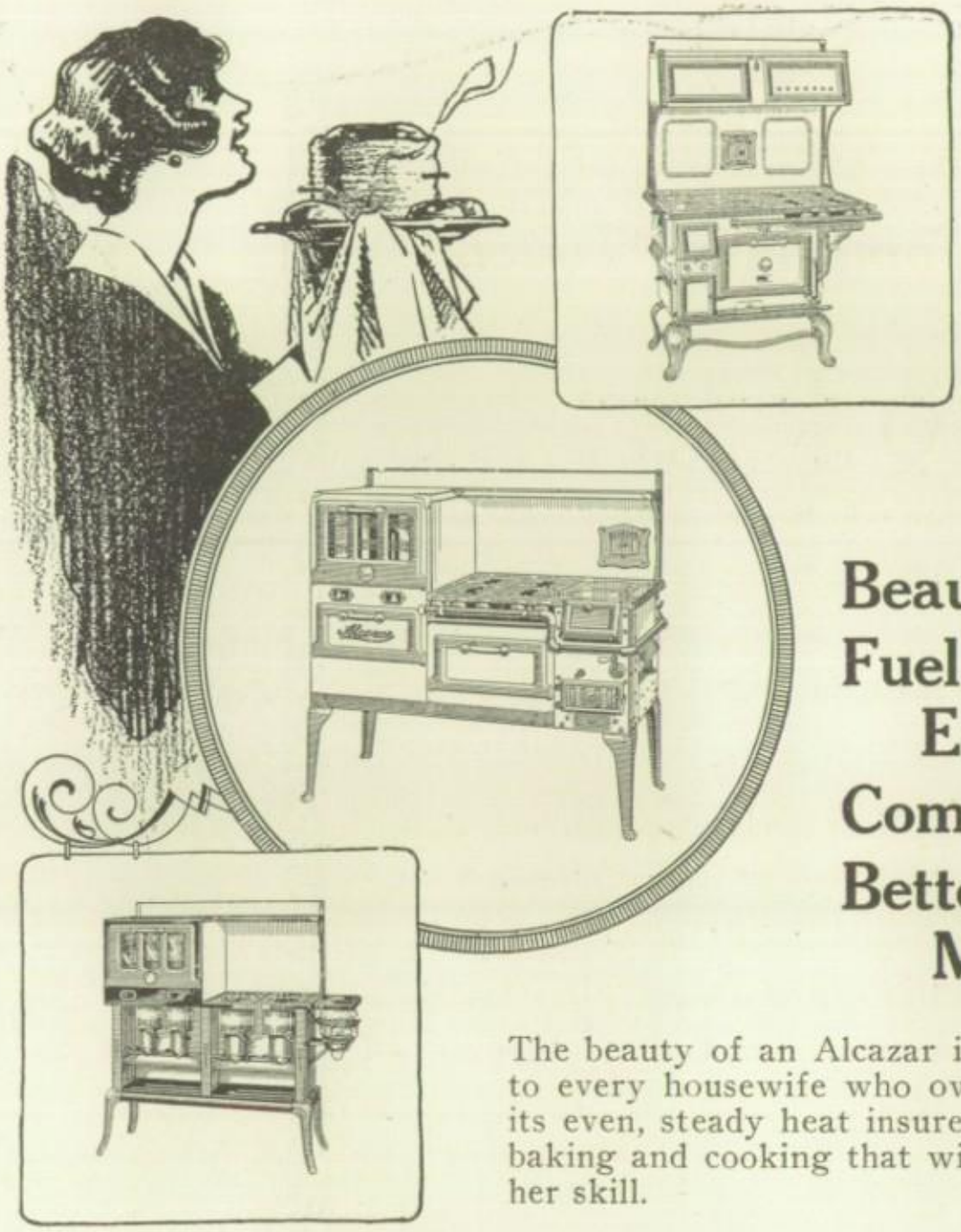

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